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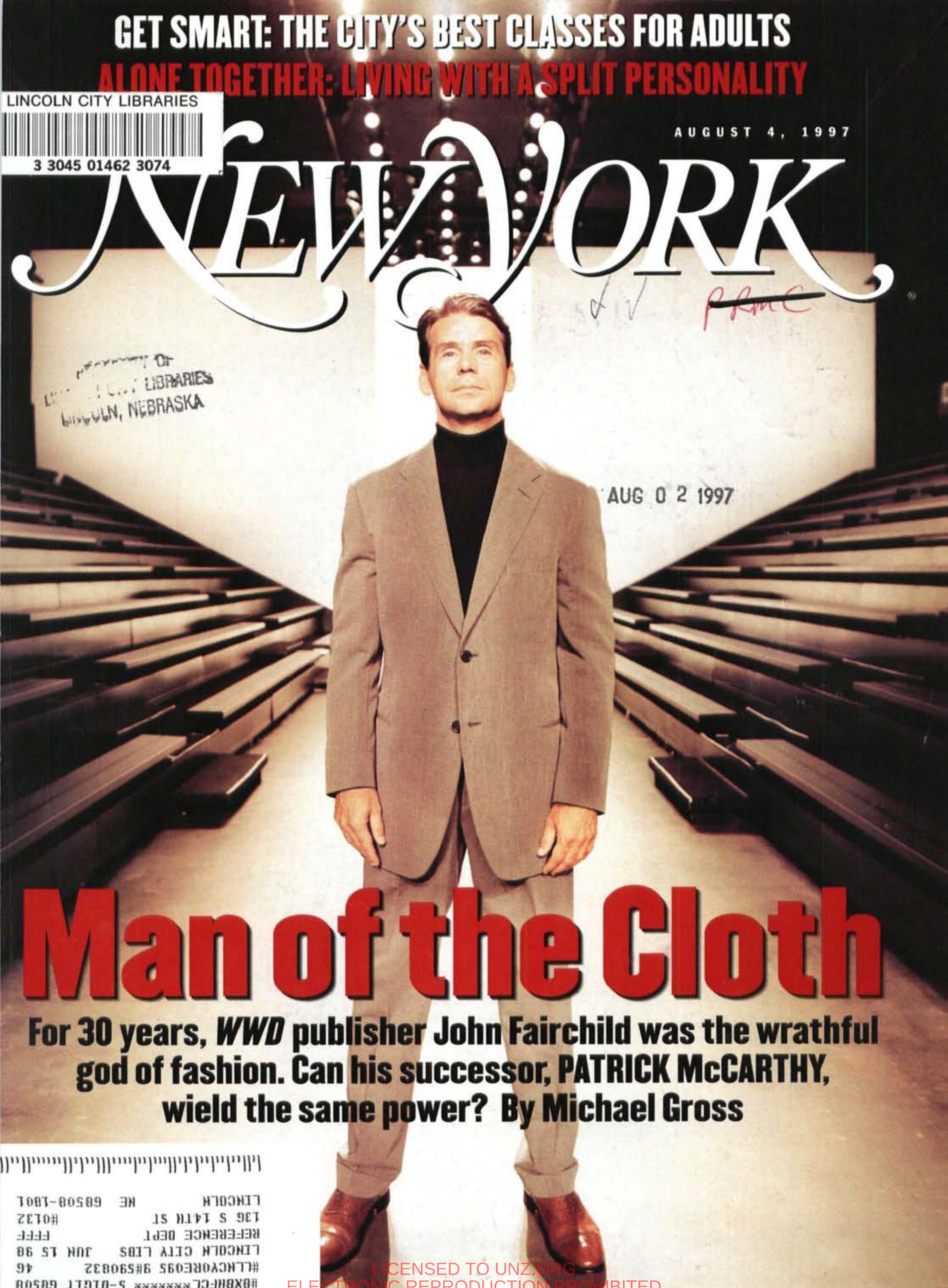
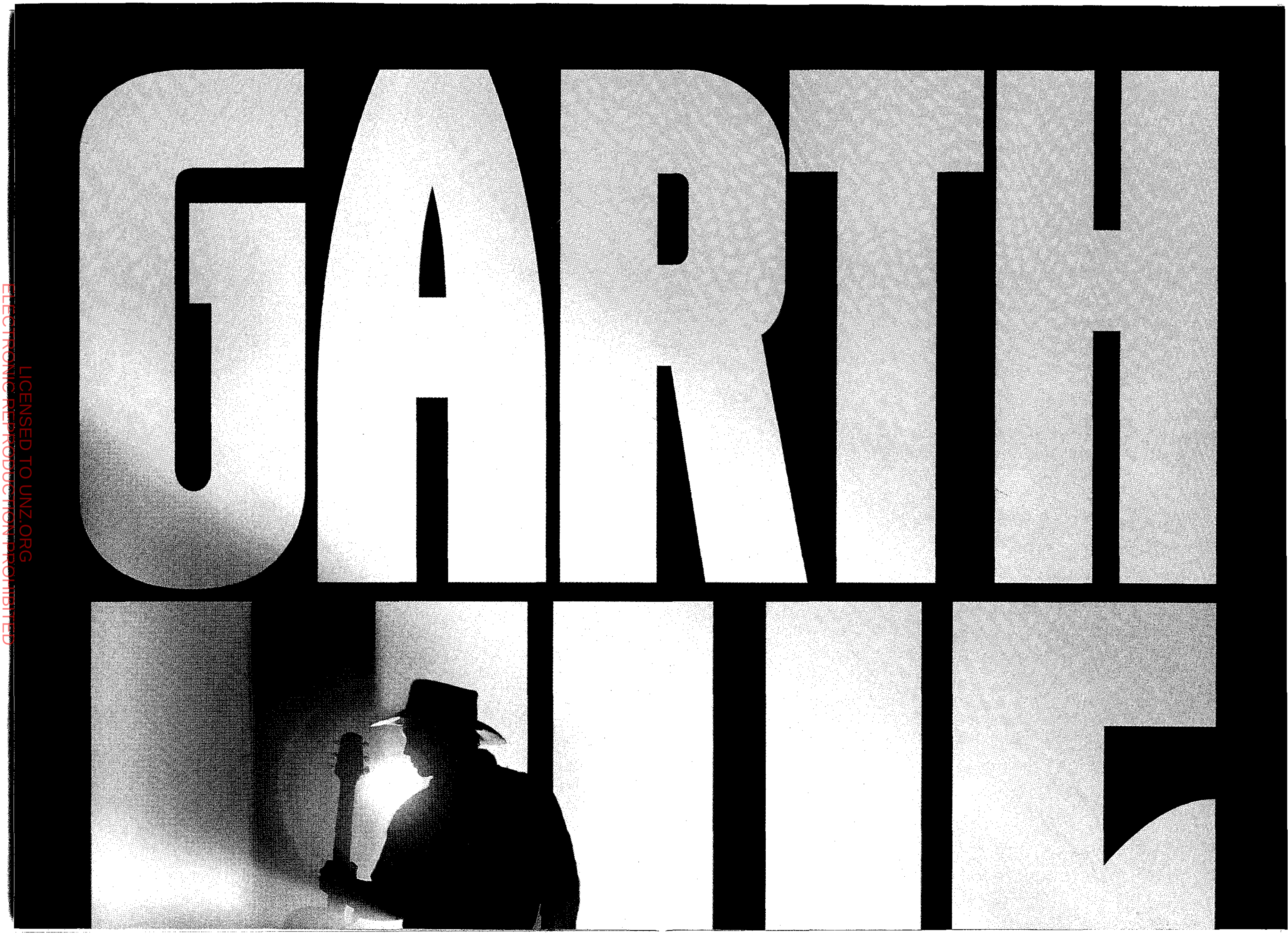


Man of the Cloth

For 30 years, *WWD* publisher John Fairchild was the wrathful god of fashion. Can his successor, PATRICK McCARTHY, wield the same power? By Michael Gross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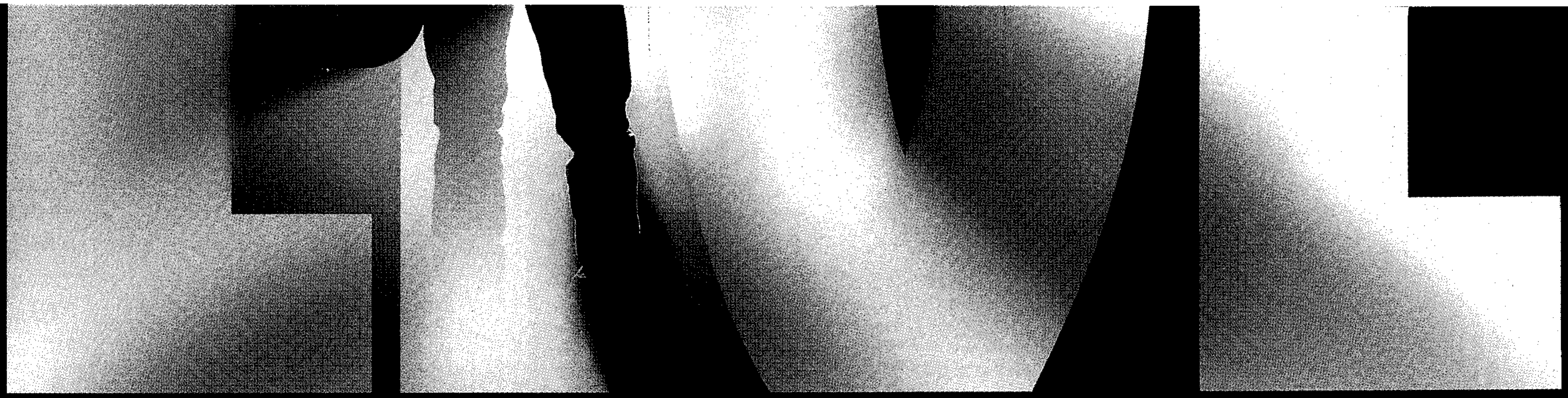

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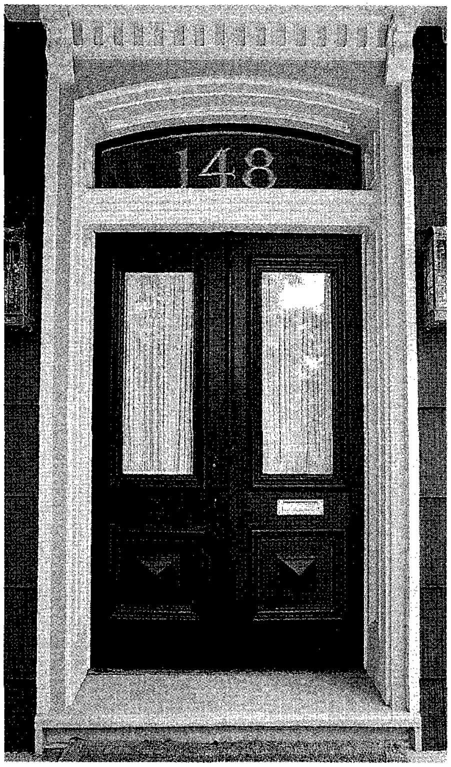

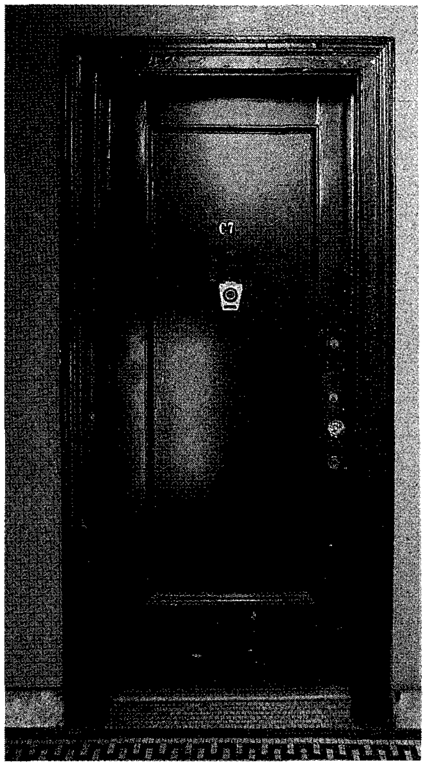

While many doors ma

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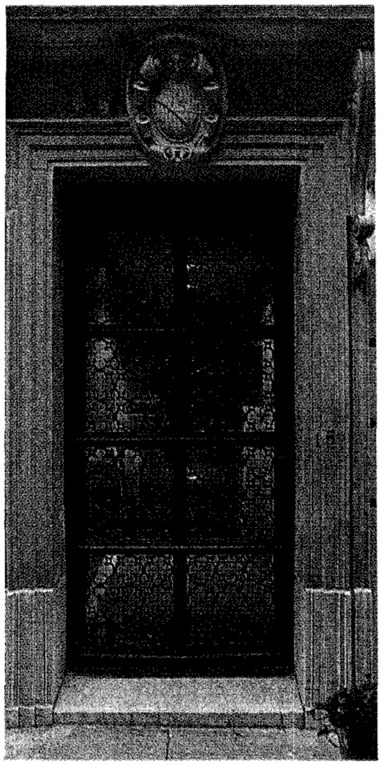

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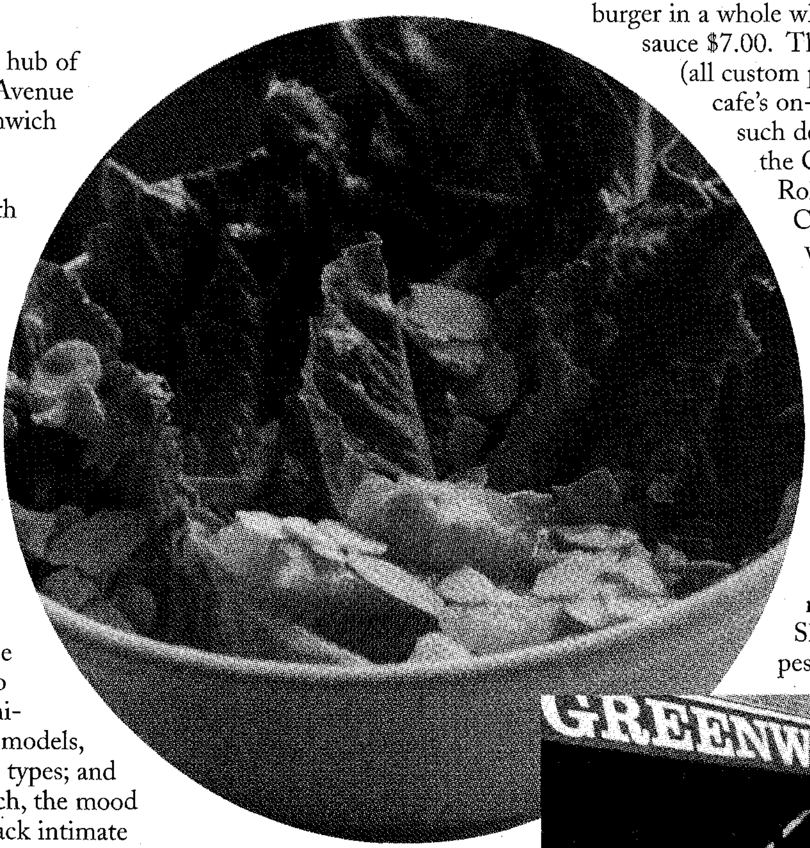
SUMMER RESTAURANT REVIEW BY: ELIZABETH KENNEDY

Wild About Food

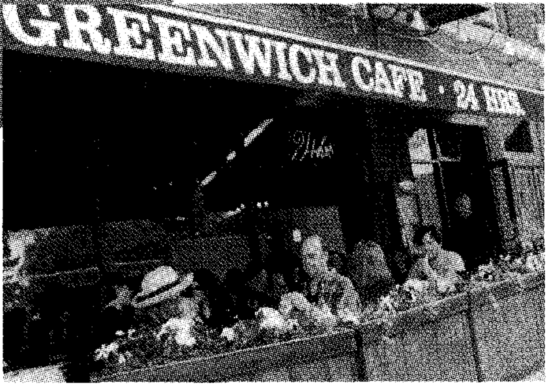
Greenwich Cafe: The Place For Great Food 24 Hours a Day

With its plushy antique wing chairs, marble-topped tables, starched white linen napkins, rococo mirrors, pressed tin ceilings, period chandeliers, exposed brick walls, glamorous copper wave bar, stunning waitstaff and divine New American fare with a fanciful international twist, the **GREENWICH CAFE** is the place to see and be seen around-the-clock, no matter what the season.



Located at the crossroads hub of Greenwich and Seventh Avenue South, the bustling Greenwich Cafe is downtown's meeting/dining mecca of choice 24 hours a day, with a distinctly different mood pervading throughout the day and night — at breakfast and lunch, it is a favorite of area professionals, business owners and university students; during the evening hours, the local literati and glitterati gather here, as well as visiting international trendoides; apres midnight and into the wee hours, the mix switches to glam denizens of the demimode — club kids, super models, rock stars and other celeb types; and at the weekend jazz brunch, the mood again changes to a laid-back intimate scene, predominated by a melange of neighborhood regulars quietly perusing The *Times* and visiting tourists soaking up the Cafe's Euro-chic atmosphere.

And the food — what fabulous creations are served here! Brilliantly prepared, gorgeously presented and amazingly moderate in price, the bill of fare features savory starters: Baby romaine lettuce with orange segments and toasted almonds $6.00 (shown center); Spinach salad with potato crusted goat cheese and a warm vinaigrette $6.50; Assortment of fresh and grilled fruit and cheese $8.95; Salmon napoleon with layers of house cured salmon, potatoes and chive creme $7.25; Homemade hummus dip with Basil Pesto and Whole Wheat Pita crisps $5.95; innovative pastas, such as the Linguine with baby clams, white wine and fresh herbs $13.95; Lemon pepper fettuccine with roasted duck breast, asparagus and port wine sauce $12.50; Warm orzo with lemon, mint, fresh mozzarella and sundried tomatoes $9.95; and sumptuous entrees the likes of Cajun NY steak with mango chutney and sauteed spinach $17.50; Basil and leek-stuffed salmon with white tuscan bean salad and sauteed diced spring vegetables $13.95; Seasoned jumbo prawns with carrot-ginger sauce served over cilantro rice and scallions $16.95; a light grill menu, highlighting a tempting variety of burgers including a Homemade vegetable burger in a whole wheat pita with yogurt dill sauce $7.00. The opulent dessert list (all custom prepared hourly in the cafe's on-premise bakery) features such delectable confections as the Chocolate-Amaretto Roll, Banana Cheesecake or Coffee Toffee Pie, along with a superb selection of specially prepared coffees; and on Saturday and Sunday, the cafe offers an enticing Jazz Brunch, presenting such gourmet and comfort cuisine as Chocolate chip Belgian waffles; Homemade fresh blueberry pancakes; Wild mushroom frittata; or Shrimp omelette with pesto and tomato.



The Greenwich Cafe, located at 75 Greenwich Avenue, phone 212-255-5450, is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week and offers a special apres midnight "late night" menu, full bar, gratis local delivery, custom catering for private parties, on or off premises, and accepts all major credit cards.

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> *And you know what? It will feed you more."*
> PATRICK McCARTHY, PAGE 24

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By Michael Gross

For nearly 40 years, *Women's Wear Daily* publisher John Fairchild ruled the fashion world with aggressive reporting, charming capriciousness, and a famously unforgiving memory. As Patrick McCarthy, his handpicked successor, steps into his John Lobb shoes, the Fairchild empire is expanding well beyond Seventh Avenue. McCarthy has new magazines to run and Disney chief Michael Eisner to please. Will he still have the same clout in the world of couture?

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Tired of making fun of Martha Stewart and secretly yearning to sponge-paint your entire apartment? Does your computer seem as if it's smarter than you? Can't tell the fan belt from the fuel injectors when you pop the hood of your car? Time to head back into the classroom and make yourself the person you always swore you'd become sometime. Self-improvement was never so easy.

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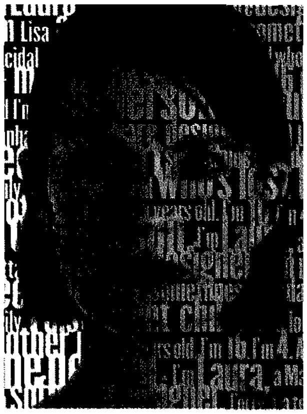

She's your co-worker, your neighbor, your friend from college—but she's also a number of other people you hadn't counted on. Like Emily, a terrified 6-year-old, or Lisa, a troubled, sometimes suicidal teenager. Since her traumatic childhood, Laura Emily Mason has lived the life of an ordinary New Yorker while struggling with multiple-personality disorder, an endless mental balancing act. The ultimate inside story.

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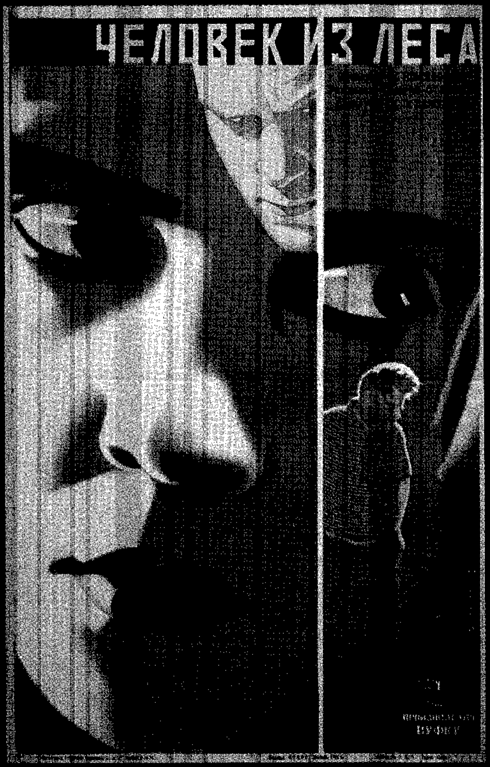

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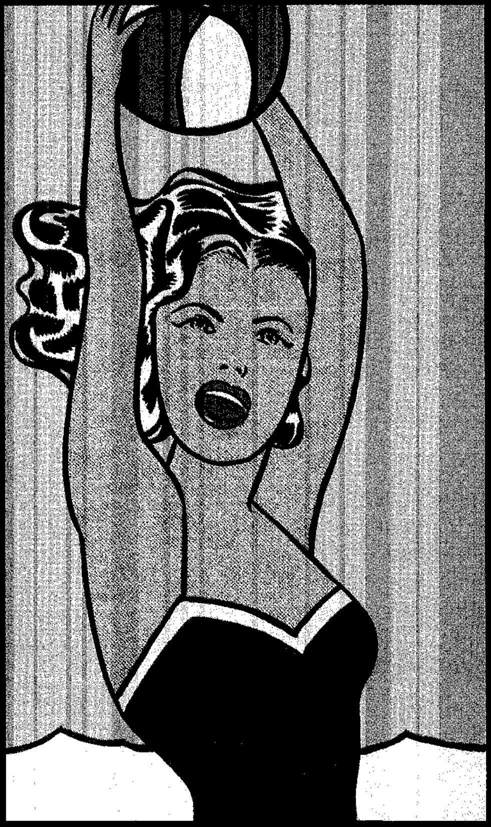

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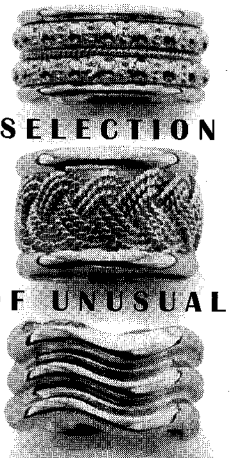

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LETTERS AUGUST 4, 1997

The Faithful

Judging by our mail, Judaism is flourishing. Readers offered diverse suggestions for the religion's continued health.

NO QUICK FIX BY RELIGIOUS GURUS or outreach mavens will solve the problem of growing Jewish assimilation in America, which is the result of two major changes in Jewish experience ["Are American Jews Disappearing?," by Craig Horowitz, July 14]. Before modernity, Gentile majorities valued Jews because they often could play a specific role in pagan, Christian, or Muslim society. Second, before modernity, Jews held a positive image of their own religion and culture compared with that of the majority around them. Modern Jews have tended to have a negative self-image and tried to "pass" to please members of the majority, with remarkable success.

The only way around these two changes is to seek new equivalents of the premodern formula for Jewish cultural success. First, Jews must offer something positive and unique to the public forum in America—authentic Jewish positions on public issues that are grounded in Jewish sources and values—and do so as Jews. And second, Jews must learn to value their Judaism and culture more than they do any other. No demoralized group reproduces itself for long, not physically, not culturally.

Ivan G. Marcus
Frederick P. Rose Professor of Jewish History, Yale University
NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y

I WOULD ADVISE THOSE WHO WISH TO RETAIN and invigorate Judaism in America that religion is something Jews will seek if it adds meaning to their lives. It is not something any nonobservant Jew will sign up for simply to address some larger notion of heritage.

I attended Hebrew School and was bas mitzvahed as a youngster, but I never was able to find the meaning and relevance of the arcane rules and stories to my life. Since that time, I have searched for a reason to find that passionate commitment. I send my children to a Reform Jewish day school so that they might discover the fervor that I cannot persuade myself to feel.

Holly Rosenthal
MANHATTAN

CRAIG HOROWITZ MAY HAVE HIT THE mark: Jewish identity and Jewish religion cannot be separated. No matter how you slice it, religious mumbo jumbo is religious mumbo jumbo. Once a rational human being casts off ritual and religion, the only way to return to it is through self-delusion. You cannot decide to believe because you like the trappings or value the result.

The poor atheist is supposedly valueless and unmoored. But the contrary is often true. Religion, Jewish or otherwise, not only confounds the human imperative to think but also freezes the otherwise boundless human imagination. In many ways, ethnicity does the same. So maybe you can't be a Jew and also be you.

Elliot Essman
MAMARONECK, N.Y.

CRAIG HOROWITZ FAILS TO REMIND US how Jews, if anything, have eternally held education in the highest regard. The Jew was the thinker, the questioner, the doubter. The Jew was raised to excel in scholarship, technology, culture, art—achievements that seemingly fail to impress the Esther Jungreises of the world.

We are the products of our own success. Our accomplishments and questions and the freedom to apply them—identifying factors of the modern Jew—are not things to be disparaged and rendered unprepossessing. Such freedom of thought, however, tends to lead to the reaching outward that has resulted in the assimilation phenomenon.

To accuse the secular Jew (or the intermarried Jew, or even the former Jew) of Holocaust-type complicity in his non-participation in Jewish life (as Steven Eisenberg does) serves only to draw an even deeper line in the sand.

Carl N. Steeg, M.D.
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I'M SURPRISED THAT NO MENTION WAS made about the role, or lack thereof, of women in Judaism. I would not live in a country that denied me the vote, yet most Jewish congregations would not allow me to be part of a *minyan*. Visiting Israel, I was informed that I could not visit the Wailing Wall with my family (all male), but would have to go to the women's side by myself. If "separate but equal" does not hold in race relations, I see no reason why I should accept it in gender relations. Religious friends have tried to convince me of the honored place that women have in the Jewish home. I grew up in the fifties, and know all about women's honored places in the home.

Barbara Cohn Schlachet, Ph.D.
MANHATTAN

IS IT REALLY TIME TO SAY KADDISH—THE mourner's prayer—for the Jewish people? Or does each generation get to reinvent itself as it faces a new round of challenges and opportunities? After all, if biblical sacrifices could successfully morph into rabbinic prayers, surely secular Jews can travel the Internet into the twenty-first century and arrive intact on the other side.

As a former Reform rabbi who feels as legitimate, and more honest, as a secular Jew, I believe Judaism can also survive the dethronement of its once all-powerful deity. For me, and for others like me, a viable alternative exists in secular-humanistic Judaism. We may have given up the faith, but we haven't given up the fervor.

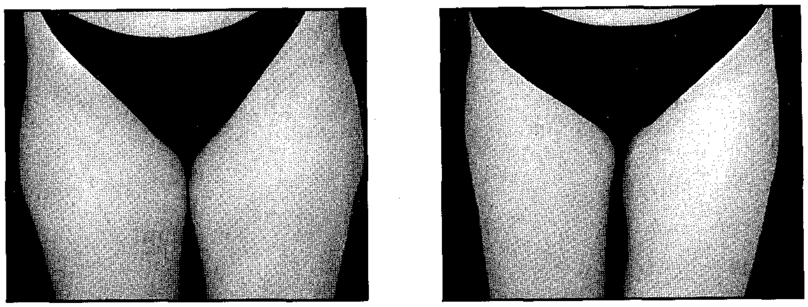
Peter Schweitzer
The City Congregation for Humanistic Judaism
MANHATTAN

AS I READ YOUR ARTICLE ON THE CRISIS facing the American Jewish community, I could not help but compare the plight of the Jews with the plight of my own people: Korean-Americans. Poor cultural education, a generation intent upon assimilation, high intermarriage rates, and a community divided along the issue of "continuity."

Perhaps Jewish community leaders should get together with Asian-American community leaders to discuss their mutual problem: how to stop their kids from marrying each other. Although there are no surveys of the Jewish-Asian intermarriage rate, given the crowd at the Sony Theatres near Lincoln Center on an average Friday evening, I imagine that Jews and Asians might have a great deal to discuss.

Robert S. Hahn
MANHATTAN

NOW YOU SEE IT...NOW YOU DON'T



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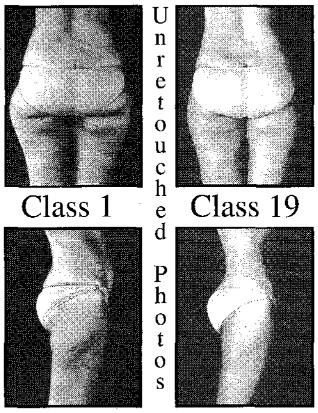

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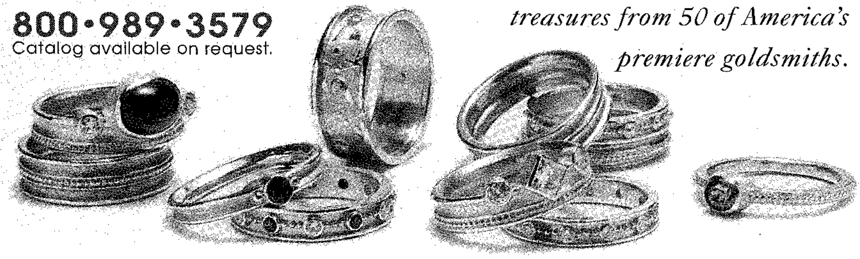
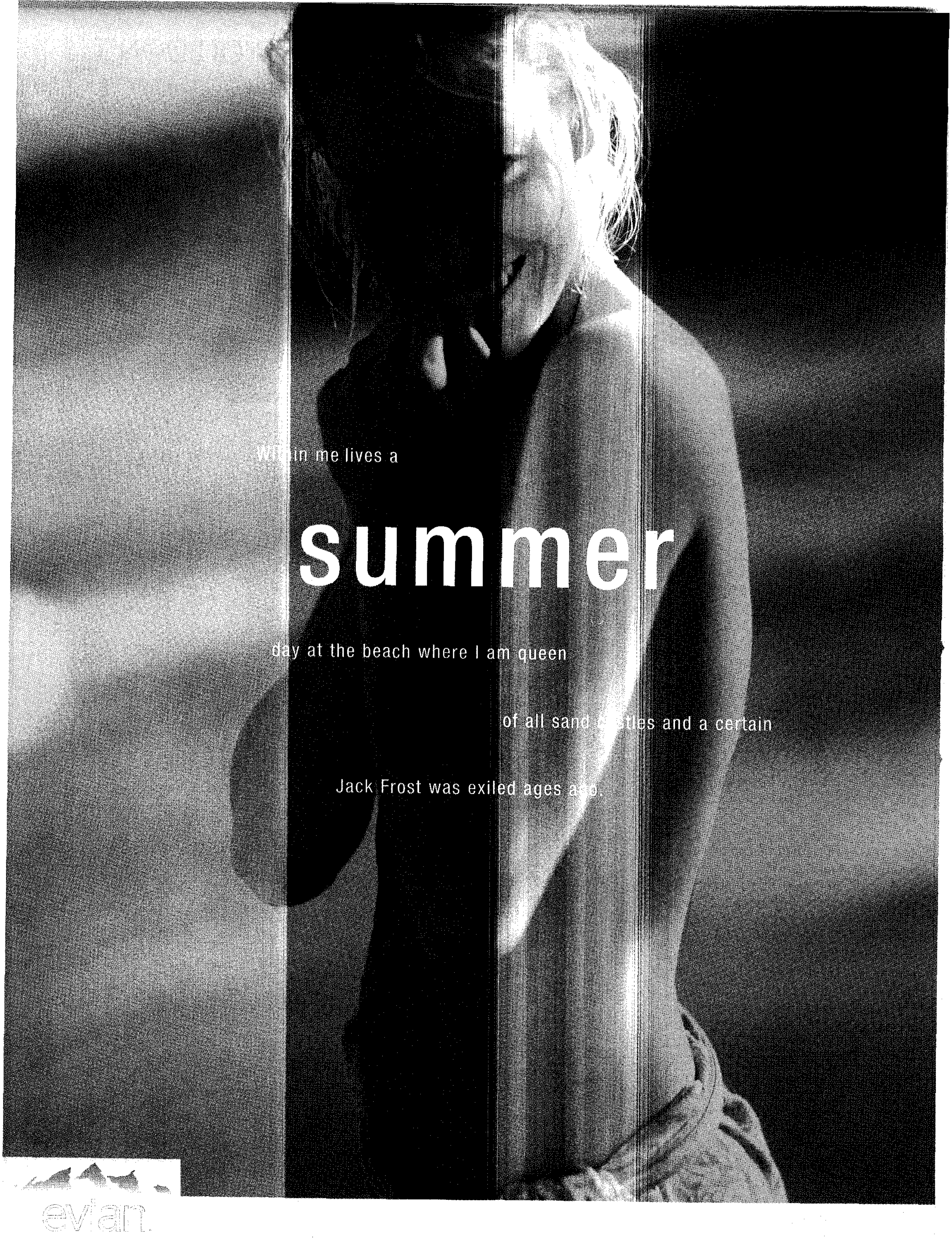
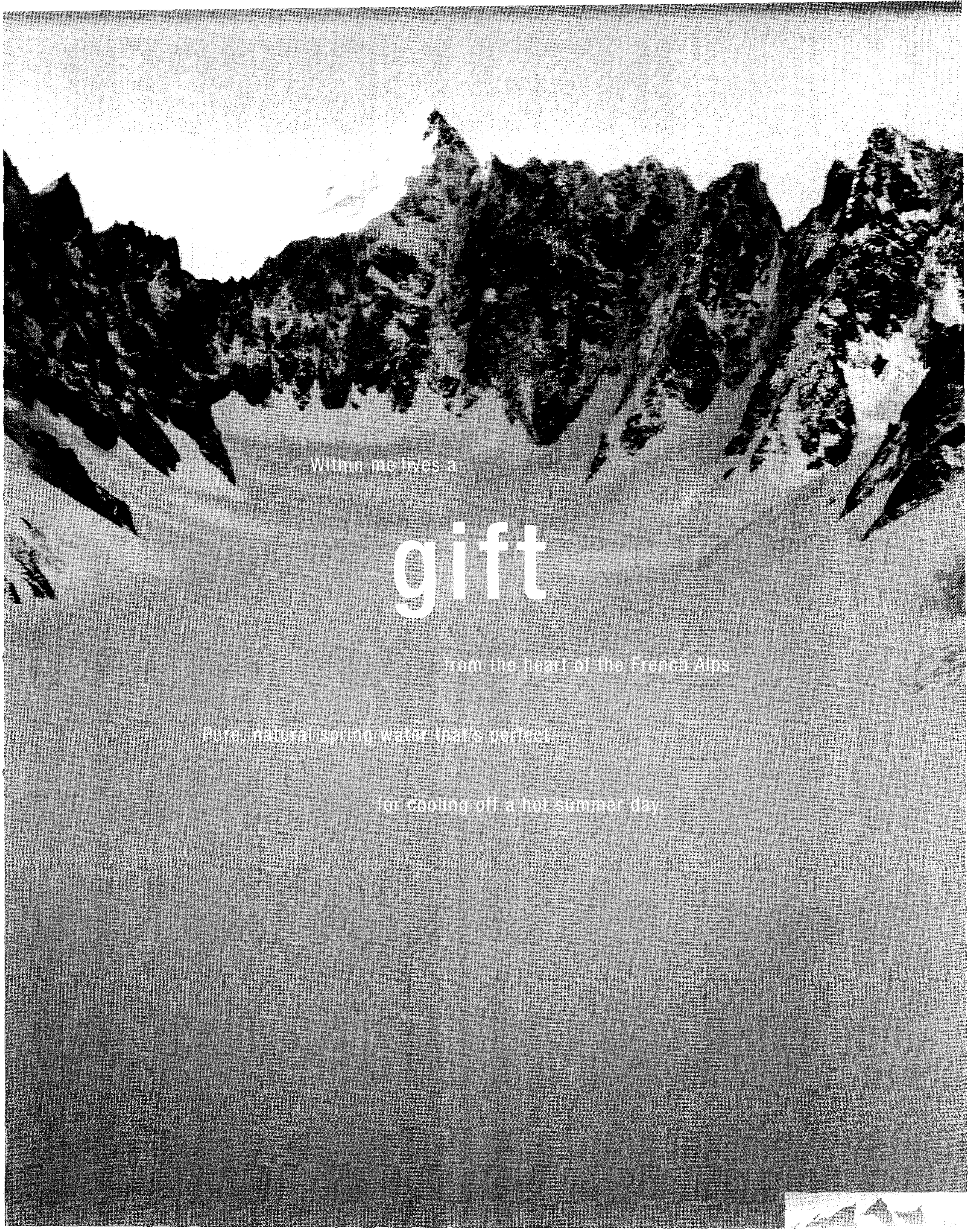



Within me lives a
summer
day at the beach where I am queen
of all sand castles and a certain
Jack Frost was exiled ages ago.
evian.


Within me lives a
gift
from the heart of the French Alps.
Pure, natural spring water that's perfect
for cooling off a hot summer day.
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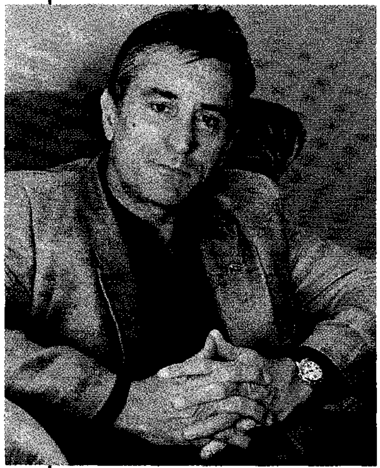
From the French Alps

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

MCNALLY'S LATEST INN-OVATIONS

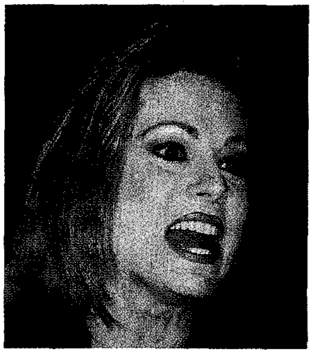
While **Keith McNally** has been creating a sensation with his restaurant Balthazar, his brother hasn't exactly been idle. Word is that **Brian McNally** and **Phil Pilevsky** (**Ian Schrager's** partner in the Royalton)—who are about to open their Shore Club hotel in Miami—are heading into the New York hotel market. One possible site that's looking more likely by the minute is a TriBeCa building just a nori roll's throw from Nobu. They may be getting to know their new neighbors, Nobu owners **Robert De Niro** and **Drew Nieporent,** very well—the two restaurateurs are negotiating a deal to own and operate the Shore Club's restaurants. "Drew is an excellent restaurateur, and we'd be delighted if everything works out," says McNally. Meanwhile, McNally's former Miami restaurant, the Blue Door in Ian Schrager's Delano Hotel, has landed its own big name: internationally acclaimed chef **Claude Troisgros.**



Robert De Niro: Bedfella?

FRANK AND KATHIE FLEE '21'

How's **Kathie Lee Gifford** holding up under all the media pressure? Not well, apparently. The perennially peppy morning star's veneer of cheer was wearing noticeably thin at '21' the other day. Exiting with her husband after lunch, she encountered what she perceived to be a sea of photographers lying in ambush. "She totally freaked out," reports one observer. "She yelled at **Frank** that this was all his fault and that he'd ruined everything. Then she accused '21' of calling the press on her." Says '21' maître d' Bryan McGuire, "They were not happy that there were photographers. Inside, we do a very good job of protecting our clientele from paparazzi; once you get outside, it becomes more difficult, but we do not call the press on our clientele." Turns out Kathie Lee overreacted. Shutterbug **Larry Schwartzwald,** who snapped a shot for the *Post,* says he was the only photographer outside, apart from two tourists who happened to be passing by with tiny cameras. But Kathie Lee's bile was not spent on Frank. According to Schwartzwald, when she hit the street, "she asked me how I could live with myself doing what I do. It was the same crap from Frank. He walked past a security guard and asked, 'Can I borrow your gun?' " Schwartzwald held his own fire. "I didn't bring up their little quirks and failings," he claims, then dismisses the incident with "Their attitude was very suburban Connecticut."



Kathie Lee Gifford: Shutter-bugged

MY BEST FRIEND'S HEARING

So much for female solidarity. **Jan Cushing Amory** learned the hard way that one of her girlfriends was secretly in cahoots with the male enemy. Cushing, the socialite famous for her affairs with the late Bill Paley and with Pamela Harriman's son, **Winston Churchill,** is embroiled in a bitter child-custody battle with her ex-husband, **Minot Amory,** who's suing for custody of their 9-year-old son for the second time. While preparing for this trial, Cushing was surprised to find one of her good friends, **Ilyse Wilpon,** on Amory's witness list. Over the past three years, Wilpon befriended Cushing, several sources report, adding that the friendship ended abruptly when Cushing learned that Wilpon had given an affidavit supporting Amory's custody petition. One friend of Wilpon's explains her point of view: "She spent a lot of unpleasant time around Jan, and it was only to protect the kid." Cushing, reluctant to talk to shield her son, would only say, "One has to be squeaky-clean to make judgments on other people." Her attorney, **Raoul Felder,** sounds as if he expects to beat Amory again. "It's the second time at bat, and so far, no court has agreed with him." Amory's lawyer, **Leonard Zack,** refused to comment on his witness list, and Wilpon did not return repeated calls.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

THERE'S GOLD AT WENNER'S MILL

It seems the streets really are paved with gold at **Jann Wenner's** vacation compound in Sun Valley, Idaho. While paving Wenner's driveway, contractor **Larry Anderson** fortuitously dug up an old Mason jar filled with approximately $30,000 worth of gold coins, many dating back to the 1800s. Anderson gave the coins to Wenner because "he felt he'd been invited onto Mr. Wenner's land and that it wasn't right to keep something that belonged to the property owner," says Anderson's attorney, **Brian Elkins.** Anderson's reward for his good deed? He is being sued for "claim and recovery" of the coins by Anderson employee **Gregory Corliss,** who says *he* has a right to the treasure since he found the stray coins that led Mr. Anderson, moments later, to the broken jar containing the rest. "Mr. Anderson doesn't have the coins anymore—this claim should be directed at Mr. Wenner," says Elkins, who is seeking to have the complaint dismissed. The two gold-diggers are now headed for court. Wenner, who's staying out of the dispute, declined to comment.

Photographs: top, John Barrett/Globe; bottom, E. Robert/Sygma.

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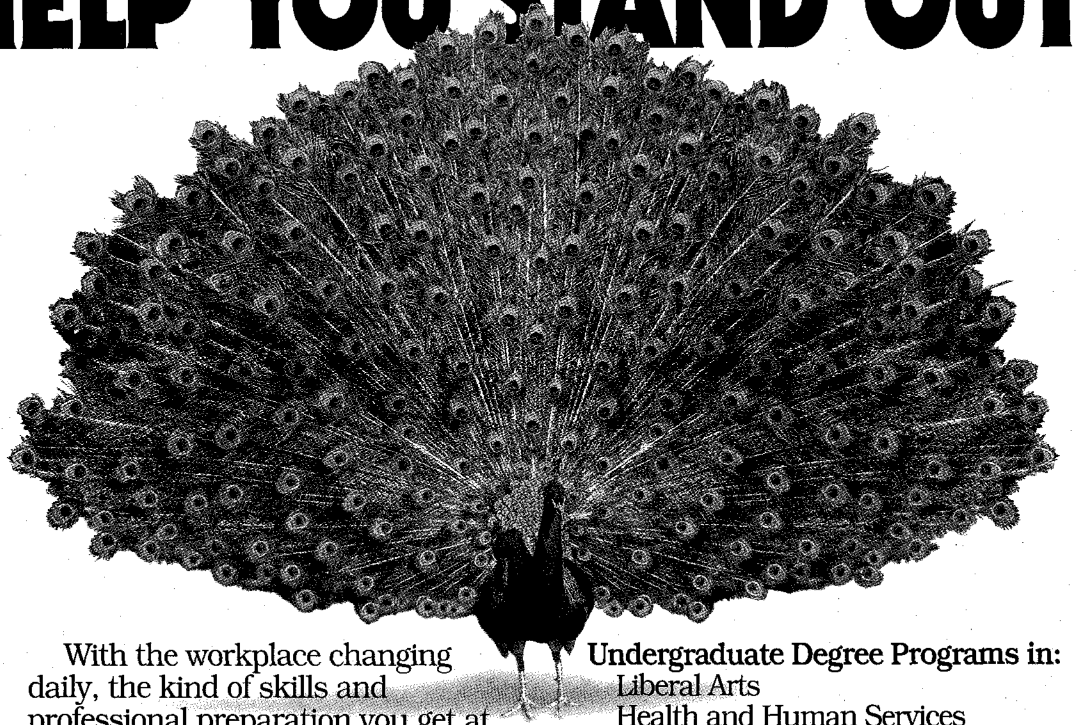

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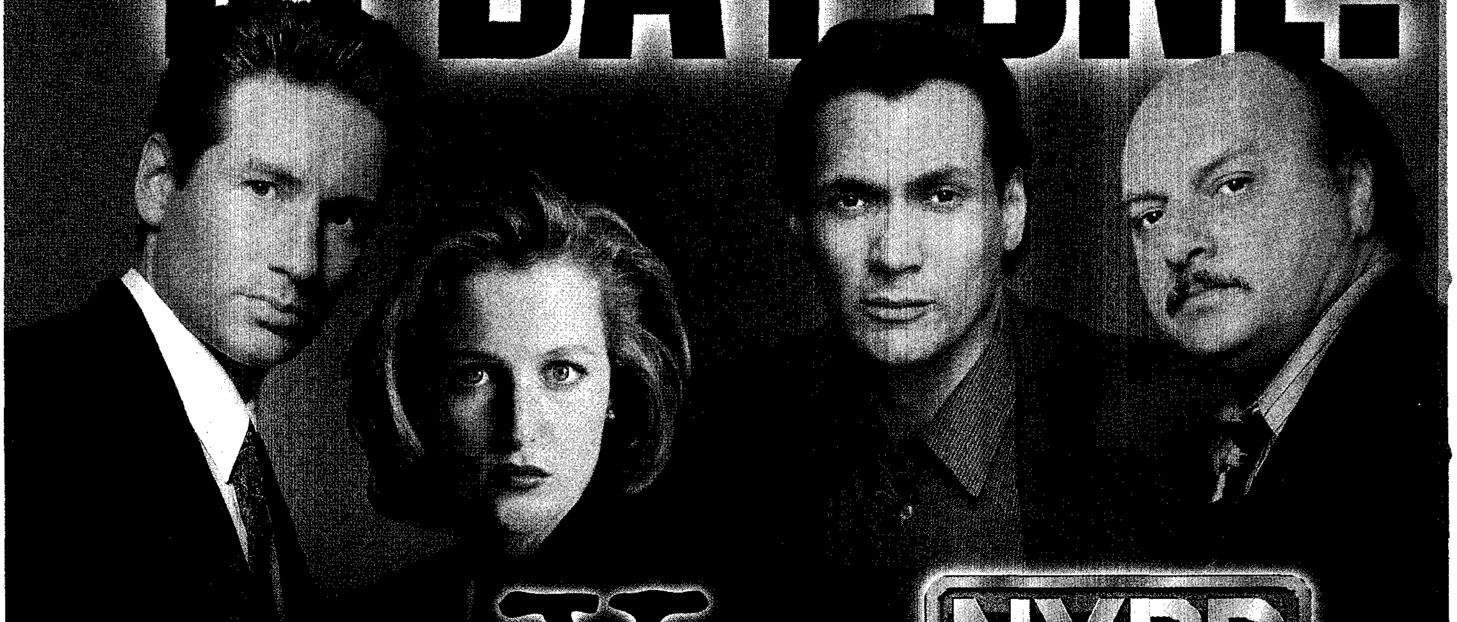

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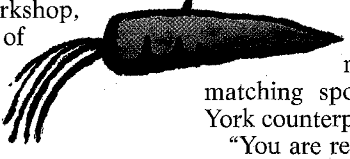
GOTHAM

When it's three o'clock in New York, it's still 1938 in London—*Bette Midler*

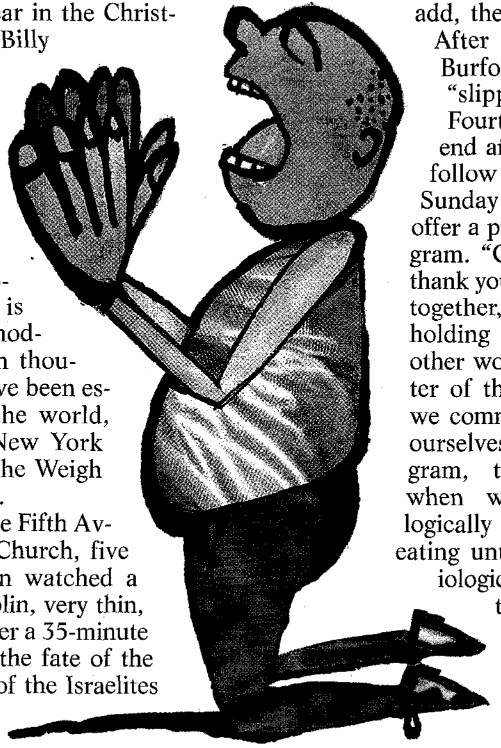
Trend

THE GOSPEL TRUTH: SLIMMING THE OTHER CHEEK

PERHAPS IT WAS INEVITABLE. FORget *The Bible Code*; the real revisionists have turned the Good Book into a diet manual. "Man shall not live by bread alone" has taken on a whole new meaning. Or, as suggested by one worshiper, "Didn't Jesus say you have to enter by the *narrow* door?"



The Weigh Down Workshop, a twelve-week program of videotapes and prayer meetings designed, in the words of workshop leader Kate Burford, as a "spiritual, even radical, Christ-centered way to lose weight," has been gaining popularity nationwide. Tennessee dietitian Gwen Shamblin's *The Weigh Down Diet* is the second-best-selling book this year in the Christian market (after Billy Graham's *Just As I Am*), according to its publisher, Doubleday. The book offers both advice on nutrition and a sense that the overweight are the chosen—their fat is God's idea of the modern wilderness. Ten thousand workshops have been established around the world, including five in New York City, according to the Weigh Down organization.



In the vestry of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, five middle-aged women watched a videotape of Shamblin, very thin, very Southern, deliver a 35-minute sermon comparing the fate of the overweight to that of the Israelites in the desert. "You didn't know you were going to be enslaved," she says. "You've tried everything, turning your bread into lettuce."

The camera repeatedly shows Shamblin from the side, as if to emphasize her God-given slimness. She's wearing a white dress and high-heeled pumps, crowned with a beauty-queen head of blonde hair. Shots of the audience reveal that the Christian overweight of Tennessee wear more makeup and more matching sportswear than their New York counterparts.

"You are really part of an elite group; you have been screened and passed into a spiritual West Point," Shamblin sermonizes. "What did Jesus say? 'I come to see the sick, and not the well; the sinner, not the righteous'—I might add, the *self*-righteous."

After the video ends, Burford admits she "slipped" over the Fourth of July weekend and suggests they follow the lead of the Sunday workshop and offer a prayer to the program. "Gracious Father, thank you for bringing us together," she begins, holding hands with the other women in the center of the room. "Lord, we commit or recommit ourselves to this program, to only eating when we are physiologically hungry, to only eating until we are physiologically full, turning to you when we want to overeat."

The other women offer their own prayers about not eating "unconsciously." "Remind me my life is full and rich. I don't have to focus on the so-called fantastic pleasure of what food can do for me," Mary says.

The nutritional basis of the program is sound—and mostly familiar: Eat when you are hungry; eat just enough to feel full. But no SnackWell's, "because Jesus wants you to *savor* your food," Burford says. "I love going to the grocery store and only buying foods you really really like."

All of the women say they have lost weight on the program—Burford claims to have shed sixteen pounds—and firmly believe that prayer is helping them through it. "It's a nice feeling to gain control over this food business," Mary says. "You're not an addict." Ann adds that the recent fen-phen-related deaths seemed to her to have been a sign to stick with Weigh Down.

"Even when I haven't been as strong on the program," Burford says, "I still have this knowledge it's going to work."

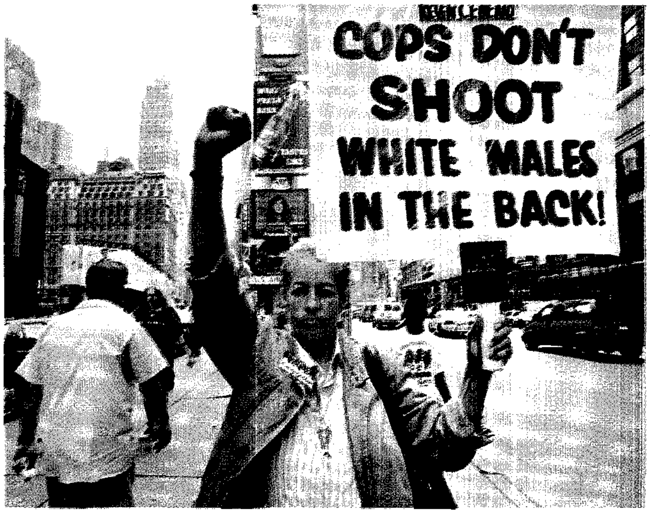
"Three meals a day and life in between," says Ann, breaking out a sly smile, "or *Jesus* in between."

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Street

TIPS FOR SURVIVAL, IN BLACK AND WHITE

BACK IN THE LATE FIFTIES, CAROL TAYLOR was briefly famous as America's first black stewardess. These days, she prefers traveling by subway. Every morning, the 65-year-old mother of two boards the No. 4 train carrying a sign reading COPS DO NOT SHOOT WHITE MALES IN THE BACK. While this may not ingratiate her with the transit police, it has prompted more than a few people to purchase her slim opus, *The Little Black Book*, a 30-rule guide to survival for urban black males. Over the past twelve years, she has sold some 200,000 copies. Taylor says she wrote the book for kids like Kevin Cedeno, the 16-year-old recently shot and killed by an NYPD officer (*Rule No. 1: Do not run from the cops*). When the



Little Black Book **author Carol Taylor brings her message to the streets.**

policeman was acquitted of the Cedeno shooting, Carol Taylor kicked into high gear. You can now find her every Saturday in front of the 33rd Precinct, at 165th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, selling her book and, she says, "continuing to raise consciousness about the need to train and reeducate New York's police force.

"I felt like throwing up when Officer Pellegrini was acquitted," Taylor says. "Cops don't shoot white males in the back. I'm saying cops should use the same forbearance and stop shooting our African children in the back."

An energetic saleswoman, Taylor regularly hawks her missive on the subway and at rallies hosted by her friend Al Sharpton. She is a familiar presence in Times Square and in Brooklyn's courthouse yard. In Brooklyn recently, several passersby queued up before the one-woman publishing company, fishing for the book's $2 asking price. Before Taylor handed over a book, she scrawled Cedeno's name atop the last page, squeezed amid the names of 56 other black males, most of whom, she says, were killed by cops. She put it into an elderly woman's hand: "Give this book to your grandson. It may save his life."

After her much-publicized stint as a flight attendant on the now defunct Mohawk Airlines, Taylor became a full-time civil-rights activist. In 1962, she founded Negro Women on the March and met with Malcolm X and President Kennedy, among others. Mindful of the rising tide of violence against black males, she wrote the 30 rules in 1985 for her son Larry, then a junior at Brooklyn's Tilden High School.

"He was mugged twice," Taylor says. "And the damn cops treated him like he'd done the mugging." In the middle of her project, "a bell rang in my head, and I thought, Why just my black son? Write the rules for the rest of the black sons in danger on the racist streets of America."

Some of the rules extend beyond how to avoid the business end of a 9-mm. revolver, and many seem mere common sense: Use seat belts, don't smoke anything, finish high school and college. "But many urban kids just aren't being brought up with this information," she says. Among the savvier pointers: On buses, sit near the driver, "to avoid the trouble that generally occurs in the back." Don't carry large sums of money, don't wear gold chains on the streets, don't carry tape decks without covering them "unless you are tired of living," and avoid leather or sheepskin coats.

The book gets mixed reviews from the community it's meant to serve. Retired State Supreme Court justice Bruce Wright, who wrote the introduction, says Taylor's "entitled to a Nobel Prize in a new category: 'Black Survival.' " Cynthia Gilliam, a New York City transit cop, is particularly fond of *Rule No. 7: When you are approached by police, do not take this time to try to prove your manhood.*

But another black officer dismisses Taylor as an extremist. "This book wouldn't make me act any differently with someone I was arresting," he says. Maybe not, but perhaps it will make some potential victims of violence act differently.

Not long ago, an admirer urged Taylor to lead a Million Woman March, à la Louis Farrakhan. Taylor just rolled her eyes and gazed at a stack of *Little Black Books* and flyers. "I can only do so much," she sighed.

EVAN FORSTER

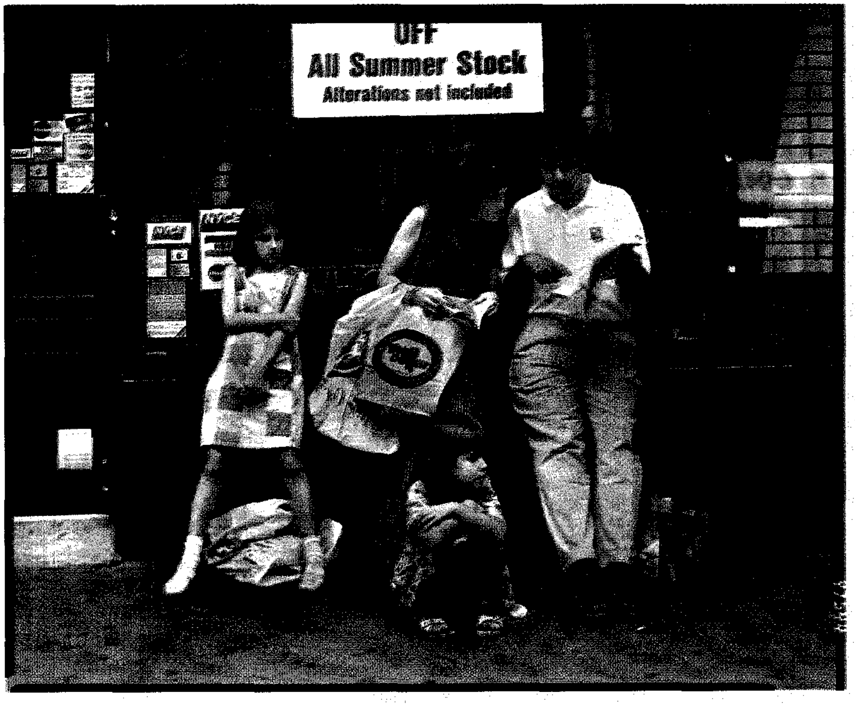
Neighborhood

THANK YOU FOR NOT TALKING LOUDLY (IN INWOOD)

A BIG GREEN SIGN OUTSIDE THE PIPER'S KILT brazenly promises THE BEST HAMBURGERS IN TOWN. There is some dispute about the exact definition of the word *town*—interpretations run from "the neighborhood" to "the entire city"—but in the end, it doesn't seem to matter much. "We think it's the best, and we stand behind it," says Carol McKenny, the bar's green-eyed, amiably pugnacious manager. "I've never heard a customer disagree. There's a place not far from here that says they have 'the best burgers in the Bronx,' or something like that. We're not going to fight over that. They can say whatever they want."

The Piper's Kilt is on Broadway at 207th Street, in the heart of Inwood, the northernmost neighborhood in

SHOT



Sixth Avenue and 37th Street, 7:30 P.M., July 21, 1997, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

Manhattan. With an ambience and clientele that are reminiscent of a later John Ford movie, it's the kind of tavern that would have looked more at home in the New York of 60 years ago; but then again, Inwood, a neighborhood of steep hills and curving streets with old Knickerbocker names, is itself the island's last bastion of anachronism. Longtime residents insist that Inwood looks exactly the same as it did when Fiorello La Guardia was mayor, and there's not much visible evidence to the contrary. Landmarks include the borough's last surviving eighteenth-century farmhouse and its last surviving remnant of old-growth forest. A plaque in Inwood Hill Park asserts, with perfect confidence, that it was here, *not* down at Bowling Green, that Peter Minuit bought the island from the Indians for $24 worth of Dutch bric-a-brac.

Virtually nothing in Inwood is taller than six stories; free-standing single-family houses can be found interspersed among its Art Deco apartment buildings, many of which still display signs reading THIS FRONT COURTYARD IS A QUIET AREA—THANK YOU FOR NOT SPEAKING LOUDLY and the like.

Inwood is bisected by Broadway: Parts eastward are dominated by Dominican and Puerto Rican communities, which are relatively new to the area; to the west lies a patchwork of much older enclaves, populated mostly by working- and middle-class Irish, Germans, and Jews. The neighborhood has also seen, over the past decade, a heavy influx of young artistic types, particularly musicians, drawn by the promise of large apartments with thick walls and relatively low rents.

Even so, Inwood has tenaciously resisted gentrification. There are still no bookstores or movie theaters to speak of here, no health clubs or coffee bars, and few signs of new construction, despite the relative abundance of open space. Would-be trendy cafés and pubs have come and gone with alarming frequency, lending the Piper's Kilt, which opened nine years ago, an air of aged and curmudgeonly invincibility. Carol McKenny attributes its survival to a straightforward business formula that fits her no-nonsense demeanor.

"We serve good food at cheap prices," she says. "Also, we get a little bit of everybody in here, a real mixture, and I think that's the way we're all going to have to learn to be. So long as you behave and you're of age, we're happy to have you." She does confess, though, to having one misgiving about that sign out front. "I wish there wasn't all that graffiti on it," she sighs.

"But I guess that's just the times."

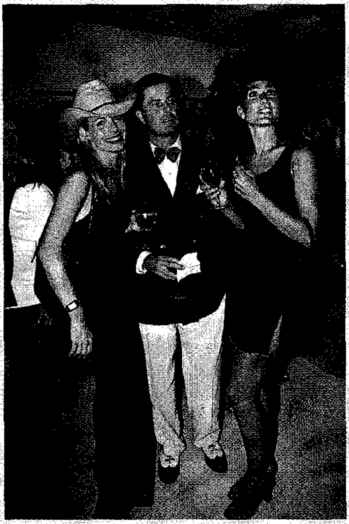
RICHARD RUBIN

THE SCENE

Parrish Feast

At the Parrish Art Museum gala, and at an auction, a birthday, and a book party.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

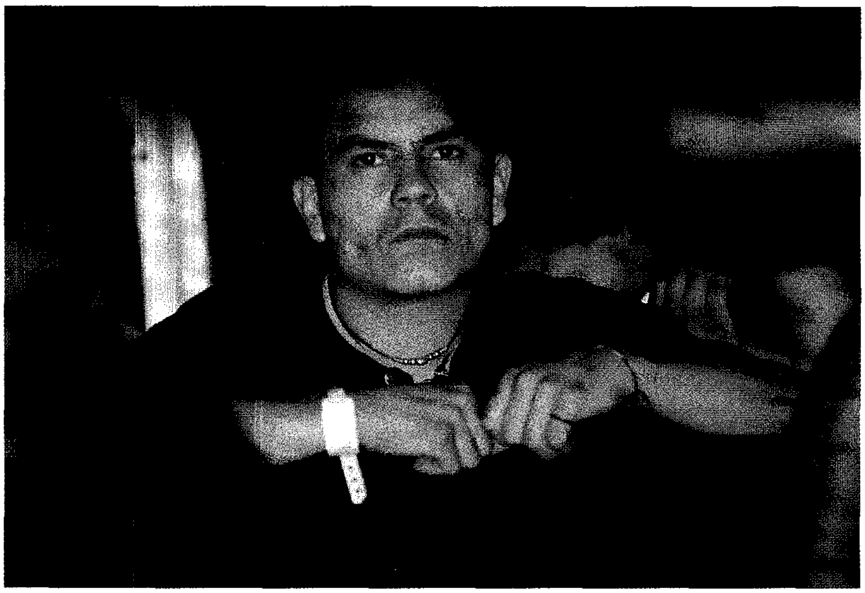


Counterclockwise from above: Ron Perelman with Mick Jones at a birthday party given by Jones and his wife, Ann, for boutique owner Tracey Ross; Gabrielle Reece with surfer Laird Hamilton at the party for *Big Girl in the Middle,* which she co-wrote with Karen Karbo; Alexis Mace, a designer for Ralph Lauren, with James and Whitney Fairchild at the Barneys "Hats Off to Kids" auction for homeless and at-risk children; Van Johnson, Tony Martin, and Cyd Charisse at the Turner Classic Movies party for "Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Glorious MGM Musicals"; Cathy di Montezemolo and Earle Mack, New York State Council on the Arts chair, at Southampton's Parrish Art Museum for the Midsummer Gala; Jill Hennessy, in a Halston gown, at the Parrish.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Rudy, El Hombre

As mayor, Giuliani has stuck up for the rights of illegal aliens, and last week, he intervened on behalf of the deaf Mexican immigrants. But there's plenty more he could do.



Saved from the INS: At Giuliani's urging, federal officials didn't bus the 57 immigrants to Pennsylvania.

As if Rudy Giuliani didn't have enough breaking his way. In the past week or so, his re-election campaign has seemed as if it were being watched over by an unearthly power. CUNY chancellor Ann Reynolds, in Giuliani's eyes the higher-education evil sister of former schools boss Ramon Cortines, ran up the white flag and announced that she's heading down to Alabama. Ruth Messinger, the likely Democratic nominee against the mayor, chose last Tuesday to put meat on her protein-deficient campaign proposals; she had some interesting stuff in there, and got a front-page story in the *Times* out of it. But sadly for Messinger, last Tuesday was also the day a new poll showed that instead of getting the time-honored post-formal-announcement bounce, she now trailed the mayor not by the usual 8 or 9 points but by a crushing 23.

These two events might have been enough, but providence touched the mayor most deeply when four deaf illegal immigrants from Mexico courageously went to the police to report on the deplorable living conditions they shared with 53 others. It's virtually impossible to imagine a circumstance that could show the mayor's skills in sharper and more reassuring relief. Law-and-Order Rudy took center stage as the city was able to crack down on a truly wretched band of scoundrels exploiting their countrymen. But the rarely seen Compassionate Rudy took a bow, too, as the mayor visited the poor forced laborers, explained their plight to the larger public, and persuaded the Immigration and Naturalization Service, which at one point had four buses pulled up outside the Jackson Heights precinct house waiting to haul the illegals off to a Pennsylvania detention center, to lay off and let them stay in New York and testify. Commissar Rudy is almost always strutting around; Uncle Rudy shows his face from time to time—but rare is the event that drags them both out simultaneously.

Rudolph Giuliani did not move into Gracie Mansion with a strong record as defender of the huddled masses. It was he who, as the No. 3 in Ronald Reagan's Justice Department, led the deportation of thousands of Haitian boat people in 1981 (since the Duvalier regime was friendly to the U.S., official policy held ipso facto that it could not be capable of political repression). Many of those deported were hauled before English-speaking courts without the benefit of interpreters.

But that was then. After taking office on New Year's Day 1994, Giuliani needed barely six months to let fly with a defense of illegal immigrants that most Latino politicians would think twice about uttering in front of white people: "If you come here and you work hard and you happen to be in an undocumented status, you're one of the people who we want in this city. You're somebody that we want to protect, and we want you to get out from under what is often a life of being like a fugitive, which is really unfair." Given the mood at the time—Pitchfork Pat Buchanan standing sentry at the border, Pete Wilson inveighing against the darker-hued—this was strong tonic, and from a Republican no less.

More recently, the mayor has attacked the provisions of last year's federal welfare bill that penalized legal immigrants, and formed a star-power-driven coalition—Itzhak Perlman, Frank McCourt, Isaac Stern, even Carlos Santana—to "build a very, very strong case for the positive contributions of immigration." Two weeks ago, when a federal court ruled that the city could not forbid municipal workers from ratting out illegal aliens, Giuliani barked that his administration would all but defy the ruling.

For votes? Well, naturally. But there's more to it than that. Giuliani's ideological ballast, and his sense of duty and the work ethic, make immigrants a natural constituency. White liberals and black political bosses talk about redistribution of wealth. Immigrants, though, usually aren't as interested in such chatter. In last spring's Los Angeles mayoral election, Republican Richard Riordan, the West Coast Giuliani, won nearly three quarters of the Hispanic vote while dropping nearly 80 percent of the black vote. The gap won't be so great here, but Giuliani can make a play toward getting nearly half the Latino vote, and he'll do even better among Asian voters.

Of course, "getting the vote" is often

Photograph by Doug Kanter/AP/Wide World.

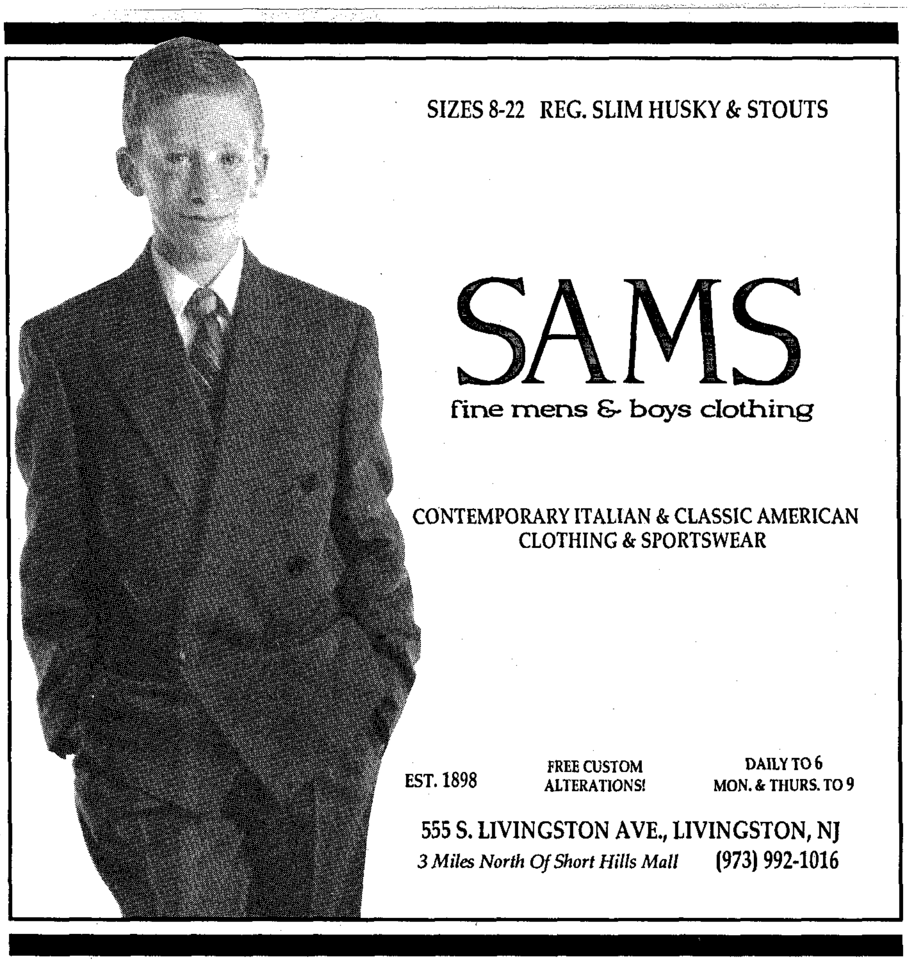
spoken of as if it were the end in itself and history stopped after Election Day. Assuming immigrants reward the mayor for his efforts and help return him to office for a second term, how might he repay the favor?

Shortly before the Mexican immigrants' story hit the papers, Mexico entered the New York headlines in another form—the *Daily News*'s Tom Robbins traveled to Nogales, Mexico, on the Arizona border, where the Swingline Stapler company is moving the 450-odd jobs that have been in Queens for 70 years. The mayor's Economic Development Corporation did fight to retain those jobs, but you wouldn't have known it from Giuliani's insouciant remark, when he was asked for comment after Robbins's story, that the jobs "will be more than replaced by others."

It's a tall order to ask a mayor, even of New York, to reverse the negative local effects of economic globalization. But consider one use to which the bully pulpit could be admirably put. Right now, says Nick Unger of the Union of Needletrades, Industrial, and Textile Employees, there are "tens of thousands" of people working in sweatshops in New York City (no one's really sure how many). "In the apparel industry alone," Unger says, "there are hundreds and hundreds of substandard producers, and they open constantly, and close and open and close and open."

In the best cases, workers make minimum wage and get no benefits. In the worst, they make $1 or $2 an hour, get no benefits, and work punishing hours. Sometimes they end up working for no pay at all, because their wages must not disrupt the balance sheet. In other words: A seller of blue jeans, say, will pay a manufacturer $4 per pair. Wages are factored into this price, but there's no margin for error, so if anything goes wrong—like a machine's breaking down—wages are the first expendable cost. This happened recently in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, where an apparel-maker closed in March owing workers $89,000 (the company under whose brand name the goods sold has agreed to pay the workers).

These are federal matters, of course, but Giuliani has never been one to quibble about jurisdiction where he felt basic principles were at stake. To shine the harsh light on such employers would give substance to the fine sentiment he expressed in the summer of 1994 and has repeated in recent days with respect to the enslaved Mexicans. After all, it's just another form of crime reduction. ■



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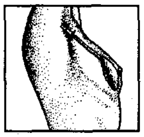

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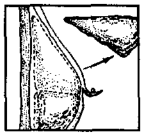

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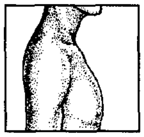

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ELIZABETH LESLY

Facing the Music

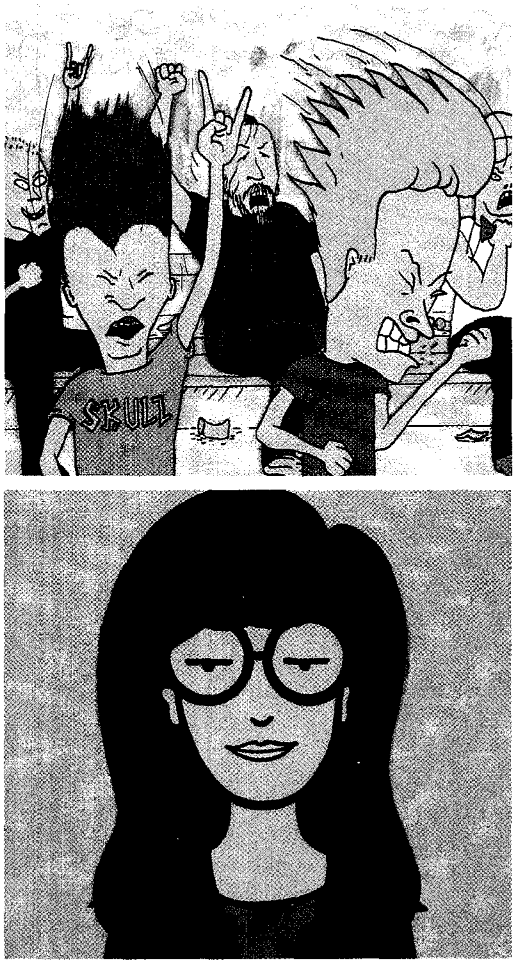
MTV is so successful, it turns away advertisers. But lately, it's been turning away viewers too. Music videos—or the lack thereof—are only part of the problem.

ASK ANYONE FROM A SKATE punk in a 7-Eleven parking lot to a plugged-in undergrad what's wrong with MTV, and you're likely to hear variations on the same theme: Not enough music. But pose the same question to grown-ups who work on Madison Avenue, and they whistle another tune: Not enough high-visibility series like *The Real World* and *Singled Out*. Series post big ratings. Music gives the network hip cachet. MTV can't live without either. But lately, it's been losing both.

Publicly, at least, MTV executives acknowledge only the "Where's the music?" criticism, apologizing for abandoning the network's purist music roots. And recently, they've made amends: The network has indeed begun airing more videos.

Given the sorry state of the music business—think Hanson can pick up where Nirvana left off?—that alone is unlikely to fix what ails MTV. But in any case, the flatlining of the music business isn't MTV's most serious problem. Ratings have taken a dive—off 20 percent in the first half of this year, and down two thirds from all-time highs. Meanwhile, some sources say, the demographics of its viewers are shifting—to aspiring trendies far younger than the 18-to-24-year-olds MTV and its advertisers want. If MTV loses its reputation for appealing to young adults and thereby defining what's hip, it could be deadly for the network. "It's critically important to maintain that coolness," notes Betsy Frank, the seasoned ad-agency executive who was just brought in to head research and business development for MTV Networks. "If you start slipping there, that's an audience that is going to figure it out pretty quickly."

As MTV undergoes what amounts to a public identity crisis, there are rumors of a coming bloodbath that could mean the exit of several senior executives. MTV president Judy McGrath has already made some key changes, bringing in new people to head research, marketing, production, and development. In the past, the network was run by true believers who grew up amid the distinctive MTV culture—like McGrath herself, a laid-back 44-year-old executive who views her job and the network as a kind of creative mission prone to ups and downs. But it's likely that the new blood is not as wedded to the let's-see-how-it-flies traditions of the network. MTV is being forced to grow up.



'Tooned in: Daria takes over for Beavis and Butt-head.

HOW DID MTV GET IN SUCH A FIX? First, it's important to understand how it makes money. While broadcast networks like NBC have long profited by delivering the masses to their advertisers, MTV neatly demonstrates the traditional allure of cable by offering advertisers a well-defined sliver of the population. Since it's hard for advertisers to reach MTV's key demographic of 18-to-24-year-olds with any efficiency elsewhere, the network has consistently been able to hike its ad rates, though its total viewership has always been small, even when compared to other cable networks'. The decidedly low-profile USA Network scores a daily 1.9 average, nearly five times MTV's 0.4 rating. At any given time, only two fifths of one percent of the 66 million homes that have MTV are watching it.

But MTV has long maintained that the overall numbers don't adequately measure the network's impact. "We've never been judged solely on ratings," says McGrath. "We have a great business because our first priority is to communicate and connect with our audience."

It is a pretty impressive business. Along with Nickelodeon, MTV helps keep its corporate parent, Sumner Redstone's Viacom, afloat; MTV itself raked in nearly $2 for every $1 it spent last year, largely because it keeps costs incredibly low. Music videos are essentially free, provided by the record companies, while MTV's series are produced on shoestring budgets that traditional networks would never get away with. The key has been MTV's ability to tap ambitious young writers and producers too eager for a big break to make pesky demands about financial terms or equity stakes in the shows they create.

But the network's faith that fresh talent will forever come knocking on its door may be costing it dearly. Though Redstone loves to go on about the potential value of the *Beavis and Butt-head* franchise in speeches, Mike Judge, the

Photographs from the Everett Collection (2).

pair's creator, has long since left for greener pastures. A source with Judge's company says the animator had no equity in *Beavis and Butt-head* when it became an overnight smash in 1993, though the network later gave him a cut. MTV disputes this. When he was shopping around for a new deal in 1994, MTV wouldn't match Fox's bid. So his new show, *King of the Hill,* is on that network—where it's a huge hit. MTV has received only a handful of *Beavis and Butt-head* episodes in the past two years, and Judge is not currently under contract to deliver more, despite the success of the MTV/Paramount Beavis and Butt-head movie last Christmas.

MTV's willingness to let Judge walk is surprising, considering the huge and badly needed boost his series gave the network's ratings when it began in 1993. At the time, the network was battling to keep its numbers up; it needed an alternative to videos, which, to some degree, get unfairly low ratings because Nielsen requires that TV sets be tuned to a channel for more than fifteen minutes of a half-hour period to count. Four-minute videos invite the viewer to channel-surf, advertisers' worst nightmare. To counter this, MTV produced low-cost series like *Beavis* and *The Real World,* which debuted in 1992. When those shows were first aired, the ratings improvement "was a little like taking heroin," says one network source. "The Nielsens clicked, and it solved a multitude of problems in the short run."

Subsequent programs created less of a sensation. As it enters its sixth season, *The Real World* is wearing thin, and the animated *Daria,* though getting good early marks, seems hard-pressed to match *Beavis and Butt-head*'s sizzle. MTV's last big hit, the *Singled Out* game show, which started two years ago, made Jenny McCarthy so famous that she landed her own show on NBC this fall.

McGrath, meanwhile, is debuting a slate of new programs, such as *Oddville, MTV,* plucked off of Manhattan's public-access TV, in an effort to amp up ratings. A concert series featuring large acts like the Rolling Stones as well as small club bands is on the fall schedule. McGrath is even toying with the idea of regionalizing the network in the U.S., as has been done in some international markets. The network is also nearing completion of a huge fishbowl studio just above street level at Viacom's Times Square headquarters. Since MTV has never had its own studio, it's a long-overdue project. But copying a concept from the *Today* show and Fox News is not exactly in keeping with MTV's cutting-edge tradition.

It may also be a sign of how MTV has become less distinguishable to viewers, especially as networks like Fox and WB have cribbed MTV's style, hired away some of the network's homegrown talent, and gone all out to court young-adult viewers. DeeDee Gordon, who tracks teen and young-adult trends for Lambesis, an advertising agency, says that MTV no longer shows up among the networks that young people name as their favorites (the lone exception is 14-to-18-year-old males). Before, Gordon says, MTV showed up in all age groups.

In fact, television-industry sources put the average age of MTV's core viewer at around 15, not quite the trendsetting, high-spending young adults that advertisers salivate over. "There's a certain aspirational quality to MTV," notes Peter Zollo, president of Teenage Research Unlimited, a market-research firm that conducts a semi-annual poll of 2,000 teenagers. Younger teens, those 12 to 15, spend 22 percent more time with MTV each week than 18- and 19-year-olds. Though the network insists that it is holding on to its core 18-to-24 audience despite the ratings slump, its own Nielsen research reflects an 11 percent drop in that audience since May 1996.

MTV is extremely touchy on the question of its demographic slippage and won't discuss the issue with advertisers. "They don't deal with it," says Kathleen Haesele, a senior vice-president at media buyers Advanswers. "They don't want people to think it's a kids' network." They don't like to discuss the issue with the press, either. McGrath dismisses a question about MTV's core audience being 15 or younger as "completely untrue. Our average age is 21."

MTV has plenty of time to find its groove again. Few companies have the luxury of reinventing themselves while margins are fatter than 50 percent (even if cash-strapped Viacom siphons away the profits). It has no direct cable competitor, and none is likely to emerge in the U.S., given the huge costs of launching and getting distribution for a new network. (Just ask the folks at M2, the all-music MTV spin-off. A year old and critically acclaimed, it is not carried by a single cable system—you must have a satellite dish to get it.) And while the population of teens and young adults is swelling, MTV's target audience is only getting bigger. It's just waiting for something to watch. ■

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Expires September 30, 1997

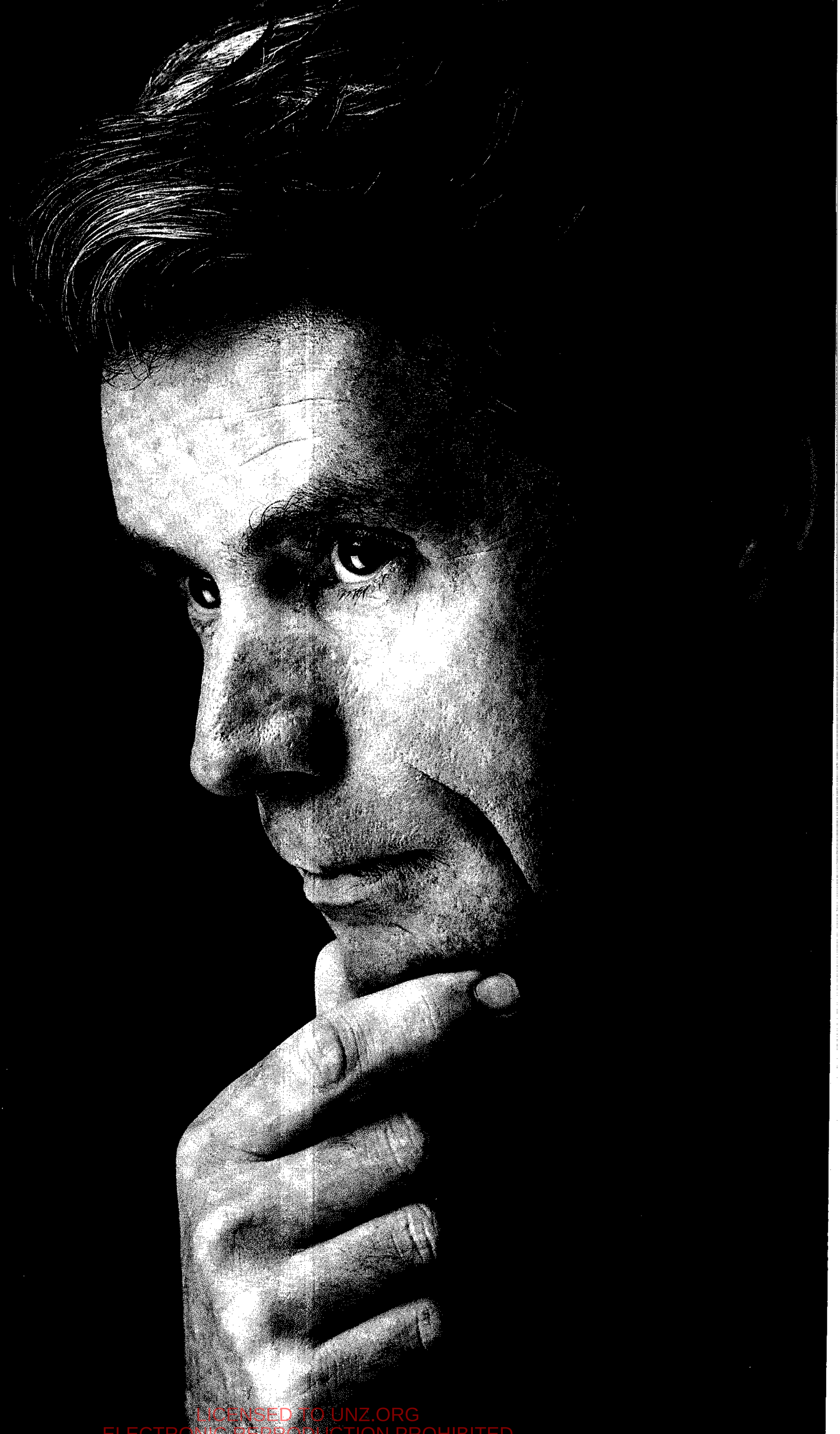
Patrick McCarthy, newly anointed boss of Women's Wear Daily and W, learned everything he knows from his gifted, capricious, spiteful mentor, John Fairchild. And the fashion world wonders: Is the new boss the same as the old boss?

The McCarthy

By Michael Gross

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PERRY/CPi

Era



HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AND SEVENTH AVENUE cross at the annual AIDS Project Los Angeles fund-raiser, held last month at the Santa Monica airport. After cocktails and a fashion show, some 1,100 boldfaced names (Uma, Salma, Demi) and fashion figures (Tilberis, Talley, Truman) flowed into a giant dinner tent to honor Gucci's Tom Ford. Ford was seated at the center of the room, along with Jack Nicholson, Ellen Barkin, Tom Hanks, Rita Wilson, Rosanna Arquette, Geena Davis, and Renny Harlin. Not everyone at the table was so recognizable, though. Take the guy with the wry baby face, black-Irish Dennis the Menace hair, shrewd smile, and braying laugh. He sat next to Barkin, bantering over the sea bass in a voice that slid from glissando to glib confidence. "Can a long thin thing like me be a fashion model?" she teased.

"No, no, no!" he cried.

Nicholson barely noticed him. But the fashion flock did. His name is Patrick McCarthy, and this spring, he became chairman of New York's Fairchild Publications, publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and *W*, the two most powerful publications covering the multi-billion-dollar international fashion industries. He's survived two decades of what some would call apprenticeship—others would call it hazing—to succeed the legendarily fearsome John Fairchild as the scariest man in fashionable society.

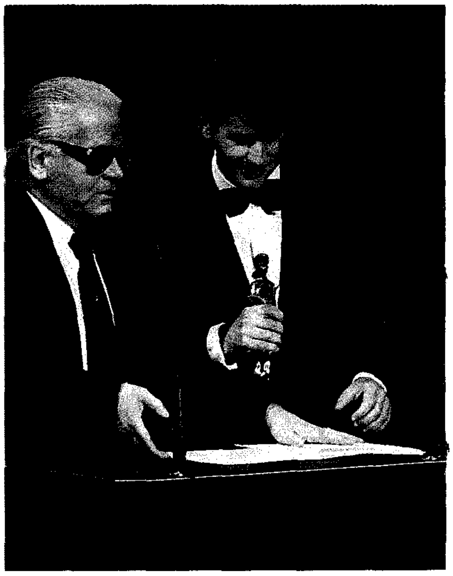
"Patrick understands it, and he lives it," says Fairchild, who chose him. "It's his life, and it's sensational to find somebody like that." So meet the new boss. And come along as fashion has a moment, wondering—and worrying—if he'll be the same as the old boss.

Arbitrary. Capricious. Vindictive. Petty. John Fairchild has been called many names since he took over *Women's Wear Daily* (now called *WWD*) back in 1960. His pit-bull fights with designers and socialites are legendary, sometimes overshadowing his considerable journalistic achievements. Writing a column as the Hungarian countess Louise J. Esterhazy, he's also one of fashion's most acerbic observers. And for the past 22 years, McCarthy has been Fairchild's star pupil. What outsiders saw as capriciousness, "internally we saw as his genius," McCarthy says. He's amused Mr. Fairchild, dressed like him, talked like him, collected the scurrilous gossip he loves, fought his battles, and, in exchange for these services, learned everything from him.

And at times, he has seemed to be doing his job just like his predecessor, going overboard for favorites ("Talent," McCarthy says, "that's what we go with. It's Mr. Fairchild's legacy") and trashing those who displease him. When the *Wall Street Journal* broke the 1994 story of a government investigation of model rates, and Fern Mallis, the executive director of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, was quoted in it, McCarthy apparently held her responsible for *WWD*'s not having it first—even though she wasn't the paper's source—and soon enough ran a particularly negative profile of her. The chill continues. "I hope not forever," she says.

"People never, never, never understood [Fairchild's] theory," McCarthy says. "*WWD* kicks everybody in the balls eventually."

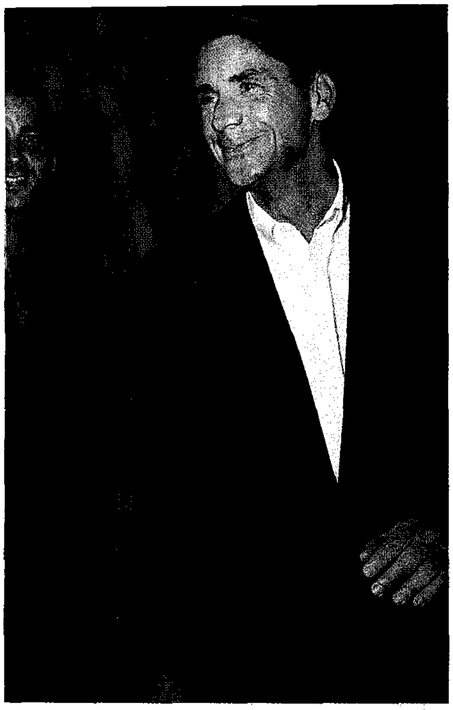
In other ways, however, he has broken his mentor's mold. In his years as the firm's No. 2, McCarthy expanded *WWD*'s traditional designer-centric focus to encompass the beauty business, fashionable media, and mass-market clothing; rid the gossip pages and fashion reviews of their recklessly vicious edge; and remade the multisectioned broadsheet *W*, which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this month, into an oversize, news-driven fashion-and-lifestyle magazine stuffed with provocative fashion pages and writing that can be both journalistic and incisive. He and a core group of young Fairchild editors have raised production values at Fairchild's once notoriously cheap publications. Fern Mallis notwithstanding, McCarthy has also ended most of Fairchild's famous feuds. From Cristobal Balenciaga in the fifties to Mollie Parnis and Geoffrey Beene in the sixties to Giorgio Armani in the seventies and a pantheon of greats ranging from Azzedine Alaïa to Yves Saint Laurent in the eighties, Fairchild fought with them all at one point or another, whenever he felt they'd failed to give *WWD* its due as the Voice of Fashion. In the McCarthy Era, that sort of feuding is as Out as those designers were when they were cast into the Fairchild gulag. "When things got childish, [McCarthy] would be fair," says editor Katherine Betts, who left *WWD* for *Vogue*.

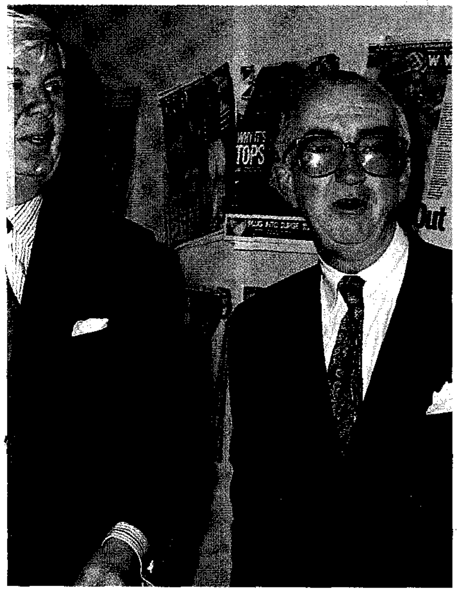


"He reinvents himself according to his ambitions," says a Fairchild vet. "He modeled himself on John Fairchild to the point of wearing his watch on his right wrist just like Mr. Fairchild."

McCarthy's admirers are as legion as Fairchild's many enemies; even *WWD* defectors praise him. Designers are even more fulsome. "He has wit, great talent, and is a marvelous friend," says Karl Lagerfeld. Adds Giorgio Armani, "Patrick

Photographs: clockwise from left, Dan & Corina Lecca; Art Streiber/CPi; Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Art Streiber/CPi.
Preceding page: grooming by Giannandrea for Garren New York.





THE IN CROWD: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, MCCARTHY WITH TOM FORD; JOHN FAIRCHILD AND MICHAEL COADY; WITH BARBARA HERSHEY AND RITA WILSON; WITH KARL LAGERFELD.

understands the difference between the obvious and the truly refined, and it's a subject on which he can be quite funny. For some people in the social or fashion world, it makes him quite dangerous." Donna Karan feigns anger that McCarthy doesn't wear her suits but has high praise for *W,* which she describes as "a brilliant publication."

"Patrick understands what is the fashion of today," says Pierre Bergé, chairman of Yves Saint Laurent. "The time of haute couture is completely over. It's another time. It's not my time. It's not John Fairchild's time. Surely not. It's Patrick's time."

W'S OFTEN RAUCOUS STAFF meetings are held in a conference room lined with green-and-ecru awning-striped sofas. In June, Mark Ganem, the deputy editor, was walking the group through the last details for the anniversary issue before turning to plans for September and October. Someone asked about a story on insulin. "We killed it," Ganem said. "Because it was incomprehensible," McCarthy added. "That's *collagen,*" beauty editor Dana Wood corrected him. "*In*sulin, *col*lagen, I'm *sorry,*" McCarthy pleaded.

As entertainment editor Merle Ginsberg joined in via speakerphone, the group turned to the movie business. "Gary Oldman?" McCarthy asked. Ginsberg snapped, "I'd like to take a gun and kill him," and started ranting about his P.R. man and manager. McCarthy killed the story instead: "He's not worth it. Move on."

"Louise?" McCarthy asked a few minutes later.

"Louise has chosen to write about Lysol this month," said an editor.

"Yes," McCarthy said primly. "I spoke to Louise. I had no reaction. Louise doesn't like no reaction. He said it's *gonna* be *funny*! Louise is getting another *Légion d'honneur.* I said, 'You have one.' He said, 'I have the one they give cupcake manufacturers. I'm getting the *other* one.' Good line." Then he turned to me.

"You know who Louise is, don't you?"

TO KNOW MCCARTHY, YOU must first understand his mentor. But that task can confound. "You're asking, 'Who is Charles Foster Kane?' " says James Brady, *WWD*'s sixties publisher turned novelist. "I can't tell you."

The clues are contradictory. Although McCarthy and Fairchild CEO Michael Coady (and until recently Fairchild) all have private offices, they are usually found at desks in the newsroom. But under Fairchild, at least, that newsroom resembled Mount Olympus, where Zeus shone like a sun on those in favor and tosses thunderbolts at those who displease. "You were always being rated," says an ex-employee. "Nothing was better than being in the glow, and then he'd take it away and it was awful." In an incident that's become legend, one editor was fired by Fairchild as they rode an elevator to a fashion show. When she got back to her office, her replacement was already at her desk.

Humiliation and ridicule were nothing new. Forty years earlier, Louis Fairchild, John's father, posted his son's stories on a bulletin board at the office, annotated with critical comments. "He thought he was making John a better man," says a longtime observer of the family. "It ricocheted." Barbed teasing remains the order of the day. "Shall we tell Michael Pete's nickname?" McCarthy says, walking past the desk of *WWD's* beauty-business expert, Pete Born. Born cringes and colors as McCarthy rushes by. "It's Uncle Peaches." McCarthy's laugh cuts across the office, and as heads bob up out of cubicles, he continues: "I gave it to him. And he *loathes* it!"

Corporate cultures are often described as dysfunctional families, but Fairchild's was more familial—and more dysfunctional—than most. Though he already had a wife and four children, Fairchild regularly "adopted" favored staff members, giving them roles that blurred the line between child and protégé. "It was very familial, for good and ill," says Ben Brantley, the chief drama critic of the New York *Times,* once *WWD's* Paris-bureau chief. "You were protected, but there could also be a sense of betrayal."

"John Fairchild cultivated a very personal dynamic," says one writer. "You lived for the guy because you loved him. It's seductive and enticing. But there was also something sinister about it. There were no boundaries. It was hurtful because they act like it's a family, it shouldn't be, and then it's not."

Michael Coady thinks Fairchild saw himself in his protégés: "He liked the idea of being surrounded by attractive people in his own image." Others have it that Fairchild's favorites completed him, and Fairchild himself seems to agree. "Patrick is much more aggressive than I am, much more gregarious than I am," he says. "He's not rooted in family life. He is much more comfortable with designers than I ever was."

“Mr. Fairchild and I are friends, but it’s not that easy a professional relationship,” McCarthy says. “It’s paternal; it’s not paternal. It’s about, first and foremost, getting the story. If I didn’t get the story, I was history. With your father, whatever happens and however you screw up, he’s still your father. That’s *not* the case with Mr. Fairchild.” And although Mr. Fairchild may have retired, Louise hasn’t. She’s still writing for *W.* (“I’m the only one who gets my copy in on time!” Fairchild crows.) “Louise hovers over Patrick like a ghost in the attic,” says someone who knows them both.

McCarthy is by all accounts married to his work. “It’s like, ‘What private life?’” says his friend the columnist Billy Norwich. Like Norwich, McCarthy’s other intimates are either fellow Fairchildren or else peers in fashionable society. In New York, his circle includes Blaine Trump and Pat Buckley (with whom he plays bridge every Wednesday); designers Carolina Herrera and Calvin Klein; Gabriella Forte, who’s Klein’s right hand; hotelier Ian Schrager; and fashion flack Paul Wilmot. In Europe, where his rise at Fairchild began, he is especially close to designers Lagerfeld and Armani, Chanel couture director Joy Henderiks, and Balmain’s Georgina Brandolini. “You don’t fool Patrick,” Brandolini says. “He won’t be friends with people who pursue him because of who he is.”

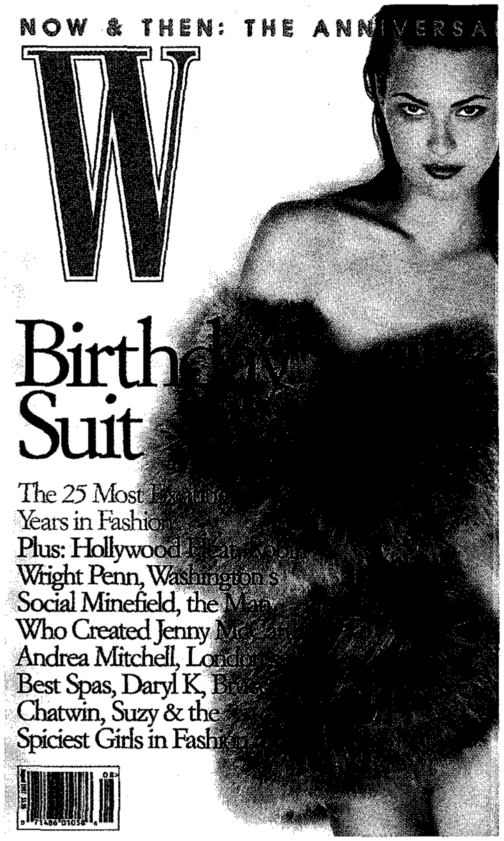
Despite his swanning exterior, McCarthy is contained; he never reveals himself—a rarity in fashion. “My private life is my private life, and I prefer to keep it that way,” he says simply. “He’s not aloof, not distant, but quite calm,” says Henderiks. “Very often he doesn’t say what he thinks. He asks questions. He has a mind like a computer. He listens and the next day he has it all, with many more details than he heard at dinner. There’s a lot he knows and will never print.”

JOHN FAIRCHILD SAYS HE’D BEEN trying to quit his job since 1968. But it wasn’t until fall 1996, a year after Fairchild’s owner, Capital Cities/ABC, was annexed by Disney’s Magic Kingdom, that he first talked retirement. He also says he’s never had a contract, but he signed one in ’68 with a ten-year term (later extended) to serve as Fairchild’s CEO.

Fairchild’s carefully orchestrated departure began, symbolically enough, with his absence from January’s couture shows. Fairchild had already let McCarthy in on his secret. “I couldn’t believe it,” McCarthy says. “I love Mr. Fairchild; I really do. And he created me. So I was very sad that day. Very sad. I, of course, said, ‘You’re going to still write Louise, aren’t you?’ Because the one thing he is proudest of is his writing.” He stayed away from the couture, McCarthy continues, “because he wanted the light to shine on me.”

While the fashion world was in Paris, the announcement was made that McCarthy was taking over, effective in March. But two weeks later, on January 28, Disney announced its plan to sell, swap, or otherwise dispose of almost all its publishing properties, including dozens of newspapers, *Institutional Investor,* and Fairchild. McCarthy got the news in a 6 A.M. summons to an 8 A.M. meeting for the heads of the affected properties. “It looked like I would never actually be chairman,” he admits. “People said, ‘Gee, that was quick.’ ”

Nine days of anguish followed, “because there’s lots of people in this world you don’t want to work for,” McCarthy says. “And they’re a fussy bunch out there,” he adds, gesturing toward the newsroom. The magazine market is volatile; *W*’s stars might jump ship. “And the rumors were daily,” McCarthy says. “Five times daily! But the numbers looked great. So if you had to be sold, this was the time.”



With Fairchild, says McCarthy, “if I didn’t get the story, I was history. With your father, whatever happens and however you screw up, he’s still your father. That’s *not* the case with Mr. Fairchild.”

After a week, Disney did an about-face; it was hanging on to Fairchild and folding in *Los Angeles,* the troubled city magazine. What happened? “I believe they never intended to sell,” says McCarthy. “They put out the package because that was how the bankers wanted it. The bankers want to put you into play. But they realized the people cost was too great.” The explanation from McCarthy’s boss, ABC president Bob Iger, is similar. “We hedged slightly,” he says. “We announced that we were selling all or some of our publishing properties. In the back of our minds, we never intended to sell Fairchild, but we thought it bad form to say that immediately. In retrospect, we could have been more sensitive.”

Rumors flew: Disney didn’t know Fairchild’s value, and once it realized, it pulled Fairchild off the market. John Fairchild called his friend Sid Bass, a Disney investor, and persuaded him to make an appeal to its chairman, Michael Eisner. Most intriguing, maybe Disney didn’t really plan to keep Fairchild but rather wanted to build it into a force in consumer magazines and eventually trade it away, perhaps to the Hearst Corporation, in exchange for Hearst’s 20 percent of the cable cash cow ESPN or its one-third share of Lifetime. (Disney owns the rest of ESPN but only a third of Lifetime.)

Iger admits that such a swap was explored, but the discussions with Hearst ended with a firm rejection of Disney’s proposal. Which doesn’t mean the idea is dead. “Hearst is not the only company we spoke with," Iger hints. And sometimes, people change their minds. (A spokesman for Hearst declined to comment.)

THE MORNING OF THE GUCCI GALA, McCarthy visits *Los Angeles* magazine, then wheels a rented Mustang ragtop to lunch at Ivy at the Shore in Santa Monica. He wears a very unbeachlike suit, a tie, and brown cap-toe oxfords, just like John Fairchild's. He stares longingly at the beach for a moment.

Settling in with a salad, McCarthy reminisces about growing up Irish Catholic in the Boston suburbs of Dedham and Wellesley. "Very uneventful," he says. His father was a lawyer. "Straightforward, pretty difficult, straight-arrow. If he'd chosen my life for me, this wouldn't be it. My mother did—how do you say this delicately in 1997?—*nothing*!"

Early on, McCarthy craved urban glamour—the "higher existence" he saw in old movies. "To this day, I'm searching for the New York penthouse," he says. At Boston University in the early seventies, he studied history. McCarthy howls and starts to stutter when asked about sex, drugs, and rock and roll. "I *liked* rock and roll! *I never touched drugs!* I was part of my age, of course, you know? I did rock and roll. Of course I did. I grew my hair long. It looked grotesque. I wore bell-bottoms. I mean, I did, you know, you know—I did it all." I offer him an out: Was he a protester? "I was a little bit into the anti-war movement . . . as everybody was," he admits, then retreats. "A little, not much."

PEOPLE: The Dems' New Second Lady
LIVING apart but . . . commuting to marriage
Caroline on Daddy O's island

DUPONT: RECORD FIBER RESULTS/11 CLAIBORNE NET UP 27.6%/5
Women's Wear Daily • July 24, 1997
WWD THURSDAY
Sportswear
California Cool
Latest Arnault Move: LVMH Buys Sephora, Top Perfumery Chain
By Sarah Raper

RAGS TO RICHES: *W*, BEFORE AND AFTER IT GREW INTO AN OVERSIZE CONSUMER GLOSSY; A RECENT ISSUE OF *WWD*.

After graduating in 1973, he bummed around Europe on a Eurail pass. Europe represented freedom, cultivation, knowledge, experience, and glamour. Afterward, he applied to journalism school. "I was one of those kids who read *Esquire* when I was 16, who knew about Willie Morris at *Harper's*," he says. Admitted to Stanford, he was a grind. He had his first byline with a story in the *Stanford Daily* about a children's cancer ward. "I spent a *week* with children dying of cancer," he recalls. "So horrible. They were all *bald*. It was the saddest thing I've ever done. And they put it on page 1, and I thought, '*Ahhh!* I will never have that feeling again.' "

That was a serious story. "I've always been serious," he claims. "I mean, one *frolics*, but I've always been work-oriented; I get defined by my work. I probably think about work more than anything else in my life. I was goal-oriented when I was 10." His voice turns serious. "I think my father did that to me."

A friend arranged an introduction to Steve Stoneburn, head of the Fairchild News Service (FNS), then one of the largest specialized news services in the world. It primarily fed Fairchild Publishing, which put out about 30 trade newspapers, *Women's Wear Daily* among them.

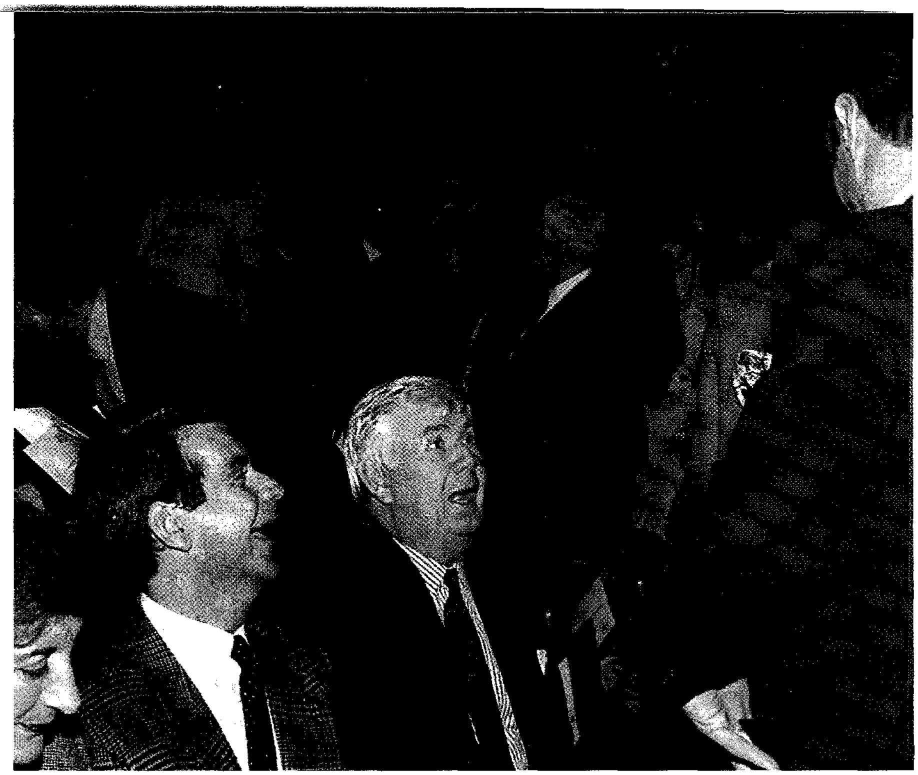
Fairchild was founded in Chicago in 1890 by Edmund Fairchild, the son of a Dutch Reform minister from Flushing, New York. He'd partnered up with a fellow he met in a rooming house, a printer who owned newspapers that covered grocery stores and men's clothing. Edmund and a brother bought out the printer and moved home to New York. *Women's Wear* began life as a single page in the Saturday edition of *Daily News Record*, another publication they owned, which covered men's and children's fashion. In 1924, Edmund's son Louis joined the company after graduating from Princeton. Three years later, Louis's son John Burr was born. He followed his father to Princeton and in 1951 joined the family firm. In 1955, he found his forte as head of *WWD*'s Paris bureau.

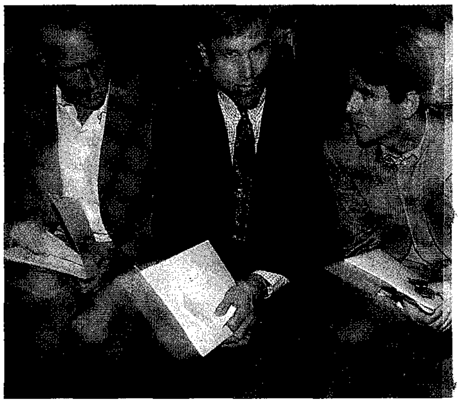
Fairchild thrived by putting journalism's agenda ahead of fashion's. When designers snubbed *Women's Wear*, or barred it from their showings—it was, after all, just an American trade rag—Fairchild fought back, disguising reporters as messengers and placing sketch artists in windows overlooking design rooms, in order to be the first to reveal new styles. Ever since, being first in fashion has always been *WWD*'s priority.

Fairchild and his correspondents also covered fashion customers, the places they went, and what they did; to be truly fashionable, you had to be photographed by the "Eye," *WWD*'s gossip page. Soon the people Fairchild covered—powerful, rich, celebrated people—were petrified of him. His penchant for panning collections, punishing uncooperative designers, printing nasty gossip, and lionizing some ladies while lambasting others (Britain's Princess Margaret was nicknamed Her Drear; others were airbrushed out of photographs) began in Paris and won him the sobriquet Unfairchild. But it obviously impressed his father. "From the moment he started," the dapper, brolly-toting Louis Fairchild said, "he stirred things up."

Louis made his cherubic son publisher of *WWD* in 1960, editor-in-chief in 1964, and president of Fairchild in 1966. Still, John wasn't free; other family members were always breathing down his neck. So in 1968, he engineered the company's sale to Capital Cities, a small, well-run owner of television and radio stations. He'd come up with the idea for *W*, and his family was "deadly opposed to the idea," he says. "Everybody in the family ridiculed me." The sale left him in charge. He launched *W* in 1972.

McCARTHY ISN'T HAPPY WITH HIS SALAD—it isn't the one he wanted. But he eats it anyway and is delighted, in a low-key way, that Charlie Sheen is at the bar as he does. It's another reminder that he's come a long way from his first job in Fairchild's bureau in Washington, D.C. He took it because he knew that FNS had offices in Europe; he was desperate to go back. Within days, he'd moved into a motel near Dupont Circle and started writing. He covered legislation, congressional committees, and the Federal Power Commission for Fairchild publications like *Electronic News*, *Energy User News*, and *Supermarket News*. "The notion is that if you can cover the SEC, then you can cover the wealth of the nation, the style and the privilege that come with the acumen that accumulates wealth and power," says Susan Watters, Fairchild's Washington-bureau chief. *Women's Wear* had its own writers in Washington, so there were no dinners at Kay Graham's for McCarthy. Still, he did learn that most people took his call when he mentioned *WWD*. "You didn't get into *Metalworking News*," he jokes.





PRESS ROW: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, MCCARTHY WITH FAIRCHILD; WITH ANNA WINTOUR; WITH A FAIRCHILD STAFF MEMBER.

McCarthy's best friend in Washington was a young lawyer, Laughlin Barker, who later became the lover of the designer Perry Ellis as well as president of his company. "Laughlin had spent his Navy career in Italy, and he urged me to get out of town at the first opportunity," McCarthy says. He started badgering his bosses to go to Europe. He needn't have bothered; John Fairchild had noticed him. "Patrick had a certain confidence and sophistication that distinguished him," says Steve Stoneburn, now CEO of a medical-publishing company. "John spied something that probably eluded most, and stole him away." In 1978, McCarthy was made head of the FNS bureau in London.

Just after he arrived, *WWD*'s London writer quit and the editor of "Eye" started offering McCarthy assignments. His first was to cover the London premiere of *Saturday Night Fever.* Soon enough, he says, "no other paper ever saw me again." *WWD* editor Coady liked him. "He was a real star, a real pro," Coady says. "His writing was excellent, nuanced, well balanced. He was one of the best hard-news men I'd ever seen." Soon enough, Etta Froio, *WWD*'s fashion editor, was offering assignments, too. "I've never been to a fashion show!" he told her. "I don't know what to do."

Froio explained: "You call up the major designers and take pictures of what they're going to show. We're *Women's Wear Daily.* We have to have it first." "I had not a clue what I was doing!" says McCarthy. "It was all false, my veneer of fabrics, colors. If they said it was circular combined with square, I would have written it." Though he knows more about fashion now, "I don't think he really enjoys it," says his friend Georgina Brandolini. "That's why I like him."

Fairchild had long wanted an interview with the eccentric, stylish socialite Lady Diana Cooper. Cooper had turned down all previous requests. But they'd been made by women. "She hated girls," McCarthy says. He was invited over. "She greeted me in bed with her little doggie, this horrible *dog*, and she gave me a wonderful interview." But when he asked her to pose for a photograph, she balked. "Editor calls back in five minutes. He says 'Mister *Fair*child says'—this is my first indirect contact—'no picture, no story.' " Finally, he agreed to pay her £200 out of his pocket, which she accepted as model's rates. McCarthy ended up with the cover of *W* and a wire from John Fairchild. "What a magnificent first effort," it said. "We must meet."

On the day they met in Paris in July 1979, Fairchild took McCarthy to his first couture show. Yves Saint Laurent was the favorite, the dauphin; for twenty years, he could do no wrong. McCarthy knew this meant something, and it changed him. "Patrick is a self-invention," says a Fairchild vet. "He reinvents himself according to his ambitions. He modeled himself on John Fairchild to the point of wearing his watch on his right wrist just like Mr. Fairchild. He even began to look like Mr. Fairchild."

"John, who's your clone?" Gerry Dryansky, who'd worked for *WWD* in Paris years before, asked Fairchild at another show. Sitting between them, McCarthy turned beet-red, and, he admits with a laugh, he "loathed Dryansky from then on."

Fairchild soon offered him the best job at *WWD,* heading its Paris bureau. McCarthy knew what that meant. Paris was Louise Esterhazy's adopted home. "I had it all," McCarthy realized. But he kept his mouth shut about it. "You will never find anybody I discussed that topic with," he says. "Talking about succeeding someone is not the way to succeed. It's not as calculated as it appears. But nobody's gonna believe that." True in all respects.

He was 29, handsome, a wit. Regine gave him a welcome party. "Everybody comes, not because of me but because *WWD* has a new bureau chief and they're interested to see what exotic creature is taking over from André Leon Talley," the former chief, a flamboyant six-foot-seven-inch African-American man, "because y'know, André was exotic. I was a *horrible disappointment.* I can remember Kim d'Estainville saying to me that day, '*You* are after André?' "

McCarthy fell in with a crowd of beautiful young people that included the bisexual man-about-town d'Estainville, a pack of pretty, intelligent fashionettes, and the best-connected couturier in Paris, the man Louise dubbed "the Kaiser," Karl Lagerfeld. "I instantly bonded with Karl," McCarthy says. "Pierre Bergé. Claude Montana to an extent. I started getting to know the people I was covering. It was easier than it is now. It was about long dinners and getting bombed and talking and weekends. There were no palazzos. It was a totally different industry. "

"We were big night people. We went out like crazy," says Brandolini. But *Elle Decor* editor Marian McEvoy, another old Fairchild hand, says McCarthy never lost control: "Patrick had to be aware, had to be stable, had to be somewhat sober."

Coady was only nominally McCarthy's boss. "Michael left Paris to Mr. Fairchild because that was his specialty," McCarthy says. "The first time I met Michael, he said, 'You know, you're not Paris-bureau chief.' I said, 'What do you *mean*? *I am!*' I thought they were taking my job away.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Marina Garnier; Cedric Dordevic; Ron Haviv/Saba.

He said, 'John Fairchild is Paris-bureau chief, always has been, always will be.'"

McCarthy served him well. "He knew exactly what John wanted and gave it to him," a colleague says. "They were on the phone every day. John lived vicariously through whoever was in that seat. Bringing back the dirt is part of the job. Patrick could always come up with the goods, even if it wasn't his instinct. I was aware of Patrick tense, worried, and scurrying. He never let his guard down." He had fun, though; it was a great time to cover fashion. "You'd see people go from rather modest income levels to staggering châteaux, staggering yachts," McCarthy says. Some crumbs reached his table, too. He had to turn down the minor painting by a major artist that a fabric manufacturer tried to give him, but, he adds, "when I did a story on Valentino's yacht, I had to spend a weekend on it. Karl's château, Versace at Lake Como."

"You can't make the *Times* pay, so make the designer pay....Mr. Fairchild instilled it in me. I'm like the abused child that is now abusing. I will kill for the story, and if I don't have it, I *will* get angry."

After five years, McCarthy tired of Paris. He'd interviewed the same designers too many times. He asked Fairchild for a change, suggesting a move to Los Angeles. *"Los Angeles?"* the boss answered. "Are you crazy?" So not long afterward, McCarthy succeeded Coady as editor of *WWD.* "I think there's a perception that I was vying," McCarthy says. "And of course there was vying. There's always vying in any corporation."

Arriving back in New York in March 1985, McCarthy was met with suspicion and competition. He had no experience in New York fashion, and he was supposed to take on the *Times,* the *Wall Street Journal,* new magazines like *Details* and *Elle,* and powerful old stalwarts like *Vogue.* "We're like Israel in the middle of the Arab states," says Coady, "on a war footing all the time."

"They were all clearly watching me," McCarthy says. "I stumbled badly." A Louise-like gossip column, bylined T. S. Smithers, went out of business quickly. "I decided we weren't going to cover certain things because I didn't think they were very interesting," he says. "I didn't have a clue about the Liz Claibornes of the world—I mean, the real industrial-strength leaders."

McCarthy's first good move was to eat lots of lunches with major fashion figures. The most memorable of these was with Halston—addled on cocaine—in his glassed-in Olympic Tower aerie overlooking Saint Patrick's Cathedral. Halston kept going to the bathroom and coming back with sales projections. "The sales figures got ever larger," McCarthy says. "Two hundred million dollars, and then a billion, and then $2 billion. Actually, I did a story on Halston. He was out of business within a month or so."

Halston wasn't the only one under siege. AIDS had just hit fashion. McCarthy's first contact with the disease came when a friend from a Paris disco died of pneumonia. Then Laughlin Barker—who'd welcomed McCarthy to New York at a dinner with Perry Ellis—died early in 1986. The subject of AIDS was an uncomfortable one, and still is. As he talks about Barker and others who died, McCarthy's eyes briefly well with tears. Barker and Ellis "got sick about six months after I got here," he says. "And I didn't see Laughlin because he didn't want anyone to see him after he got sick." Several *WWD* employees got sick simultaneously. "We covered it," McCarthy says. "Were we out in the vanguard? No. Everybody in fashion was very scared of AIDS. They were very scared that it would damage the industry. Perry Ellis called me up the day Laughlin died and said, 'Would you please not say the cause of death?' We didn't."

Then the press declared open season on Fairchild's editorial judgment, not over AIDS, where *WWD* was hardly alone in its willful blindness, but because fashion people were sick of Fairchild's feuds. Though he's ended most of the squabbles, McCarthy defends Fairchild. "Every feud," he says, *"every* feud . . . had a legitimate beginning. I know no one wants to hear this, because they really do want to think of him *banning* Geoffrey Beene and *banning* Azzedine Alaïa." Beene, for instance, earned his treatment by refusing to show his collection to a *WWD* reporter he deemed insufficiently important—Ben Brantley. "Mr. Fairchild objected to that," McCarthy says. "And then . . . it *escalated!"*

More feuds started—they still do—when *WWD* thought its prerogatives as the primary source of fashion news were threatened. "No one else could get the story, and if anyone else got the story," McCarthy explains, banging the table in time to his words, *"someone had to pay!* You can't make the New York *Times* pay, so make the poor little designer pay—or the big rich designer. Mr. Fairchild instilled it in me. I'm like the abused child that is now abusing. I will kill for the story, and if I don't have it, I *will* get angry. A lot of the punishment meted out was for giving the story to someone else, which to us wasn't arbitrary." Some punishments were arbitrary, though. "Absolutely," McCarthy admits. "Bite the hand that feeds you. Never stop biting it. And you know what? It will feed you more."

McCarthy's anointment—from the outside, at least—was never a sure bet. The first favorite he faced was Ben Brantley. But Brantley dropped out of the running and quit. McCarthy, Brantley says, "seemed to thrive on it in a way the rest of us didn't." Then there was Michael Coady. Fairchild says he, Coady, and McCarthy were "a team, like the Three Musketeers," but Coady was clearly the No. 2. Then came *Spy*'s December 1989 exposé that described him as "lordly, irresponsible, gross, cruel," given to excess drinking, adulterous model-chasing, apoplectic rage, repellent quivering, shameless denigration, and terminal self-importance. "Despite rumors of Mr. Fairchild's impending retirement," *Spy* said, "arrangements for his succession remain messy."

Though the *Spy* story probably helped him, McCarthy thinks it was unfair. "A lot was made up, a

(continued on page 73)

ADULT EDUCATION

Before you know it, summer will be over, and you'll be going back—back to that apartment, that job, that life. You'll have to confront the old you, the one you insisted take the summer off. Will you like what you see? ■ Well, you figure, it's nothing a $100 haircut won't fix. Or a blowout at Barneys. Or a trip to St. Marks Place for a tongue ring and a tattoo. ■ But that won't work. You need to get serious, take the time, learn something. As long as you dropped three grand on that Pentium-chip computer, you might as well figure out how to use it for something besides e-mailing friends whose phone calls you don't return. And maybe you'd feel like less of a Neanderthal at book parties if you acquired some exotic expertise—currency trading, say. How about that unintentionally minimalist apartment—what if you learned how to give it a discreet blush of color? ■ Agreed, then, you're going back to school. Not some twelve-year immersion in Sanskrit. We're talking convenient classes, quick results, and, in most cases, no tests. Our program is multiple-choice: In the pages ahead, we present four options for personal tune-ups, based on courses available at some of the city's finer educational institutions. Who do you want to be?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANOCH PIVEN

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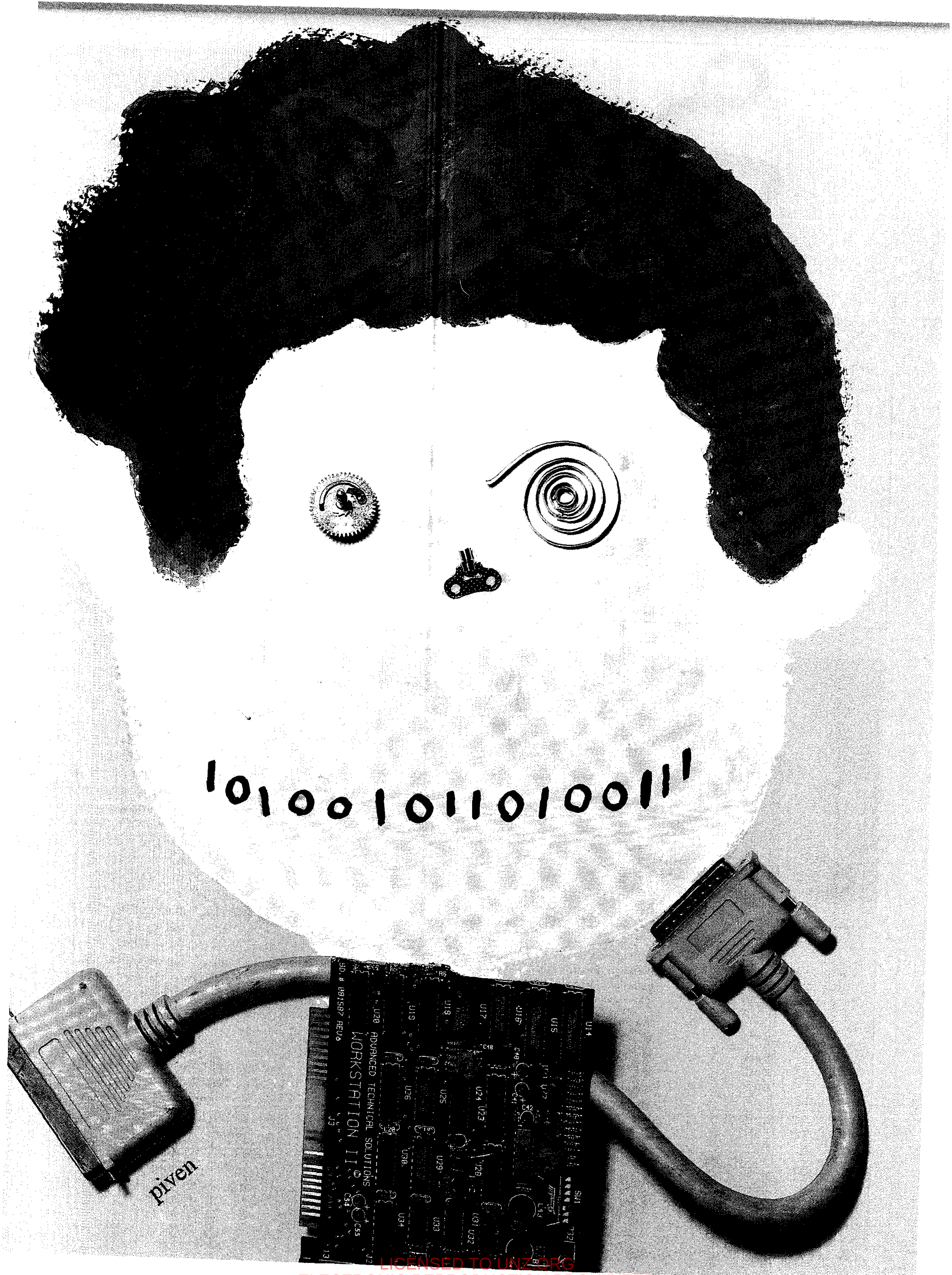
THE LIGHTS ARE LOW. YOU'VE DIMMED THE CONTRAST. IT'S JUST YOU and your computer, alone again. You've read your last e-mail, checked the discount flights for next weekend one more time. Still nothing for San Francisco, so there's no chance you'll get to the second annual Silicon Valley Swill-a-thon for less than 600 bucks. ■ Your online life, though carefully tended, has started to feel a little hollow. The start-up chime no longer fills you with joy. It's time to turn your little love affair with the glowing screen into something more creative. We're not talking about rocket science, just adding a little art to the code. Learning to move back and forth between 3D reality and the UNIX-based universe. The following classes can help you make that leap—in words, pictures, film, or all three—to another dimension. ■ There's a lot of artwork out there on the Web—photos you can download, amusing little bits of clip art, graphics devices that turn everything neon—but using it to design stuff you're not embarrassed to show your friends is harder than it first appears. **Digital Design I** (School of Visual Arts; twelve sessions, $690) is a quick-and-dirty survey of the popular programs Quark XPress, Photoshop, and Illustrator, the basic tools of computer-age graphic designers. "We teach creative uses of technology and aesthetics," says computer-department chairman Bruce Wands. "The computer really is not going to supply the creativity." Tina Fong, who teaches Digital Design I and II, first took the class six years ago at SVA and got hooked. She calls her introduction to design "backward-forward"—first the computer, then the art—but most SVA continuing-ed students come for retraining after years of hand-done art projects. Fong's weekly assignments take this background into account: By week two, students are assembling scanned-in images of sea sponges and cat's-eye glasses into plausible photomontages in Photoshop; by week three, students are creating Matisse-style paper cutouts with Illustrator. By week five, they cut and paste their own text and images in Quark Xpress onto CD covers.

To learn digital design, you actually have to toil for hours in a fluorescent-lit computer lab. But there are other horizon-expanding classes that you don't even have to leave home for. Robert Kendall's **Hypertext Poetry and Fiction,** a two-year favorite at the New School (nine weeks, unlimited time, $400), is taught through the school's DIAL program; it's all online. Kendall doesn't even live in New York—he's out in San Francisco. "Hypertext lets the writer write stories and poems that the reader can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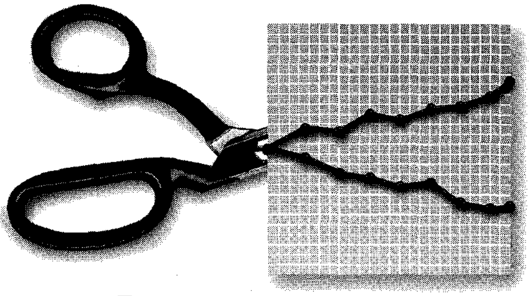

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ELECTIVES

- **How to Buy a Macintosh or How to Buy a PC** Square one, indeed. Instructor Alan Hecht promises "to demystify the computer and to empower students to access information." Learn how to haggle with commission-hungry salespeople and to speak the obscure dialect of computer technicians. (New School; one session, $50.)
- **Type & Design** Newton Myers teaches QuarkXPress graphic design with messianic fervor, talking about students as "breaking through," and "experiencing a godlike feeling" when a design clicks. Despite that, his class is eminently practical. Even acolytes with little graphic-design experience leave the class with a ten-piece color portfolio of posters, magazine layouts, business cards, and, naturally, their own résumés. (Pratt Manhattan; fifteen sessions, $665.)
- **Photoshop** Ever wonder how the *Globe* finds Elvis everywhere? Photoshop is the answer. UDA's Intro and specialized Print and Multi-Media and Internet Photoshop classes teach you how to cut, paste, and create on the computer screen. Mock up the garden of your dreams. Erase your ex-husband from the family photo. Revise your life. (United Digital Artists; Intro Photoshop, one session, $295; Multi-Media and Internet Photoshop, two sessions, open lab, $645.)
- **Webmaster** This class is designed for people who want to put a business online—and who doesn't? Team-taught, Webmaster starts with a section on hardware—server sizes, router programming, telecommunications options—and finishes with a basic look at HTML programming and graphics. You'll end up with a basic site ready to upload onto the Web. (New School; two sessions, $375.)
- **JavaScript** You've got your Web page; it looks great, but it's just sitting there. No bells, no whistles. JavaScript, a three-year-old scripting language developed by Sun, is the equivalent of a Website annual upgrade. "They are all coming to jazz up the look of their Websites," says instructor David Laster. (New School; one session, $225.)
- **Electronic Commerce** Learn how to make money with a variety of services, not all of them pornographic, on the Internet. The class covers the effects of e-commerce on the traditional marketplace and the three most important words: Card number, please. (NYU; ten sessions, $840.) JASON FINK

read interactively," Kendall says. The DIAL classroom environment is ideal, he says, "for teaching this sort of course—the classroom itself is an education in the medium." Imagine: no xeroxed weekly submissions, no embarrassing in-class critiques, no scrambling to do the reading on time. Nothing happens in real time.

The class is held on a series of linked bulletin boards, where Kendall leaves hypertext readings, short lessons about structure and content, and detailed comments about students' work. The comments themselves turn into hypertext as students add links to the sites of other authors they've found on the Web.

Your computer, if used correctly, can also be your ticket to Hollywood. **AVID Media Composer,** the nonlinear computer editing system used in most major production houses, is a must-have skill for the film world. The beauty of this system is that the film, once digitized, can be edited in any order, sections cut and pasted in and out. AVID uses two monitors. One shows the shots at your disposal. Stephen Perrotta, a freelance video/film editor who teaches the AVID course (NYU; twelve sessions, $1,200), is working with the footage for a documentary on the rain forest, so there are frames showing a monkey, a waterfall, a forest pan, a cockatoo. The other screen has the editing controls. Perrotta fiddles for a minute and soon has the monkey fading into a waterfall, then polarizes the frame so that the monkey is stark. "That's to indicate a nuclear holocaust," he jokes.

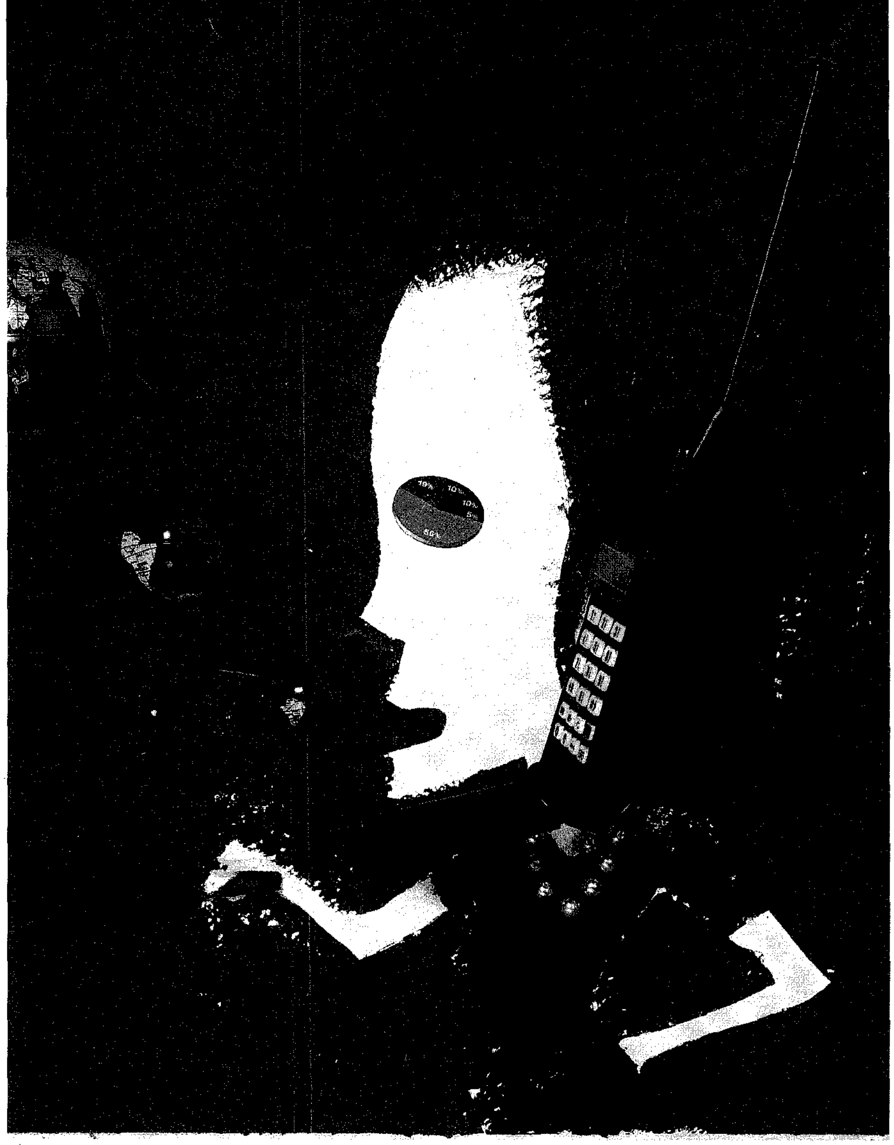
The surest way to boost your computer skills into another dimension is to go 3D. **Softimage** (SVA; twelve sessions, $1,270) is, even at the beginner level, amazing. This is the program used to help create the all-but-living dinosaurs in the *Jurassic Park* movies. Last year, instructor Chris Maraffi mocked up a luge run for ESPN2's coverage of the Extreme Games (because the real thing didn't look extreme enough). "When you see it on video, everything looks flat," Maraffi explains. "I did a 3D version that was more packed in—the signs were just whipping by."

But that's an advanced assignment. Beginners start by learning how to bounce a ball onscreen, then move on to creating landscapes. Softimage usually starts as a grid of points—the ground plane, when pushed and pulled, turns into a mountainous ridge; a cube and a prism, stretched lengthwise, become a cottage; a warped circle, with a watery texture applied, becomes a lake. Finally, you're ready to animate. By the end of the semester, you can have bubble-faced men walking on water, hiking over the mountains, even committing ax murders on the cottage doorstep. There's no reason animation has to be wholesome.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

TAKING STOCK OF THE NEW: CRITICAL THINKING, FANCY DANCING, STARGAZING, GLOBAL DOMINEERING.

RACONTEUR



IT'S BEEN A LONG, HOT SUMMER. YOU'VE FUMBLED THROUGH MARX AT A POOLSIDE debate in Litchfield, mistaken a Foucault for the latest Italian motorcycle, and somehow stowed all your money in Fidelity's lowest-performing mutual fund. Your intellectual insecurities are beginning to show—why else would the reservation clerk at Balthazar insist to you that *August* is all booked up? What you need is a cerebral nip-and-tuck—or at least some quick-fix cultural literacy. That doesn't mean a primer on alternative cinema or a refresher on the latest feminist critical theory (although both would help). You need to know the intricacies of global markets, you need to speak exotic languages, you need to know how to dance. You need to get started.

"THIS CLASS IS LIKE A VIRTUAL-REALITY thrill ride," says Tom Keller, describing his **Inside Photojournalism** course (International Center of Photography; ten sessions, $450). A former college English teacher—"I taught the unknowable to the uninterested," he says dryly—Keller uses essays by Sontag and Barthes to point up the philosophical exigencies of the craft and assigns homework like photographing Chinatown to simulate the difficulty of infiltrating a xenophobic society. "It only costs $1.50 to get down there," he says, "and no one's going to hit you over the head for pulling out a camera, so already you've eliminated the photojournalist's two main excuses."

Petite-salons, the province of bons vivants for centuries, are plentiful at the moment, though invitations can be hard to come by. But how embarrassing if you can swing it and don't know the protocol. Prepare by attending **Come Up and See My Etchings Sometime** (Dahesh Museum; one session, free), art critic Carol Kino's introduction to New York's art-in-a-home revival. "Oh, it's magnificent to see art in a relaxed, comfortable home without someone throwing a price tag in your face every two seconds," says Dahesh panelist and salon owner Sara Meltzer, who throws dinner parties in her Wooster Street salon Sunday nights.

"If you want to become another Steven Spielberg—and, you know, I adore Spielberg—this is not the class for you," says Robert Haller, collections director of Anthology Film Archives, who teaches NYU's **Outlaw Cinema** (twelve sessions, $315)—soon to be retitled Personal Experimental Film, lest anyone mistake it for Tarantino 101. "We look at secret history that exists, almost invisibly, within cinema's larger body," says Haller, who promises new experiences even for the confirmed cineast, on the line of Paul Sharits's color-frame films and Bruce Connors's *A Movie*.

Films are all well and good, but remember the icy stare Candice gave you at the hors d'oeuvre table when you told her she had quite a nice top shelf? Perhaps cultural edification is less crucial than a bit of consciousness-raising. **The Postmodern Woman** (the New School; thirteen sessions, $345) may be just the thing. Taught by critical-theorist Shifra Diamond, the course incorporates mixed-media texts ranging from Simone de Beauvoir and gender theorist Judith Butler to female-to-male transsexual Loren Cameron. "Who really knows what postmodernism means?" asks Diamond, apparently unafraid of the big questions. "And who knows what a woman is?"

Original thinking along those lines ought to help with chitchat, but at some point in every evening, talk will peter out and you'll find yourself in need of a talent you can show off—like **ballroom dancing.** "Men and women need to touch, to hold, to feel each other," says Pierre Dulaine, director of American Ballroom Theater, *Grand Hotel* star, and teacher at Isadora Duncan's favorite rehearsal hall, the Hungarian House (private lessons; prices vary). "With everything so computerized these days," says Dulaine, "ballroom dancing is a necessity." And while the lindy hop may not prove to be society's salvation, ballroom may soon experience a resurgence along the lines of, say, cigars and platform shoes when it debuts at the 2000 Olympics.

Of course, James Bond wouldn't just know how to dance—he'd also know how to sweet-talk his partner in seventeen languages. And while anyone can fake a few phrases of a Romance tongue, it's the real stand-out who can be gracious in Cantonese. "It's very, very hard for English-speaking people to master," says Wen-Min Yu Niklas, the China Institute's **Beginning Cantonese** (ten sessions, $295) teacher. "If you go to Hong Kong, no one will be able to believe that you are able to speak it."

If you're actually planning to go to Hong Kong, you'll want to make sure you're conversant in international commerce as well. Neale Steinger and Joseph Quinlan's **Global Investing** class (NYU; ten sessions, $475) can shed some light. "Investing in countries you know nothing about is extremely risky, and no two countries work the same," says Steinger, a former partner at Merrill Lynch. "When trade doesn't settle in India for eighteen months, you've got to be ready for that." Don't know what he's talking about? You better sign up for the class.

Now that you're a budding Master of the Universe, it only makes sense to get a better grip on your domain. "We're witnessing another historic moment right now," says NASA scientist Michael Allison. Already at work on the next Mars probe, Allison will bring you up to date on outer-planetary reconnaissance in **Journeys to Mars . . . And Beyond** (Museum of Natural History; one session, $70). "With evidence of life on Mars," says Allison, "we have reason to look up at the stars and think that we're seeing a living galaxy." He pauses. "And that's a wonderful thing." The sky, as they say, is the limit.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

THE INTERNATIONAL RACONTEUR
ELECTIVES

▪ **American Visions** If you didn't catch the eight-part television series or find time to read the book of the same name, Robert Hughes holds forth on American art in six lectures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art this fall. World-famous provocateur Hughes calls the series a "love letter to America," his adopted home ($50 per session).

▪ **Designing a Collection** What does couture have to do with beat poets, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and the Ballet Russe? Everything, according to Parsons teacher Kathryn Simon. Her goal isn't to have students create a clothing line based on Jackson Pollock drip paintings. Instead, says Simon, "you learn to keep cultural references in order, so that chaos doesn't rule you as a designer." (Twelve sessions, $354.)

▪ **Nineteenth-Century French Opera** Anyone up for time travel? WQXR broadcaster Nimet Habachy will transport you back to a time when, she says, "a wealth of melodies pervaded the lives of the newly rich middle class who went to the opera and the ballet to show off wives and mistresses." Lectures are timed to coincide with the Metropolitan Opera's fall performances. (Metropolitan Museum of Art; $50 per lecture.)

▪ **Writing Memoirs** Frank McCourt, Mary Karr, and Kathryn Harrison have all hit pay dirt with personal memories, and Jean-Dominique Bauby was recently able to write his memoir by blinking his left eyelid, the only part of his body that he is able to move, in an alphabetical code. Join this distinguished company by putting your own life story on paper in June Foley's memoir-writing class. (The New School; twelve sessions, $400.)

▪ **Antique Connoisseurship Program** It takes more than readiness with a checkbook to succeed at an antiques auction. "It's not like the painting business, which has degenerated into who's who and what's what," says Elizabeth Boudreau, who will teach Fakes and Forgeries, one of thirteen antiques-connoisseurship classes at Parsons this fall. Additionally, the New York School of Interior Design offers a course in **Art and Antique Appraising** (fifteen sessions, $850), which combines pragmatic concerns with a little art history—where else can you learn to distinguish between faience and Majolica glaze on a piece of ceramic?

ERWIN ROSINBERG

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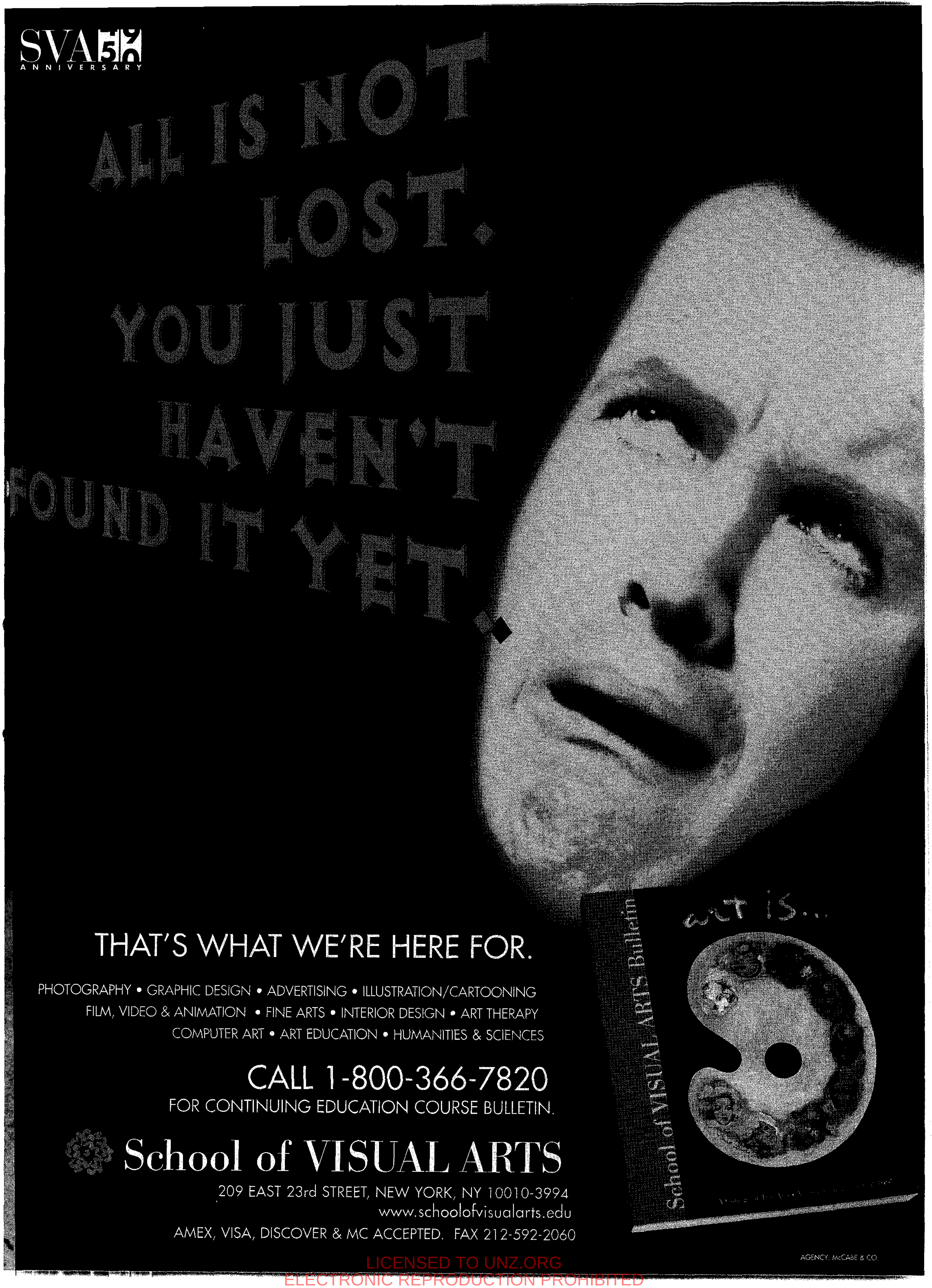
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THE DOMESTIC

YOU TURN THE KEY IN THE LOCK, FLIP ON THE LIGHT SWITCH. YOUR Chanel-clad friend, fresh from a binge down Kings Road, walks in and manages to stifle a gasp. One look at that recycled college futon propped against a crumbling paint job; your dying interpretation of a fern; the hopeless red-and-white cartons of takeout Chinese that pepper every surface, and it's clear you've been living like a typical New Yorker. But, frankly, it's getting a little embarrassing. How long can you get away with sheets as curtains, egg crates as TV stands, cereal as dinner? Even if your life comes with someone else to worry about shining the silver or filling the vases while you bounce from Elizabeth Arden manicure to Madison Avenue boutique, aren't you getting a little tired of miscommunications with the decorators, of feeling more familiar with Zagat's ratings than the contents of your own fridge? Now is the time to indulge your latent home-ec fantasies. Make an extreme sport of learning the Martha Stewart–esque details—cross-stich your own pillows, conjure up soufflés, retile that master bath. Even a quick study of key household pointers can transform your amateur atmosphere into a spread from *Wallpaper* (you know, the trendy British design mag . . . oh, never mind) and transform yourself into a full-fledged domestic deity.

Veterans of Jonathan Bressler's **Faux Finish** (six sessions, $450)—the most heavily subscribed offering at the New York School of Interior Design—insist this class will arm you with the essentials to successfully "do your apartment." In a room equipped like a science lab, Bressler breaks down the intricacies of sponge painting, gilding, marbleizing, and, today, "rag rolling," as students scroll peach paint onto their sample boards and fold a cloth dipped in burnt-umber-colored acrylic along the surface to create a textured, almost sandy effect. "You can even use cheesecloth," he offers, to vigorous nods from sprightly do-it-yourself college grads. A housewife turned aspiring interior decorator confides, "I may do it myself; I may not. But this way, when I hire a contractor, I'll be able to tell if they do good work."

For those interested in more rigorous artistic expression, Bressler also offers a series called **Mural Painting** (NYSID; twelve sessions, $875). Standing in front of a sample Tuscan landscape, he expounds, "I teach them how to do a bush with dots," while he repeatedly pokes the tip of his finger against the rolling vegetation. "People get tired of plainness and they want embellishment," he says, smiling. "That's where I come in."

Even if the vista from your northern-exposed living room is a two-tone brick air shaft, Tom Mirenda's course on **Indoor Plants and Their Successful Cultivation** (Parsons; twelve sessions, $454) will give you the blueprints for an urban island paradise. Sessions include caring for orchids and bonsai and field trips to Logee's Greenhouses in Connecticut for more unusual and underutilized specimens like air plants, which with some TLC will happily flourish sans a Central Park West terrace or even soil. Mirenda adapts these high-maintenance creatures for apartments by anchoring them to simulated trees made out of driftwood that stand in for the real ones they usually attach themselves to. "You can take a shower with them if you want," he says. "They really like that."

Your idea of dessert may be a shrink-wrapped log of cookie dough or a shiny box of Godiva, but that won't really impress your friends. Drumming up your own sugar fix from scratch is economical, plus you get to lick the bowl. Dieter Schorner's class on **Chocolate Creations** (French Culinary Institute; ten sessions, $2,110) will teach you to temper and spread chocolate properly and craft picture-perfect chocolate-covered strawberries and nuggets. Schorner, the chairman of Pastry Arts at the FCI and former pastry chef at Le Cirque, believes it's about time this skill became institutionalized in the States. "If you go to Switzerland or Belgium, everyone knows how to make their own chocolate. We're a country of choc-o-holics, but in America, people only know how to buy it," he notes. "And eat it."

You know the feverish excitement that overtakes you at the sight of a fresh Pottery Barn window display? That pleasing, welcoming assemblage of magazine racks, towel holders, and fruit-basket centerpieces can be yours with Nancy Moore Bess's **Basketry: Back to Basics** class (Craft Students League; four sessions, $120 nonmembers, $105 members). Not only will you learn the four basic steps of weaving and coiling, and how to experiment with leather (for basketry, that is), but you might just save thousands of dollars on psychiatric counseling as well. "I could feel stress coming out of my fingertips as I worked!" says Fern Copus, a student who plans on enrolling in the class for a third time.

When finally ready to showcase your reupholstered club chairs, stenciled walls, and window-box gardens, Gretchen Schmits's briefing on **How to Cater Your Own Party** (Peter Kump; two sessions, $130) will mold you into a Peggy Siegal–style entertaining guru. The class selects a full party menu in the first session and learns to orchestrate every detail of an event, from renting tents to hiring a bar service. The second session is a hands-on cooking workshop putting the hors d'oeuvre, tantalizing entrées, and sugary extravaganzas into practice. A ten-year catering vet, Schmits emphasizes the critical timing of food preparation: Remember to roast those vegetables—not grill them—so they hold better when cooked in advance. Why force yourself to trek over to a friend's for cocktails when there's plenty of excitement to be had without even going beyond your front door? You may never want, or need, to leave home again.

SARAH BERNARD

THE DOMESTIC GODDESS
ELECTIVES

- **Introduction to Flowers: From the Garden to the Table** Students begin with basic tips like adding bleach to water to help flowers retain their freshness, then work their way up to arranging bouquets worthy of a Robert Isabell endorsement. (Horticultural Society of New York; three sessions, $125.)
- **Affordable Creative Interiors** New York doesn't exactly lend itself to economical interior design, but Marcia DiLiberto will make your dreams of opulence-on-a-budget a reality. Students are guided from lighting choices to furniture placement while infused with the confidence to juxtapose plaids and florals. (Marymount Manhattan College; five sessions, $155.)
- **How to Get Started on Your First Hand-Knit Project** No need to trudge through ABC, FAO, or even Bloomingdale's, since Yvette Walton expects her students to stitch their own hats, scarves, sweaters, stuffed animals, and even curtains. (Crafts and Talk; four sessions, $45.)
- **Topiaries** If you think topiaries are merely cartoonish animal sculptures, you've obviously seen *Edward Scissorhands* too many times. The term also refers to horticultural creations that incorporate dried, silk, or fresh flowers. Students will craft six of these apartment-friendly masterpieces. (Parsons; six sessions, $252.)
- **Design and Wine** Philip di Belardino's mission: "I would like to introduce people to the wonderful world of wine and have them appreciate it as a part of life, as they do in France and Italy." Students come to understand how their opinion of a wine is altered by the aesthetics of its bottle and label. (Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum; one session, $40.)
- **Crazy Quilts** Let loose like the Victorians. Susie Anderson modernizes the unorthodox patchwork technique, which eschews geometrical pattern, by incorporating silk-ribbon embroidery and beading. (Folk Art Institute; one session, $100.)
- **Cake Design** Feel your efforts to entertain lack a dramatic climax? Decorate a stunning cake. "Even at weddings," says Sylvia Weinstock, the renowned cake designer, "few people remember how the bride looked—but everyone remembers the cake!" Warning: Attendees will never be able to settle for Betty Crocker again. (Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum; one session, $15.)

JASON MARSH

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TIME TO GET TOUGH: THROW A PUNCH. SCUBA-DIVE IN THE HARBOR. EVEN LOOK UNDER A CAR HOOD (BUT GINGERLY).

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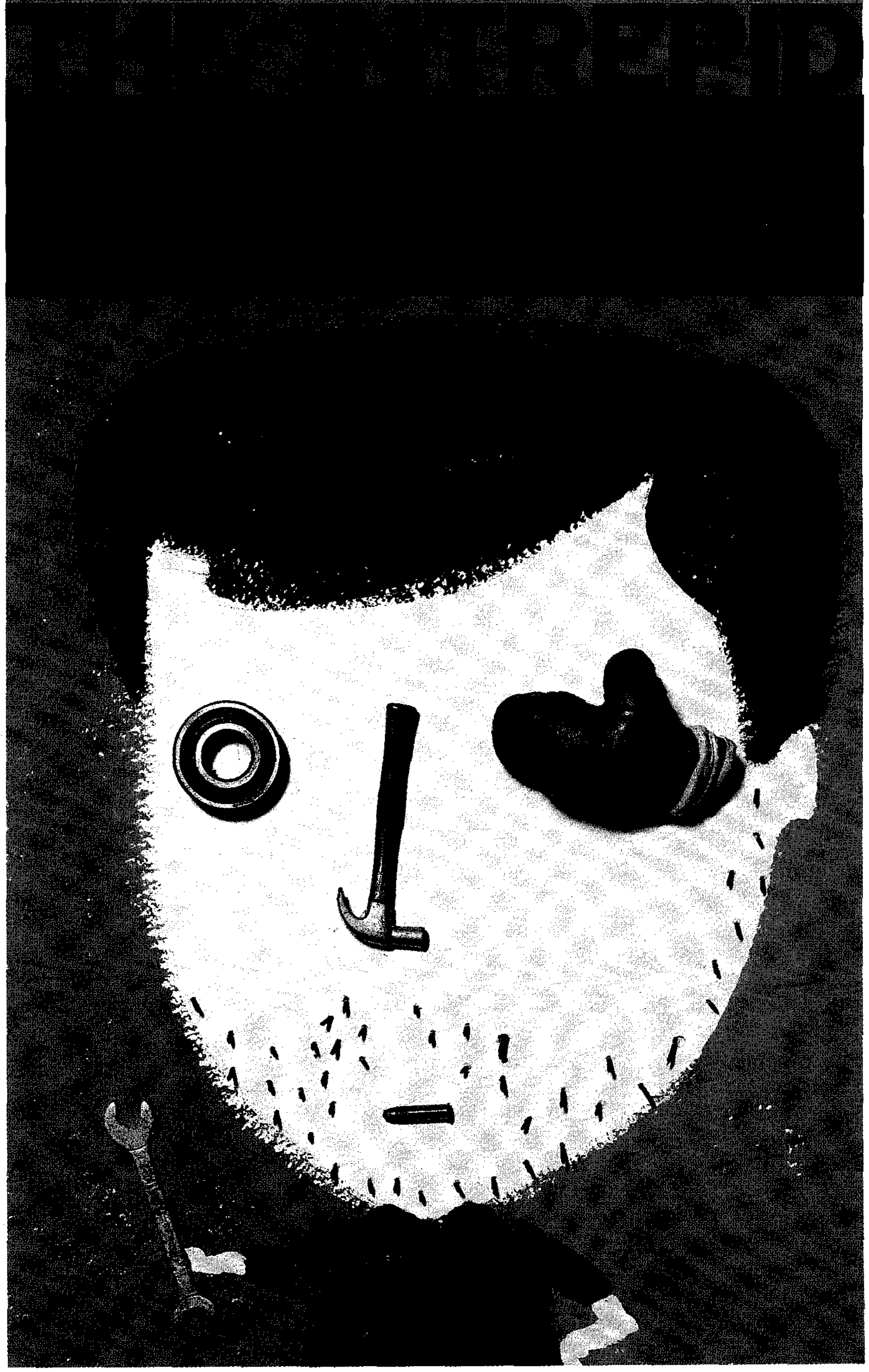

IT'S 8 P.M. ON A FRIDAY AND YOU'VE MADE IT ONE CD INTO YOUR DRIVE TO the Hamptons when suddenly the music stops, the dashboard lights go dark, and the engine, power brakes, and power steering all quit. Somehow, you manage to wrestle your car over to the side of the road and bring it to a stop. You hit the steering wheel with the palm of your hand. Still dead. ▪ There comes a moment in most New Yorkers' lives when they suddenly realize that there are certain skills that just about everybody else in the United States seems to possess but they don't have. Maybe it's because our apartments don't come with a garage; maybe we move so many times that we never have to worry about re-grouting our bathroom tiles. Maybe we live next to the Gowanus Canal and never thought water was for swimming, much less scuba diving. These are tough-guy pursuits, though certainly not exclusive to men, and the city endlessly presents obstacles to mastering them. So we suggest the following courses and seminars involving skills unusual to (or hard to acquire in) the city, rugged activities you were always curious about and wished you knew how to do, even if you don't happen to be male.

LAST YEAR, 2,068 NEW YORKERS COMplained to the Better Business Bureau that they'd been ripped off by an auto mechanic or salesman. Instructor Eric Dalmau, of La Guardia Community College, is convinced that is because most city drivers don't know the first thing about cars. His seven-week-long class, **Introduction to Auto Repair** (La Guardia Community College, 31 Thomson Avenue, L.I.C. 718-482-7244; eight sessions, $110), focuses on basic maintenance. "A lot of times, people go into the shop and get charged a ridiculous amount of money for really easy things like changing a light bulb," he says. The class requires no previous knowledge and a fairly uncomplicated tool box; depending on the task, you either bring your own car or work on a classmate's. "No hydraulic lift, no special equipment—we simulate what it's like to be broken down on the side of the road," says Dalmau, who begins the course with basics like how to change windshield-wiper blades and works up to more serious and expensive-to-fix problems. He'll even help you figure out how to spot a lemon. This is a course that could quickly pay for itself. "Brakes, for example, are one of the easiest of the car's systems to work on," he says, "but garages charge a minimum of $100 just to look at them."

SCUBA DIVING IN THE WATERS SURROUNDING New York City? "We don't have the best visibility, but New York still has some pretty spectacular dives," says Peter Hearn, course director of Pan Aqua Diving Center. "There's some great wrecks around New York harbor (including a World War II cruiser and prohibition-era rum runner)." Before you jump in, however, you must get a diving certificate, and Pan Aqua requires ten hours of class time and ten hours of pool work in one of their five locations. In **Basic Open Water Scuba** (460 West 43rd Street, 736-3483; twenty hours, $225, plus equipment), you'll perfect such vital skills as achieving neutral buoyancy, clearing your mask, and removing and replacing the regulator. "We show you how to expend as little effort as possible," says Hearn, "and how to let the

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THE INTREPID HANDYMAN

ELECTIVES

Glassblowing The folks at UrbanGlass like to remind you that theirs was once a secret art. "In the old days, if a glassblower ran away, the other masters would track him down and kill him," says instructor Beth Lipman. Nowadays, Beginning Glassblowing is a once-a-week commitment (twelve sessions, $625). Learn how to gather molten glass and blow it into rudimentary cups and bowls.

Woodworking If the last volume in your *Time-Life Home Improvement* set got lost in the mail—leaving you with a two-legged stool—the Craft Student's League @ YWCA's Woodworking I (twelve sessions, $345) will help you regain your balance with an introduction to carpentry tools and basic techniques of the trade.

Motorcycle Repair: Armen Amirian takes a philosophical approach to the internal-combustion engine. "I'm about the hows and whys and thinking through a problem," he says. Amirian promises that in just six weeks (he teaches at both Queens College and the Lesbian and Gay Community Center), he'll impart the basics of the engine as well as the fuel and electrical systems, and that after the class, you'll be confident embarking on a trip around the globe (as several of his students have gone on to do). (Eight sessions, $200.)

V.I.P. Protection Seminar This four-day course, taught by former NYPD detectives and Secret Service agents, will give you the skills to be a bodyguard, including an overview of "hostage, kidnap, and extortion situations," and development of your "understanding of tactical and psychological elements surrounding various situations." (John Jay College of Criminal Justice; $575.)

Boxing Among its 650 members are, yes, seven world champions, but Gleason's Gym is also home to 300 regular Joes and 97 Janes. Owner Bruce Silverglade suggests that a month of four-day-a-week workouts will leave your body "long and lean like a long-distance runner or dancer. That's why the Hollywood types do it." You'll need to work at the gym five or six times a week with one of its 62 trainers if you want to have a shot at winning at the once-a-month "White Collar Sparring." (Membership, $45 per month; $15 per one-hour lesson.) JOSH JACOBSON

equipment work for you." After that, you'll be ready to try open-water dives.

EVEN THOUGH LARGE PORTIONS OF NEW York City are made of metal, there is something quite primitive about the sound of hammering emanating from Victor Schmidt's metal-working studio. "You can feel the presence of your ancestors," he explains. "It's the second-oldest profession in the world." Twenty-five years ago, Schmidt turned his back on a master's degree in theology for an apprenticeship in a French foundry, and for the past eleven years, he has been passing on his passion to students at Pratt. In his **Metal Sculpture** class (ten sessions, $300), Schmidt begins by showing how to solder, weld, cut, and forge, along with the basics of metallurgy. "In our high-tech society, everything is fast," he says. "But with metalwork, everything slows down. If you come up with an idea, first you have to learn how to file, handsaw, and twist." All of this training isn't just about making a set of golf clubs or repairing the USS *Intrepid*. Recently, one of Schmidt's former students completed a sculpture commissioned by the city for Times Square.

EVERY WEEKDAY EVENING AT SEVEN, A CROWD gathers in the parking lot of the Home Depot store in Flushing (131-35 Avery Avenue; 718-358-9600—held indoors during the winter), as a **Home Repair and Improvement Seminar** begins. Depending on the day, you can learn how to: hang bathroom tiles, put in recessed lighting, install a garage-door opener, make plumbing repairs, or take on any number of other home projects you've been meaning to do but were afraid you'd mess up. The instructors begin by setting up a realistic problem, and then they show, step by step, how to solve it. (In the case of the tiles, they actually bring out a Sheetrock wall to tile.) You'll learn shortcuts, and, unlike on home-improvement shows, you can ask questions. "People come back week after week," says Frank Piacenti, the store manager. "And since we're located in a city, we try to think of projects people will want to do in their apartments." Also, as the instructors happily point out, all the tools and material you need are available right inside.

NORMAN VANAMEE

[illegible] DIRECTORY

Academics of Flight,
43–49 45th St.,
Long Island City
(718-937-5716)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St.
(769-5200)

The China Institute,
125 E. 65th St.
(744-8181)

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868)

Craft Students League,
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9731)

Crafts and Talk, 313 E. 14th St. (777-5657)

Dahesh Museum, 601 Fifth Ave., at 48th St.
(759-0606)

Folk Art Institute,
61 W. 62nd St.
(977-7170)

French Culinary Institute, 462 Broadway
(219-8890)

Gleason's Gym,
75 Front St., Brooklyn
(718-797-2872)

The Horticultural Society of New York,
128 W. 58th St.
(757-0915)

The Hungarian House,
213 E. 82nd St.
(249-9360)

ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave.,
at 94th St.
(860-1776, ext. 156)

John Jay College of Criminal Justice,
899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (237-8638)

Lesbian & Gay Community Center, 208 W. 13th St. (620-7310)

Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St.
(517-0564)

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.
(570-3756)

The New School,
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(229-5620)

New York School of Interior Design,
170 E. 70th St.
(472-1500)

New York University,
50 W. 4th St.
(998-7080)

92nd Street Y,
at Lexington Ave.
(996-1100)

Parsons School of Design, 66 W. 12th St.
(229-5620)

Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts,
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(410-4601)

Pratt Institute,
200 Willoughby Ave.,
Brooklyn (718-636-3453)

Pratt Manhattan,
295 Lafayette St.,
2nd floor (925-8481)

Queens College,
65-30 Kisenna Blvd.,
Flushing (718-997-5717)

School of Visual Arts,
209 E. 23rd St.
(592-2050)

United Digital Artists,
153 E. 53rd St., 29th floor (777-7200)

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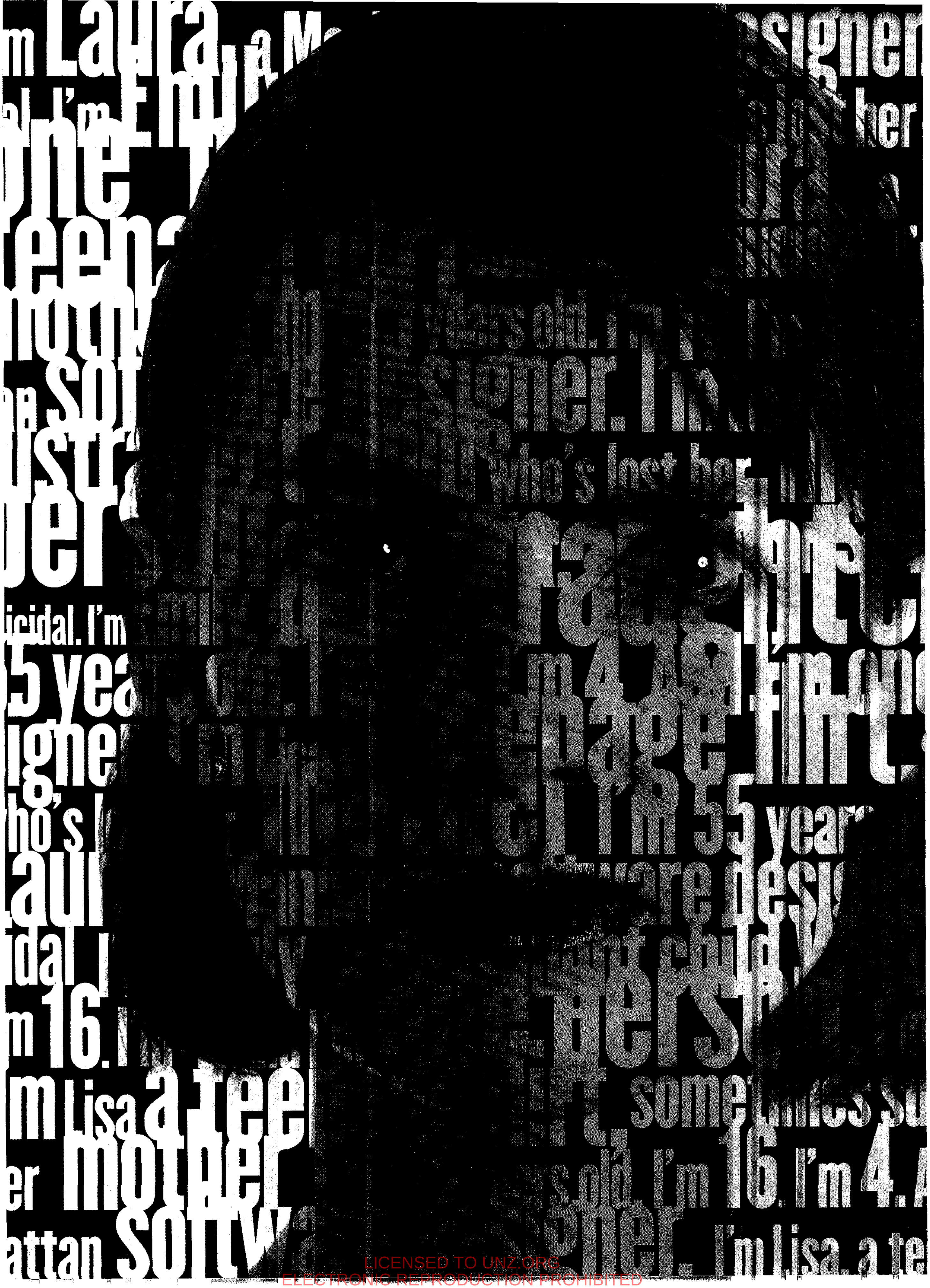
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She reads the *Times*, shops at D'Agostino, and designs software. But in the privacy of her home, one personality gives way to the chaos of many. A New Yorker's psychological struggle.

Divided She Stands

By Laura Emily Mason

Photograph by James Porto

IT'S A TYPICAL DAY AT WORK. I CHAIR A MEETING, WRITE A REPORT, GIVE A SOFTWARE demo. In between, I chat with co-workers waiting for the copy machine. Then I answer my e-mail and return a few calls. Five o'clock. With relief, I exchange the intimacy of the office for the privacy of the crowded street. I always walk the three miles home, and as I head down Broadway, I begin to feel the familiar internal shift. Those inside me are waking up. I give them free play while my body continues to walk. ■ In the safety of my apartment, I take off my outside clothes and put on a comfortable, oversize T-shirt. I also shed my outside demeanor. Now I don't have to think in words or wear a grown-up expression—all those inside me can finally be themselves. Just as waves turn the ocean inside out and rearrange the water, different ones of us cycle in and out in an ebb and flow that is sometimes gentle, sometimes turbulent.

A child colors with Crayola markers. She moves aside to make way for the administrator, who reconciles the bank statement. A moment later, the dead baby takes over and lies paralyzed on the floor. She remains that way for a while, but no one gets upset—it's her turn. The live baby stops in her crawl, engrossed by a speck of dust. The cooker prepares meals for three days and packages each separately—we all have different likes and dislikes. A terrified one screams aloud, a wounded one moans, a grieving one wails. Cooking and screaming go on simultaneously, as more than one of us can be out at a given time. One talks to another, then pauses to listen to the response, which I cannot hear—I don't yet know everyone in me. "You little shit! Leave me alone!" Pause. "I told you, I didn't do that!" I have no idea what this exchange is about, but I feel no anxiety, pain, or fear, despite the ominous words.

In many ways, I'm an ordinary person. You've probably seen me in the public library, or eating pasta at the table next to you in a restaurant. You would never know, from my behavior or appearance, that I have multiple-personality disorder (MPD). I don't do bizarre things in public. I'm not dangerous. And like most Multiples, I go to great lengths to conceal my multiplicity, partly for practical reasons like earning a living, partly because I crave connections and don't want to be seen as a freak.

The free-flowing time at home allows my system to come into balance and replenish the enormous amount of energy expended outside, where I have to maintain a nonstop internal translator as my interface to the world. It is the most essential part of my day, and I try to make sure it's uninterrupted. But sometimes the phone rings. Then we come to a short stop, and everything freezes while System Control decides whether to answer. If the decision is yes, I hastily put everyone on hold and manage a barely audible "Hello." Invariably, the person calling asks, "Did I wake you?" or "Are you sick?" But by the time the preliminary how-are-you's are dispensed with, I have usually gotten enough of the interface in place to talk in a more normal manner. If the caller is one of my Multiple friends, whom I've met through a support group, I sometimes welcome it. While I don't let any of the children or babies talk, I do talk *about* them—what they thought and felt and did, the current problems they're having. My friends listen and share their own similar experiences with me. I come away from the call feeling validated and refreshed. With non-Multiple callers, we have to hide all our internal concerns. It's a strain to keep the interface in place and talk about things that have no meaning for those on hold who are waiting impatiently to return, and I try to limit the conversation.

Occasionally, I go to the theater with a friend, or baby-sit for my 7-year-old nieces after work. The shortened free time we have when we get home is stressful—those waiting to come out know there might not be enough time for them and are restless underneath. If the switching runs its natural course, everyone goes back inside peacefully. Then, no matter who is out when we go to sleep, the administrator wakes in the morning to get us ready for work and everyone inside remains calm

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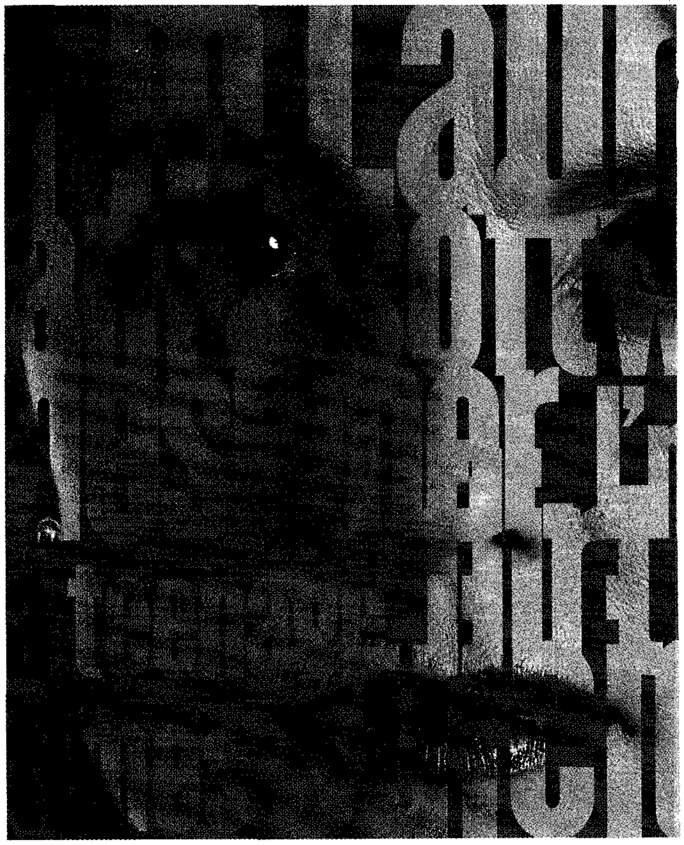
Laura Emily Mason is a pseudonym. The author is currently working on a book, Losing the Atmosphere: A Memoir of Living With Multiple Personality Disorder.



Hair and makeup by Efrat Acharkan for Make Up For Ever. Model: Francoise/CED

during the day. But if free time is shortchanged, no one is stowed away properly. We don't sleep well, have a bad day at work, and come home worse—our delicate internal balance is completely disrupted. Because it takes two or three days to recover from one evening at the movies with a friend, I don't go out often, and my life is severely limited.

There are mental-health professionals who question the existence of MPD, also known as DID (dissociative identity disorder). Others acknowledge it but believe it is created by therapists who suggest to their patients that they have separate parts. But most think it is similar to post-traumatic-stress disorder, the difference being that the abuse and trauma that cause MPD usually begin in childhood and continue for many years. Although the syndrome was documented as early as the 1880s, little was known about it when I was in high school and college in the fifties and sixties. Two books—*The Three Faces of Eve* (1957) and *Sybil* (1973)—and their associated movies brought MPD to the public's attention. I had no interest in the subject then, and didn't read or see either of them. At the time, audiences were intrigued by the bizarre symptoms—sudden switching from one personality to another, amnesia for things another self did, "waking up" bewildered in a strange place. But today, media coverage of the problems of Vietnam veterans, rape and incest victims, and victims of political terrorism has made the public more aware of the long-term effects of physical and emotional trauma and this kind of psychological reaction.

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP IN BROOKLYN, PEOPLE DIDN'T call my father abusive—in the parlance of the day, they said he was strict. Although he was a government clerk with only a high-school diploma, my mother had been captivated by him because he went to concerts, studied languages, and played chess. But she soon came to know his rages. Anything set him off—a neighbor was playing the radio too loud; she flavored the stew with ketchup. She had been looking forward to motherhood, but he took possession of me the moment I was born and shut her out. With fierce love, he set out to give me all the skills I would need to survive in the world. Baby talk was forbidden. No coo-cooing, or anything that wasn't a perfectly enunciated word in a well-constructed sentence. He trained me not to cry by not responding, and sent my mother out of the apartment when she tried to soothe me. Her self-esteem had been shattered by an earlier divorce, and she resolved to stay married this time, despite her unhappiness. She survived by cutting off her feelings at home and pouring her energy into her teaching career, leaving my upbringing to my father.

When I was growing up in Brooklyn, people didn't call my father abusive; in the parlance of the day, they said he was strict.

He was intent on molding me to his vision of complete self-reliance with the patience of a horticulturist shaping a bonsai tree, knowing it would take years to painstakingly twist it into crippled perfection. Worried that I might be orphaned, he taught me touch typing and Gregg stenography when I was 8. When I was 10, he insisted that I sit on the beach without a bathing-suit top so I could absorb the sun's healthful rays. I had tiny breast buds and was mortally embarrassed, but I didn't dare protest.

At best, he was a benevolent despot. At worst, he was brutal. He made me prepare myself for his beatings when I did something that displeased him, ordering me to "take off your glasses and come here." I always complied and presented my body for punishment free of breakables. In winter, he put me to bed with the window wide open, for fresh air. He placed a thin blanket over me and told me to keep my feet under it all night. I did, but I could never get warm. When morning came, he lifted the cover, felt my icy feet, and was sure I had disobeyed. I submitted to his blows in silence; the less I said, the sooner this part of the morning routine would be over and the sooner I could get ready for school.

My father's rages were the backdrop of my family's existence, but my mother, my brother, and I never mentioned them. When I watched my father pummel my brother into a football and kick him down the hall in fury, I didn't feel solidarity with him—only relief that it wasn't me. The members of my family lived isolated lives, taking what private respite we could in the calm intervals. My father wasn't physically abusive to my mother, but she was not spared his tirades. Lacking emotional support herself, she had none to offer me. If I whined and tried to cling, she hit me with a wooden hanger and banished me with "Get out of my sight, you fucking bastard! Go shit in your hat!" I felt disgusting, like a worm you poke with a stick. My father, at least, never tired of me.

Although an abused child has little control over her *external* environment, she can escape it by becoming divided *internally*. Some parts, or personalities, hold all awareness of the abuse, as well as the fear, anger, humiliation, and helplessness that go with it. Other parts, free of the disturbing knowledge and feelings, lead seemingly normal lives—they go to school and play with friends as if nothing were the matter. The personality who is out at any given moment may have no idea that others share her body.

It isn't always easy to spot abused children, especially if there are no visible marks. But even when they do leave clues, as I did in kindergarten, adults often don't recognize them. I colored and pasted, played games, and was generally indistinguishable from the other children. Except for one minute each day, I was totally unaware of my pain. That minute came at ten o'clock, after free play, when the teacher gathered the class together for group singing. Something about her sitting at the piano, looking so kindly at the class arranged in a semicircle around her, woke up the part inside who longed for someone to care about me. The longing was so great, it opened a big hole in my chest and made my insides hurt unbearably. Every morning, I tiptoed up to her piano stool and whispered in her ear, "I have a stomachache." And every morning, she dismissed me, saying gently, "Just sit down and try not to think about it, and it'll go away." So I obediently returned to my seat with my stomachache, which I didn't know enough to call a heartache. And just as the teacher said, in a few minutes I dissociated it away.

I'M 55 YEARS OLD. IT WASN'T UNTIL MY LATE FORTIES THAT I realized I was Multiple, but long before that, I knew something was wrong. When I was a teenager, I became aware that I was talking to people and faces in my bedroom mirror who weren't me. Sometimes they were kindly storybook doctors and nurses, sometimes amorphous beings who understood my pain and surrounded me with their protective atmosphere. They couldn't rescue me, but they knew and had compassion. They alone saw the real me—the me who was invisible to real-world people, who saw only a laughing teenager.

Outwardly, though, I acted regular, and sometimes I even felt regular. I wore bobby socks with white buck shoes and walked home from school with my girlfriends, giggling conspiratorially as we discussed our cute math teacher, Mr. Jacobs. But I was isolated and lonely and only felt real when I looked into the mirror. Although I had one foot firmly grounded in reality, with the other I was descending into an uncharted and dangerous inner landscape. I watched all this from outside myself, and I knew I wasn't okay. I needed to talk to someone and chose my English teacher, Mrs. Waller, a motherly woman who had always shown an interest in me. Mrs. Waller broke my confidence and called my mother, who reacted in her usual, efficient manner—she located a therapist through inquiries, made the appointment for my first session over the phone, and considered the matter resolved.

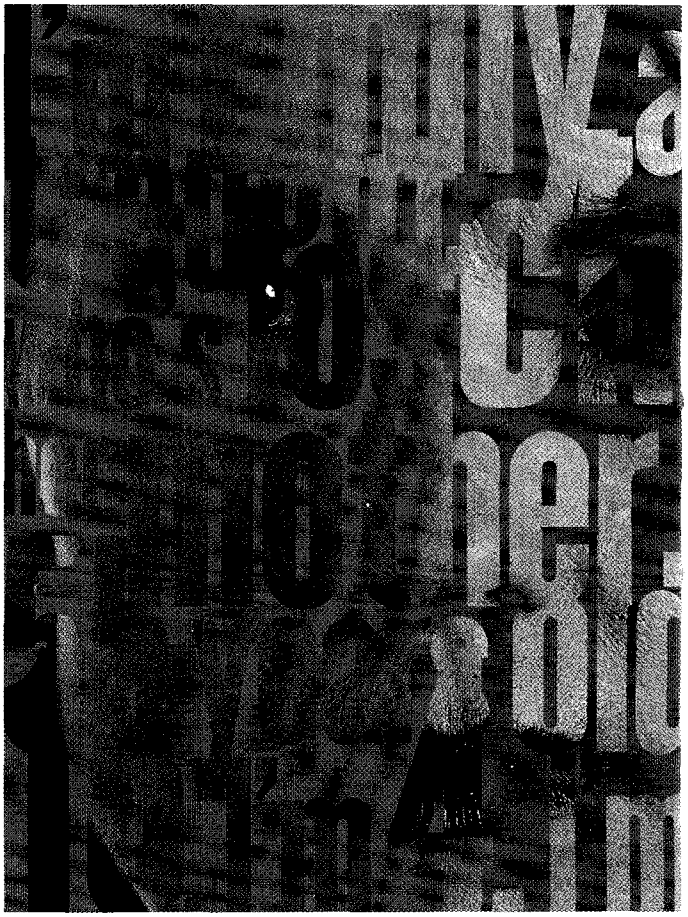
Throughout the four years that I saw Dr. Horn, I never stopped longing for her to find the hurt part of me who was hiding inside and had never talked to anyone. But week after week I just sat, unable to move or speak. I couldn't tell her she had become my fairy godmother, a mirror person whose caring atmosphere surrounded me all the time. She read the notes that I brought to sessions while I sat motionless, then tried to talk to me about them, but the one who wrote them wasn't the frozen one who sat opposite her. Over time, she became annoyed, asking when I was going to "let the pearls drop from my mouth." Before each session, I would make a resolution to talk, and I was terribly disappointed afterward that I hadn't. I know now that the one who made those resolutions was Almost-Laura, who was trying to get help for us, but 6-year-old Emily switched in as soon as Dr. Horn came to fetch us from the waiting room. Emily always expected Dr. Horn to be the way she was in the mirror, and each week was intimidated anew by the tall woman with auburn hair who sat in the big swivel chair, asked questions, and stared at her when she couldn't answer. Dr. Horn finally threatened to stop seeing me if I responded "I don't know" one more time. I quit before the next session.

I was now in college, still maintaining an acceptable façade, although it was starting to show cracks. There was a constant low-level noise inside my head, like radio static. I shifted in and out of trances and often felt unreal. Sometimes I got paralyzed in the middle of doing something ordinary and remained frozen for ten or fifteen minutes. I was frightened but tried not to show it as I casually mentioned to a friend that I was looking for a therapist. She put me in touch with her psychology professor, who had a private practice in addition to his teaching.

Just as Emily switched in for all my sessions with Dr. Horn, Lisa appeared for most of the sessions with Dr. Sacker. She is 16, and one of the few of us who feel at ease in social situations. But Lisa can also get psychotic and suicidal. Dr. Sacker couldn't understand why I was sometimes spaced out and other times had a firm grasp of reality. As the spaced-out periods grew more frequent, he felt powerless to contain them, and after three years, he hospitalized me.

I was in and out of hospitals twice more during my twenties, for a total of two years. The misdiagnosis each time was schizophrenia. After my last discharge, in 1968, unable to work, I went on welfare and lived in a halfway house for a year.

From then until the late eighties, my outside life took on a veneer of normalcy. I lived alone, was self-supporting, and earned two master's degrees at night. I had woman friends and several romantic relationships with men. Those never lasted more than a few years, though—usually only one of us was directly involved, but others caused havoc from inside.



During those twenty years, I had three more therapists; I saw each for five years. All were empathetic professionals, competent in diagnosing and treating the disorders they had been trained to look for. But treatment never "worked," because it wasn't MPD-oriented. Those of us who were distressed, suicidal, and crazy were braided in and around the highly functional. I switched many times a day. Friends sometimes asked how I could be so upset one minute and so together the next. Without understanding it, I answered offhandedly, "Oh, I just snapped in another cassette." Concurrent with these frequent, daily fluctuations were major long-term shifts in my internal structure. The players didn't change, but their relative influence in the overall mix did. Depending on which of us became dominant, these shifts ushered in relatively peaceful or turbulent eras.

One calm era lasted five years. Dorothy was out most of that time, and I held a job as director of a cultural institution, responsible for programming, outreach, budgeting, and publicity. Dorothy is the only one of us who can relate to other adults as an equal. She is vivacious, extremely capable, and never worries about translating or passing, because she doesn't know we have MPD. Unhampered by awareness of the rest of us, she threw herself into her work and revitalized the organization.

That era came to an end when I broke up with my boyfriend of two years and had an abortion. The next eight years were dominated by someone who believes she's living in a war zone. Fearing land mines would make roads impassable, she enrolled in flying school and drove to the suburbs on weekends to practice landings and takeoffs. During her reign, every surface in my tiny apartment, including the floor, was covered with layers of used wooden kitchen matches, broken television sets, empty dish-detergent bottles, pieces of wire. The old vacuum cleaner might provide a valuable piece of hardware that could be used in an escape; newspaper stacks could make a barricade. For years, there was so much debris that I couldn't even cross the room to open a window.

> **Anyone hearing us rant and rave would be surprised to find only one person in the apartment.**

None of my therapists understood why I was sometimes plagued by major internal upheavals even though everything in my current life was calm. During one of those upsets, in April 1987, I was racing through the street fleeing an unnamed terror. I came to a crossing. One of us saw a taxi coming, but our system was in such disarray that the information wasn't passed to the desperate one who was running. I didn't feel the impact, hear the sirens, or see the ambulance workers who scooped me off the road and brought me to the trauma center. It took five major surgeries to repair broken bones and remove my ruptured spleen, and months of physical therapy before I could walk and use my arms again.

Through all the changing eras, I devoured books on abnormal psychiatry, looking for something that fit the way I was. Everything I read described constant abnormal states, but I flipped back and forth between being crazy and highly functional. Yet I so needed to know there was an official name for my condition that I eagerly latched on to whatever label fit best at the moment—schizophrenic, catatonic, suicidal, aphasic, obsessive-compulsive—and made it mine. These secret diagnoses gave me comfort, validation, and dignity.

One summer evening in 1988, I was wandering the aisles of a video store, picking up one empty box after another. Nothing grabbed me. Then I saw *Sybil.* I don't know what made me decide to rent it, but as soon as I watched it, I knew. I was 46 years old, and things made sense for the first time.

I BEGAN SEARCHING AVIDLY FOR INFORMATION ABOUT MPD. ONE of the books I read was *Diagnosis and Treatment of Multiple Personality Disorder* (1989), by Frank Putnam of the National Institutes of Health. It described exactly how I felt inside. I was amazed. He even talked about things I did, like crouching on the floor in a fetal position during a therapy session. I was frightened of this freakish-sounding diagnosis, but I also felt liberated, because for the first time, I didn't feel like a freak. I had a medical condition, one he talked about with compassion, understanding, and hope. My therapist and I wrote to him, and he sent us the name of a psychiatrist in my area who was involved with the New York Society for the Study of Multiple Personality and Dissociation. He also told me about *Many Voices,* a publication by and for people with MPD. Both *Many Voices* and the support group for Multiples that I located through the study group gave me a much-needed connection with others like myself.

Slowly, I began to realize that those forces that had mysteriously pushed and pulled me from inside for so long were really different parts of myself whom I hadn't known existed, although I'd occasionally called myself by different names. Emily, still with the ache in her chest, still yearning for a mother, still 6 years old. And beautiful Lisa, who took my place at my sweet-16 party when I felt awkward and unable to talk to my guests. But I recognized Lisa's darker side, too. Her main function in our system is to take away pain, and she was still doing this for us, sometimes using drugs and alcohol, sometimes making elaborate plans for suicide.

The partitioning mechanism of MPD was adaptive for me as a child. But now that I no longer have to keep knowledge and feelings sealed off to survive, it's a liability. Things are fragmented for me. And many of us don't have a linear conception of time; they think something happening today can retroactively change events that happened last week. We manage because our collective has a timekeeper who keeps track of what day it is and where I am, and an administrator who sees that bills are paid, laundry is done, and food is bought. And although each of us has different outside friends, Almost-Laura is acquainted with most of them and provides continuity in social situations. She also has the most co-consciousness, and helped Laura Emily Mason, the writer in us, to draft this article.

But problems arise because some of us continue to react with patterns of behavior that remain frozen in the past. Harmless situations trigger flashbacks and sudden switches. One oversubscribed day at the exercise class I'd been attending for years, the instructor accommodated a latecomer by squeezing in an extra mat next to mine. The protective safety zone of space that I usually manage to keep around myself was invaded. A 4-year-old who is afraid of being beaten switched in. Tears slid silently from her eyes, but we didn't wipe them for fear someone would notice. We stuck out the hour, but she found the experience so traumatic we never went back.

If a man inadvertently blocks my way in a D'Agostino aisle, a child pops out and freezes with fear—she has no idea he's just a fellow shopper. We want to bolt, but the behavior police make us walk out of the store normally. In the street, they let us break into a run, and we fly home, muttering, "Goddamned fucking son of a bitch! Goddamned fucking son of a bitch!" We lower our voice as we pass the doorman in the corner building—he knows us only as a pleasant neighborhood woman who has exchanged greetings with him for fifteen years. Finally, with our apartment door locked behind us, the stopper comes off. Anyone hearing us scream, curse, rant, and rave would be surprised to look in and see only one person—one body—in our apartment.

BECOMING FREE OF MY NO-LONGER-NEEDED DIVISIONS IS difficult. MPD is not an organic disease; it can't be cured with drugs. Long and intensive psychotherapy is the only known cure. Each part must re-experience its own individual trauma, sometimes with the intensity of the original events, then must come to know and feel what other parts know and feel. This work takes a great deal of strength and commitment on the part of the patient as well as much skill, compassion, and patience on the part of the therapist.

I have sessions with Steven on Tuesdays and Fridays, each for two hours. These are essential times for everyone in me—he is the only outside person from whom we don't have to hide ourselves. I start getting ready the evening before, collecting notes that various ones of us wrote to him and putting them in a shopping bag. Some are in grown-up script, some in a child's round printing, some in backward writing that needs to be read with a mirror. I add a copy of a technical report I wrote at work, to let him know about those of us he never sees. And I throw in cracked dishes or broken refrigerator magnets that my war-zone part still won't let me discard. If there's time, I bake cookies.

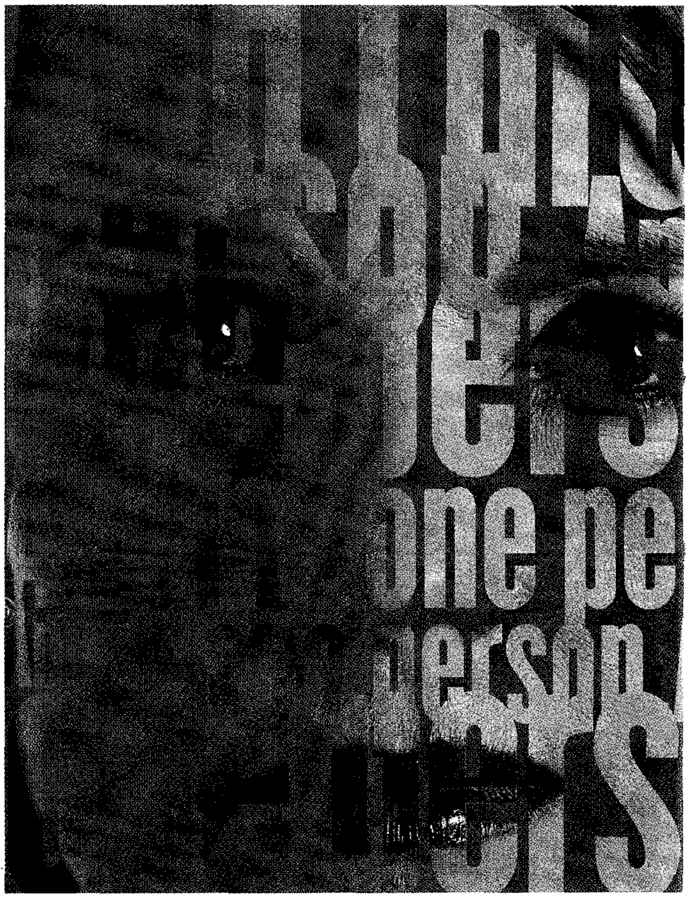
As always, I walk to work in the morning so no one on the crowded subway will touch me inadvertently and trigger a sudden switch. The monotonous right-foot-left-foot rhythm is hypnotic, allowing the children to be active beneath the surface. I don't yet have co-consciousness with everyone, and as I walk, I often feel as if I'm before a closed theater curtain. I see ripples and hear snatches of talk. Several blocks from my office, I buy the New York *Times* and glance at the headlines. This helps rearrange the layers—the children go further inside, and an adult comes closer to the surface. Gradually, the curtain becomes still. By the time I slide my ID card through the scanner and enter Corporate America, the switch is compete, and I'm ready for work.

During the day, I take a walk every few hours—to the ladies' room, the cafeteria, the street. This allows me frequent, short rebalancing breaks that relieve the pressure of internal activity. For the first mile of the walk home, an adult in business mode reviews the day's work. Then a little girl comes out, furious at Steven because he didn't call when he said he would. Another doesn't want to go to the session, believing he didn't call because he's dead. Now the businessperson is back, remembering something she forgot in the program specs. We walk another eight blocks. Others who want to talk to Steven start coming out. One is a 10-year-old girl who used to fear losing him if she let him know she was upset because he didn't call. When young, I never would have let adults know they did something to disappoint me. But this girl looks forward to the session—she luxuriates in being able to complain and pout to him, knowing nothing bad will happen.

At home, I finish packing the bag with the water bottle and the Teddy bear for the babies, the cookies for the little girl who steals them. I feel the weighty responsibility of a single parent as I shepherd everyone to the garage half a block away and stow them all in the back seat. The driver gets behind the wheel.

Twenty-five miles later, in the suburbs, I arrive at Steven's office. I hurry through the waiting room and into the kitchen, where I'm shielded from seeing the patient before me leave. Some of us know he sees other people. But the children and babies have no idea that he's a therapist, or that this is an office, or that I pay him. If they did, they wouldn't feel safe enough to come out, and the session would be wasted.

I close the door and lie on the floor. The only sound is the soft hum of the waiting-room fan. There's just a hint of light outlining the door frame. The façade I keep in place all day to prevent the outside world from seeing anyone underneath comes off. I breathe slowly and evenly as it releases.



Soon the baby surfaces. She doesn't know she and Steven are separate people in different bodies—that he's in a container made of skin, and at this moment his container is in his office with another patient. Soon she hears a door open. For her, it isn't a patient leaving but part of the sequence of noises that always precedes his appearance—door open, fan quiet, then the light coming in as he slowly opens the kitchen door, says softly, "Hi, Laura," and comes to sit on the floor beside her. She lies quietly and locks eyes with him.

In a few minutes, the little girl who steals cookies comes out. She finds herself lying down and sits up quickly. "Hi, Steven," she says energetically. "Hi, Laura," he answers, returning her smile. "Could you give me a cookie?" she asks hopefully. "I'd love to give you a cookie," he responds as he reaches for my shopping bag, finds the cookies, and unwraps them ceremoniously. He glances at them briefly to see what kind they are. "Would you like a chocolate-chip cookie?" he asks. "Yes!" She eagerly takes the bigger of the two and chats happily while they eat together. Now we're ready to move to his office.

Once there, he sits on the floor with me as someone talks animatedly for a few minutes, bringing him up-to-date on what happened since we last saw him—outside concerns like work, phone calls from my mother. Abruptly, sometimes in the middle of a sentence, I feel my mouth go slack and my body slump. I can no longer talk. Someone screams, writhes on the floor, howls like an animal in the night forest. I hear her noises and am amazed, because I don't feel terror or pain. Sometimes I try to stop the sounds coming out of my mouth by choking the one making them, squeezing her so tightly, she gags. Steven pries my hands off my neck so I can breathe again. He says to let the sounds happen—that even though I don't know what they're about now, somebody in me does, and one day I will, too.

I start getting ready for my therapist two nights before, collecting notes that various ones of us wrote to him and putting them in a bag.

No matter what went on before, the last few minutes are always light. I empty the shopping bag and give him my household discards. We smile together over some of them. A child asks, "Are you going to be in your beeper?" He nods yes. As I put my coat on, someone begs, "Please don't forget me." Part of me thinks that's silly, but another part is desperate because she thinks she won't exist if he can't see her. He understands and says, "I won't forget you. I carry you with me all the time." She is reassured. I drive back to the city feeling temporarily whole and connected.

THE LITERATURE DEFINES A CURE AS INTEGRATION—THE repeated merging of one personality with another until only one remains. There are many steps along the way. The first is building trust—Multiples have been betrayed by people they should have been able to count on, and they constantly test their therapists.

Next comes the recovery of memories. In theory, once a memory is recovered, the personality that held it will no longer be tortured by it. The false-memory-syndrome movement claims that some therapists implant memories in their patients, causing them to unjustly accuse their parents of abuse. That may happen occasionally, but I believe most therapists follow their patients' lead and don't make suggestions. There are also people who question the accuracy of memories. It's not always easy to know whether something I remember happened exactly the way I remember it. But therapy isn't a court of law, where the goal is to establish facts. Therapy aims for emotional healing, and for that, emotional truth is what matters.

Some of my memories are visual or auditory, and some have emotional content only—intense agony, grief, terror. Memory recovery is very upsetting, because it doesn't feel like a memory—it feels as if it's happening now. But it's also healing, because Steven bears witness to my pain. When I was young, no adult acknowledged that anything bad happened to me, not even my aunts, who lived nearby—they'd knock tentatively on my apartment door when they came to visit, whisper, "Is your father home?" and retreat in fear if I said yes. Then only the mirror people knew about my pain.

Concurrent with memory retrieval is becoming aware of one another. Before I started becoming co-conscious, some parts of me were suicidal and psychotic, but others were able to function at a very high level. Now that we don't have such sharp divisions, both work and social relationships are much more difficult. The crisp, efficient one is no longer protected from the anguish of the others, so she's not crisp and efficient anymore. I have awakened to a tornado of feeling—pain, fear, shame, even happiness—that I never experienced. It's as if I'd been blind from birth, hearing people talk about red, blue, lavender, knowing they were describing a dimension I had no way of experiencing. Now suddenly, in midlife, I'm able to see. Nothing could have prepared me for the sensory bombardment.

The disruption affects many areas. We can't keep friendships that individual parts had, and those friends don't understand why we suddenly stopped knowing them. The part who has an eating disorder is no longer totally separate, so all of us now have a hard time in restaurants. Even simple routines are complicated, like getting dressed in the morning. I'm 6, looking in the mirror while I brush my hair. I see a middle-aged face looking back at me—a face I never saw before—and I realize with horror that it's me. And what will I wear to work? I'm ashamed of the cotton flowered dresses with puffed sleeves that hang in my closet. But the Harvé Benard suits aren't mine, either. I compromise with pants and a turtleneck. Corporate America is not happy with my grooming of late.

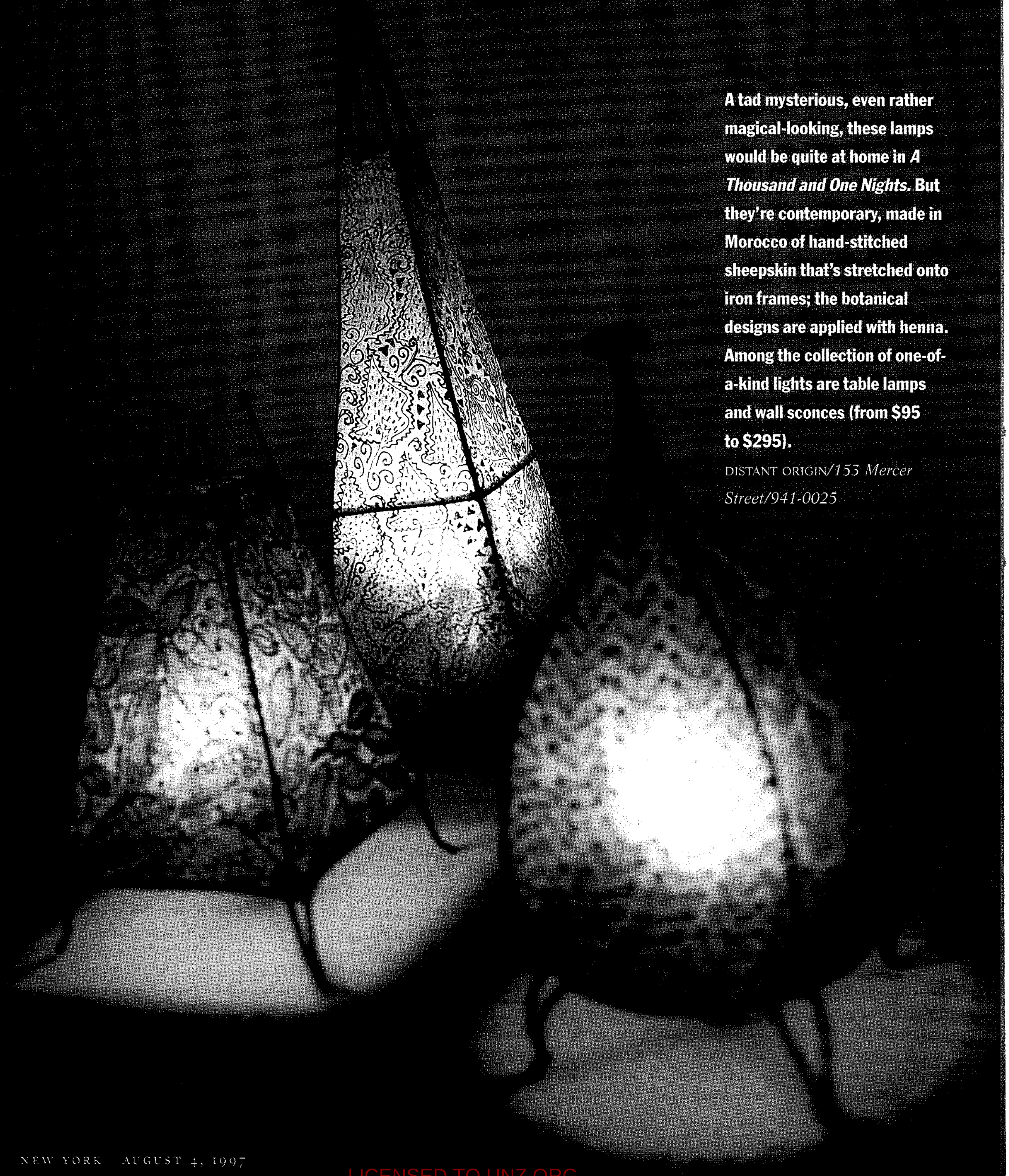
Because it took so long to be properly diagnosed, I have wasted much of my life—time I can never recover—and money on treatment that was not effective. Most insurance plans have limited coverage for psychotherapy, and the limits are usually applied across the board, regardless of the diagnosis. The prognosis for MPD is excellent with proper treatment, and now that I've finally found it, I work seven days a week to pay for it.

I have no idea what the final step, integration, will feel like. We're used to living as separate entities. If we become integrated, we—or rather, I—will have to develop a whole new way of relating to the world. But I'm optimistic—for the first time, I have a chance to be a regular human being. ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



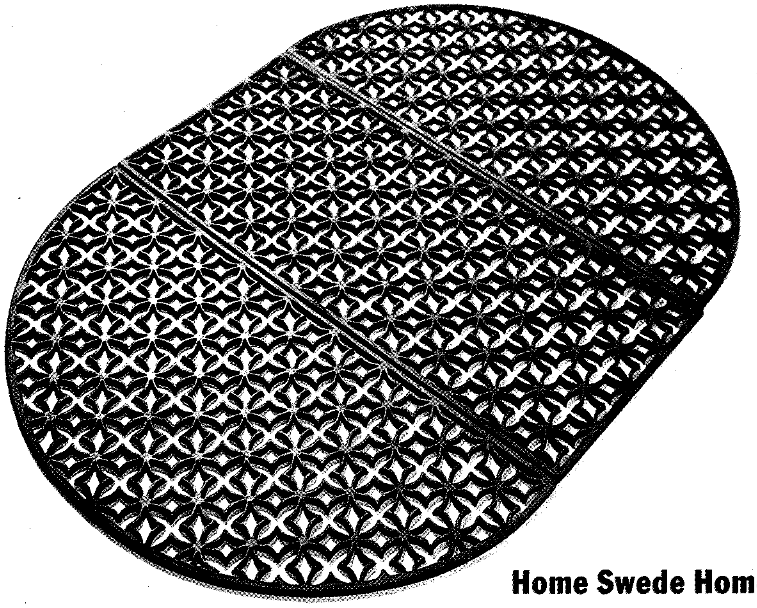
A tad mysterious, even rather magical-looking, these lamps would be quite at home in *A Thousand and One Nights.* But they're contemporary, made in Morocco of hand-stitched sheepskin that's stretched onto iron frames; the botanical designs are applied with henna. Among the collection of one-of-a-kind lights are table lamps and wall sconces (from $95 to $295).

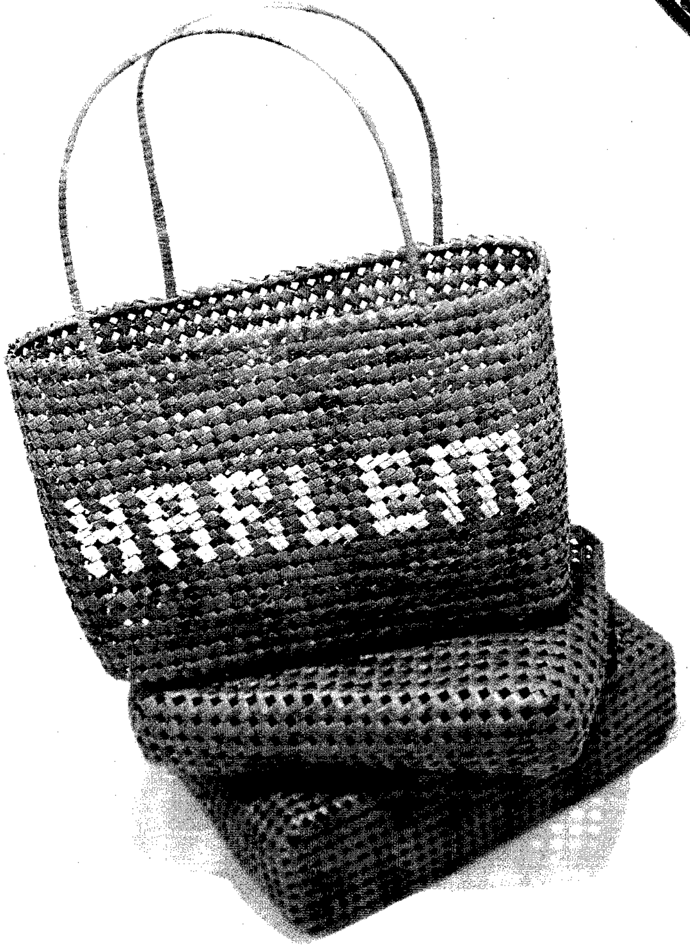
DISTANT ORIGIN/*153 Mercer Street/941-0025*

Borough Haul

Kate Spade has updated an old tourist favorite: straw bags that brag about where you've been. But instead of plugging some ritzy spot—say, Bermuda or Bali—her totes tout our inner cities. For now there's Harlem (high on every visiting European's must-see list) and Brooklyn, but come mid-August, Spade will celebrate Queens, the Bronx, and Manhattan ($38.50).

KATE SPADE/*59 Thompson Street/965-0301*





Home Swede Home

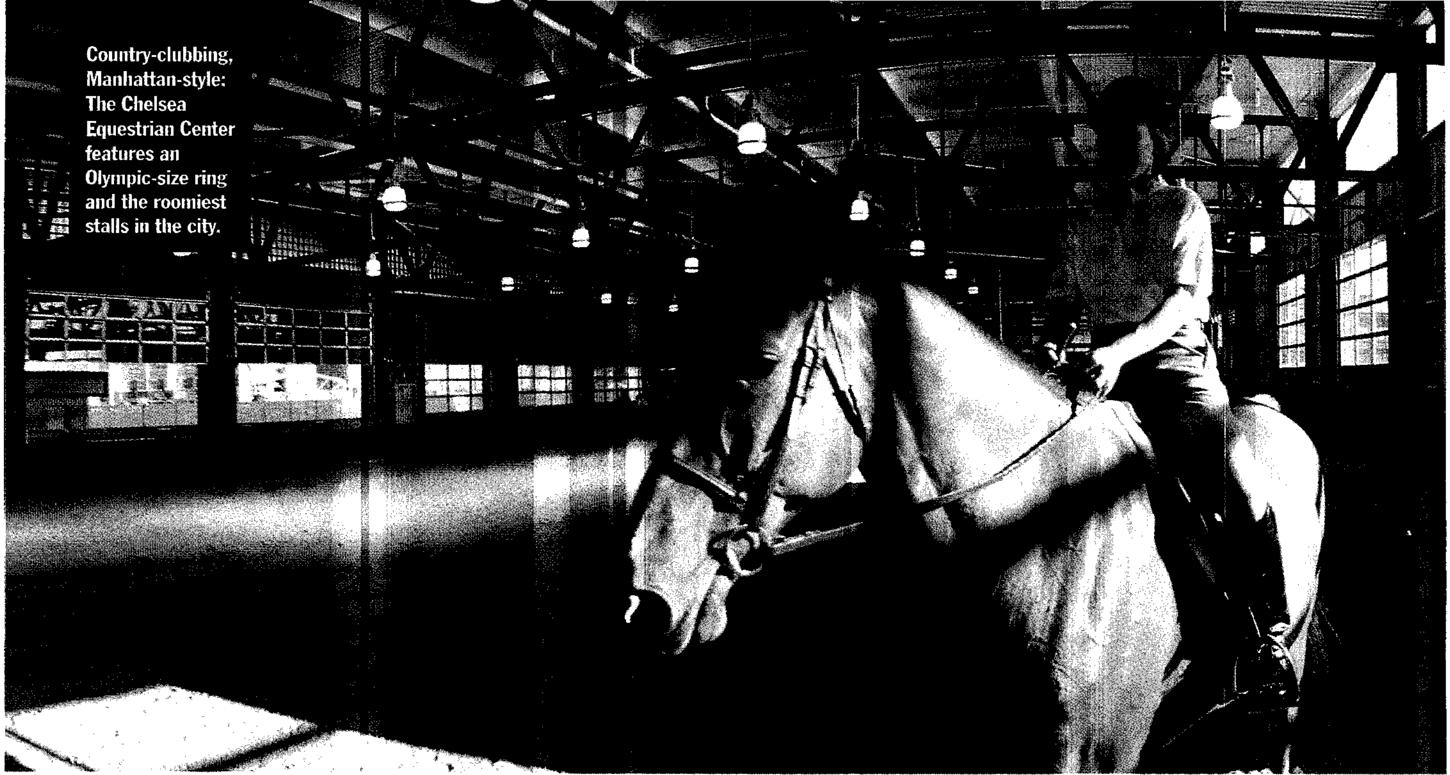
Stylishness and utility need not be mutually exclusive. Proving the point are these doormats that John Danzer of Munder-Skiles discovered in Sweden. The Swedes traditionally use cast iron, but now an innovative company has exchanged this heavy metal for polyurethane and created a lattice mat that won't rust, doesn't weigh a ton, and is long-lasting. There are ovals and rectangles that can be linked together with metal clips, so they work for any size door; they can even be used to cover a mudroom ($55 a section; clips included).

MUNDER-SKILES/*799 Madison Avenue, near 67th Street/ Third floor/717-0150*

Bed, Bath & Way Beyond

If the notion of a posh, small-scale flea market intrigues you, head for Savannah, Joan Kavanaugh's pretty little shop. Every item has been personally selected and is in pristine condition—not a clinker in the bunch. There's the occasional piece of furniture (antique chairs, desks, and end tables), lots of vintage lighting (table lamps, sconces, and tiny French night-lights), and scads of smalls (fruit knives, frames, grape shears, mirrors, and jewelry). But linens are Kavanaugh's true love, so Savannah is lavishly stocked with mostly European, mostly turn-of-the-century napkins, hand towels, sheets, pillow shams, and tablecloths that range from tea-size to banquet (from $5 for a tea napkin to $185 for a French lamp to $300 for a banquet cloth to $1,100 for a nineteenth-century bronze-and-marble table).

SAVANNAH/*156 Sullivan Street/673-2693.*


Country-clubbing, Manhattan-style: The Chelsea Equestrian Center features an Olympic-size ring and the roomiest stalls in the city.

THE GOODS ALEXANDRA BANDON

Horse Play

Presenting polo in Chelsea (not brought to you by Ralph Lauren), plus five other **citywide options for the urban equestrian.**

YOU'VE ALREADY GOT THE SHIRTS. Now, thanks to the opening of another grand new playground-on-a-pier in Chelsea, you can learn the moves of a most unlikely urban sport: polo. Just upstream from the sprawling sports factory of Chelsea Piers, with its crowds of sweaty bladers and climbers, the soon-to-open **Chelsea Equestrian Center** will offer an altogether tonier sort of workout for the would-be (and the already accomplished) rider. At rates set well above those of the Claremont Riding Academy or any other city stable, Chelsea is selling something more than just quality Thoroughbreds, superior facilities, and professional instruction in all things equine, from dressage to horse management. It's selling exclusivity.

Chelsea's setup resembles a country club within the city, with riders purchasing a limited number of memberships (more than 400 of the 600 available have been sold to date). While other stables offer lessons to the public, here, only members can shake off the tensions of the trading floor with a sunset canter around a ring overlooking the Hudson River, followed perhaps by a massage or cocktails in the river-view bar. City riders used to pulling on their gear in less-than-private tack rooms will find that Chelsea offers both man and beast the kind of cosseting that, until now, has been available only out of town.

The horses here get bragging rights not only for their Olympic-size ring but also for the roomiest stalls in the city. Luckily, these were spared in the freakish accident that occurred when a Hudson River tour boat plowed through an outer wall and six feet into the trainers' room just before the scheduled July opening. At press time, crews were scrambling to close the hole in time for an August 1 launch.

In addition to an initiation fee of $2,500, membership rates are $250 monthly and $50 per half-hour lesson. For that, the center, at the end of West 23rd Street, promises to computer-track members' progress in hunter-jumper, dressage, western—you name it. In fact, owner John D'Eri promises tutelage in any area members might request, from learning to handle the uneven footing on a Bahamas beach trot to knowing which rider leads off an English fox hunt. "We offer horsemanship," D'Eri says. "This is not a trail ride."

Training is available for a guaranteed minimum of 90 minutes per week (though additional time may be scheduled, depending on demand) to avoid crowding in both the indoor arena and Manhattan's only outdoor ring, which abuts the Chelsea Piers roller rink. Members will have the use of private showers and changing rooms. Plus, the hours—Tuesday through Sunday, from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M.—suit riders who, until now, spent their workweeks too far from their mounts in Hyde Park to enjoy pre-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN SALOWE FOR NEW YORK

office, evening, or lunch-hour rides.

Perhaps the most intriguing course will be for rank beginners: the "Walk Trot Polo" class (i.e., how to get a horse to move). Only on polo nights will the center give nonmembers access to the spectators' bar, for what could be quite a comedy hour. (The cover charges will support free riding for disabled and poor children.)

Horse lovers who've already signed on suggest that Chelsea's tab is not out of line with the high cost of staying fit in Manhattan. Actress Eva la Rue, who rode almost daily in Los Angeles before becoming Dr. Maria Santos on the New York–based soap *All My Children,* compares the fee to that of a top-rung health-club membership. "I thought about joining Reebok," she says, "but for a couple of thousand dollars more I'd get to do something I really like."

Horse lovers who've signed on suggest that **Chelsea's tab is not out of line** *with the high cost of staying fit in Manhattan.*

Comparing his 105-year-old stables to the newcomer downtown, **Claremont Riding Academy** owner Paul Novograd says, "Some New Yorkers enjoy the cachet of shopping at Cartier. Others prefer to get the identical items at half the price around the corner."

The Claremont, on West 89th Street, is Manhattan's one and only alternative for highly regarded equestrian instruction—sans the polo-playing investment bankers. Open weekdays from 6:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. and Saturdays and Sundays till 5 P.M., the school looks from the outside like a tenement about to be condemned. But it may be the better starting point for the family whose *Misty*-inspired daughter wants to learn the basics of riding and grooming before joining a show team. Claremont charges $38 for a half-hour lesson, with hour-long group sessions available for $35. (Some trainers from Claremont and Novograd's larger New Jersey operation, Overpeck Riding Center, recently defected to Chelsea.)

What Claremont enjoys in accessibility it lacks in Chelsea's expansiveness. That's particularly felt in the small indoor riding ring, obstructed by eight pillars. There is no outdoor ring, and as at all other city stables except for Chelsea, the only changing area is the bathroom. But the horses, most of which live in box stalls, are well cared for, and the center's many loyal riders have access to Central Park's bridle paths, some of the most beautiful in the world.

North of Manhattan, there's the **Riverdale Equestrian Centre** in Van Cortlandt Park. Four years ago, Olympic riders Rusty and Ashley Nicoll Holzer took a 25-year lease on the park's crumbling stable and converted it into a top-rated school and horse facility with comfy box stalls. They built an Olympic-size 100-by-200-foot indoor ring, as well as outdoor-jumping, dressage, and beginner rings on the 21-acre grounds, hiring competition riders to teach.

The center is open Tuesday through Friday from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. and on weekends till 5 P.M. Private lessons are $35 a half-hour, and the stable is especially child-friendly, with $5 pony rides and a summer camp complete with a shuttle bus from the Upper East Side. Adults, however, must bus or walk twelve long blocks from the last stop on the No. 1 or 9 train.

With its Olympics background and affluent clientele, Riverdale has all the earmarks of a snob factory, but it's actually surprisingly lacking in condescension. Perhaps it's the gangs of horse-crazy preteens running around, or the older inner-city kids who work through the Police Athletic League with disabled children, but no one seems to be dispensing any attitude.

The same lack of horsey pretense prevails at **Jamaica Bay Riding Academy** in Brooklyn. Its owner, Tony Danza (not the actor), strolls the stable patting the horses and encouraging children as they ride by, and the horses look healthy and happy in their box stalls. Set on 300 bucolic acres along the bay, the academy has a 90-by-180-foot indoor ring (just shy of Olympic size), large outdoor-jumping and dressage rings, and a cross-country trail with 60 fences. A tack shop features a range of equipment from saddles to salt licks. But the best feature is the unique eight-mile, 45-minute trail ride ($19 during the summer, $23 after Labor Day; beginners welcome) that meanders along the empty beach and through the woods.

Jamaica Bay is open 9 A.M to 8 P.M. on weekdays and until 5 P.M. on weekends. No half-hour lessons are available to adults, but the hour-long lessons are a relative bargain at $45. You need a car to get there, and it's reachable only from the eastbound lanes of the Belt Parkway.

All the above stables emphasize training and, for the dedicated equestrian, showing. But for the horse lover who just wants a fun clip-clop along wooded trails, there is **Lynne's Riding School** in Forest Hills ($20 trail rides; open daily from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., and till 7:30 P.M. Tuesday and Thursday) or the **Kensington Stables** in Park Slope ($20 for a trail ride through the park; 10 A.M. to sunset daily). Both are best for their relaxed attitudes and access to park trails. But the riding instruction is not competition-caliber, and the standing stalls and worn facilities may depress some horse lovers. ■

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Perennial Bloom

August, that **remarkably fertile** *discount month, bears its fruit with sales at Georgette Klinger, Lederer, Richard's Interior Design, and* **Park Avenue** *Liquor.*

POSTER AMERICA—A CHELSEA SHOP with a cool selection of vintage advertising posters—is lowering its prices by 20 percent: 1979 WNEW poster (with portrait of Frank Sinatra), was $350, now $280; Cassandre's BONAL, was $3,500, now $2,800; Dubonnet match holder, was $450, now $360. *Poster America, 138 W. 18th St. (206-0499); A.E, M.C., V., checks; Tues.–Sat. 11–6; 8/1–8/31.*

Hands Off

THE MOST STRESSFUL ASPECT OF GETTING A massage—that you schedule it because you're a wreck but by the time the appointment rolls around you've attained some amazing level of Zen—is remedied at Healing Hands. The massage dispatchers send therapists to homes across the city and can usually get one to you within the hour. Residential massages are now $90 (usually $100). At the spa (where you can also get your massage for $70 instead of the usual $85), selected items are on sale: scented candles, were $19, now $10. *Healing Hands, 849 Lexington Ave., between 64th and 65th Sts. (772-6704); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 7–10; 8/1–8/31.*

Lederer of the Pack

ONCE A YEAR, LEDERER, PURVEYOR OF BAGS and accessories with an uptown flavor, takes a chunk of its stock usually priced at $150–$400 and marks it all $79.95. It's that time. *Lederer de Paris, 613 Madison Ave., at 58th St. (355-5515); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30–6; 8/4–8/23.*

Must-Have **With its style-endowed, take-no-sass staff and a collection of *vraiment chic* little unmentionables, La Petite Coquette is without a doubt the flirtiest lingerie shop in town. Now on sale are items such as Lou bra, was $101, now $40; Lou thong, was $58,now $20; Gianfranco Ferré bra, was $180, now $60. *La Petite Coquette, 51 University Place (473-2478); 8/1–8/31.***

A Swill Idea

"SHOP IN COUPLETS" IS THE DISTINCT message at Park Avenue Liquor Shop's annual sale. Buy one bottle of wine, champagne, brandy, or cognac, and get another (of equal or lesser value) for half price. So you can save $1,500 on two bottles of 1961 Chateau Petrus, $125 on two bottles of 1970 Lafite Rothschild, $33 on a case of Château Greysac, or $82.50 on two bottles of 1990 Roederer Cristal; all single-malt scotches are 15 percent off. *Park Avenue Liquor Shop, 292 Madison Ave., near 41st St. (685-2442); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 8–7 (after 9/1, Sat. 8–5); 8/1–9/20.*

Face It

THOSE VERSED IN THE CYCLES OF summer sales know that August rings in Georgette Klinger's—a sale coveted for its savings on series of services. This time around, the matriarch of urban spas is offering a single eight-step facial for $60 (usually $74). Selected products are also discounted, and those series savings are there for the taking: Advanced Oxygen Facial, series of six, was $480, now $340. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., near 53rd St. (838-3200), and 978 Madison Ave., near 77th St. (744-6900); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours; 8/1–8/31.*

Playing It Down

A CHARMING ROMPING GROUND FOR KIDS, My Favorite Place is both toy shop and indoor play space. The store is offering 25 to 40 percent off art classes and playroom visits as well as K'Nex construction kits, Brio pieces, Crayola markers, Playmobil sets, and Hello Kitty products. *My Favorite Place, 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); cash only; Tues.–Fri. 9:30–6:30; 7/29–8/1.*

Piping Hot

HERE'S WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE CONNOISseur Pipe Shop: one-of-a-kind and custom-made pipes, regularly $225–$3,500, 25 percent off; Connoisseur classics such as Bent Apple, Bent Dublin, Sherlock Holmes, Bell, and Papa, were $125, now $93.75; lightly flawed irregular shapes, were $37.50, now $30. All pipe accessories are also 10 percent off. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop Ltd., 1285 Sixth Ave., bet. 51st and 52nd Sts., concourse level (247-6054); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:15–5:45; 8/1–8/29.*

Ricky's Discount

ANOTHER REGULAR IN THE AUGUST SALE crop, Richard's Interior Design is discounting labor, furniture, and stock fabrics: balloon and Roman shades, were $16–$18 a square foot, now $10 (excluding fabric and installation). Floor samples are 40 to 60 percent off, and special-order furniture is 40 percent off. In-stock fabrics are 30 to 50 percent off. *Richard's Interior Design, 1390 Lexington Ave., near 92nd St. (831-9000); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Thurs. till 7, Sun. 11–5; 8/1–9/7.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Commando in Chief

Playing an Uzi-wielding president under siege, Harrison Ford turns the stylishly choreographed thriller 'Air Force One' into vanity fare.

A Ford in his future: In ***Air Force One***, a crazed Russian nationalist comes after the president.

Photograph by Claudette Barius/Columbia/Tristar.

WOLFGANG PETERSEN'S **Air Force One** is exciting, well-made, and utterly preposterous—a 14-year-old boy's fantasy of being president of the United States. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. Instead of escaping, he stays aboard and fights back. A commando holing up in the baggage compartment, he strikes and retreats; he thrashes terrorists with his fists, slams them on the floor, grabs a machine gun, and shoots off dozens of rounds in the pressurized cabin. Whoopee! It's *Independence Day* all over again. Both movies display a pressing desire to hang testosterone-producing spherical objects on the commander in chief. And both have a very literal-minded idea of what balls consist of. In brief, we've come full circle: Ronald Reagan in office struck poses borrowed from the movies he had acted in; now the movies have turned the president back into the law-and-order sheriff Reagan used to play onscreen and given him an Uzi rather than a shotgun to wield. At last the head of the Free World fights like a man. If only the movies had been this tough 55 years ago, Robert Taylor would have pulled down the barbed wire at Auschwitz with his bare hands.

The first-time screenwriter Andrew W. Marlowe, either on his own initiative or under orders, has structured the script so that Harrison Ford has to do pretty much everything by himself. Onboard the plane, the terrorists instantly kill the president's security men and herd the rest of his staff into a conference room. The staff is out of the picture (literally). Meanwhile, in the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off an overbearing, loutish (and Haig-ish) secretary of Defense (Dean Stockwell), who wants to take command in the president's absence. We may be amazed to find the filmmakers scoring dum-dum feminist points in the midst of this supermacho atmosphere, but I don't think we need fear that the writer, director, or producers will suffer much shame over this, or any other, issue. The way to make a hit is to focus—relentlessly—on the star. Oh, excitement! But what happened to Harrison Ford's good sense? He's always had great natural authority (I'm on record as a fan), but this performance reeks—for the first time—of vanity and megalomania. His mouth set, Ford is grim and righteous and altogether too solemn for such kick-ass fantasy.

Wolfgang Petersen, the director of *In the Line of Fire,* turns the plane into a maze, and as Ford stalks around, the camera takes his point of view, and we get to know every corner of that embattled craft, from cockpit to baggage compartment. Moment by moment, scene by scene, the picture is beautifully choreographed. There's an exciting episode when the lumbering 747, under the command of the hijackers, skids all over an Air Force base and then takes off again just before slamming into a huge military transport. Some of the actors are at the top of their form, especially Gary Oldman as the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms.

Air Force One certainly holds our attention, and a few of us, easily manipulated, may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. Didn't the filmmakers realize it would have been much funnier and more inventive if their hero had been a president actually like the current officeholder—a little soft, unacquainted with guns, given to cajolery, flattery, charm, and guile, and now forced to

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Take Stock in America U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

A public service of this magazine

deal with an implacably violent ideologue? That might have been an original movie. The film that's been made, however effective, traps us in the disgust of a movie culture that doesn't respect our intelligence and gets away with that contempt season after season.

CHLOÉ (GARANCE CLAVEL) IS A NOT QUITE beautiful girl with a long neck and a warming smile that almost never breaks out. Chloé is a little slow to talk. She's not stupid, nor is she depressed, exactly, but she's definitely running in low gear. She has a rather unsatisfying job as a makeup girl for fashion photo-shoots, and she lives in a shabby stretch of the Right Bank, near the Place de la Bastille, with a gay male friend who can't give her much. One of the thousands of stranded young women in the big city, Chloé is attached to her black cat, whom she calls Gris-Gris (Gray-Gray). The fat, yellow-eyed creature sits contentedly on his mistress's chest, but when Chloé goes on vacation, she leaves him with an old woman—an animal-lover with lots of cats—and Gris-Gris apparently escapes through the kitchen window. Returning, Chloé searches the area with the old lady and soon with everyone else in the neighborhood; after a while, a battalion of old-lady cat lovers, quivering with excitement, are phoning one another like air-raid spotters in wartime Britain. Chloé, meanwhile, has acquired a new pet even more faithful than Gris-Gris—a young man of North African descent who fell off a roof as a child and is now a little slow but would do anything for Chloé.

When the Cat's Away, written and directed by young Cédric Klapisch, feels at first like a strung-together collection of gentle anecdotes—an improvisation, always charming and funny, but minor, in which some not terribly important people are observed in their ruffled, natural state. It's only after the movie has been going for a while that we realize what a genius of melancholy Klapisch really is, for what he's done is nothing less than capture the tone and tenor of loneliness in the big city—and also the ways loneliness might end. *When the Cat's Away* is about the state of being lost and the deliverance of being found. Klapisch handles such events as a ghastly night spent looking for companionship, or an encounter with one's roommate's lover, or the raillery of some neighborhood types drinking their way through the evening, with such superlative delicacy that one thinks—one prays—that here at last is a successor to both Renoir and the New Wave, a young Frenchman with an instinct for human solidarity as well as first-rate lyrical skills. *When the Cat's Away* could be an early peak in a great directing career. Don't miss it. ∎

BOOKS LUC SANTE

California Ghouls

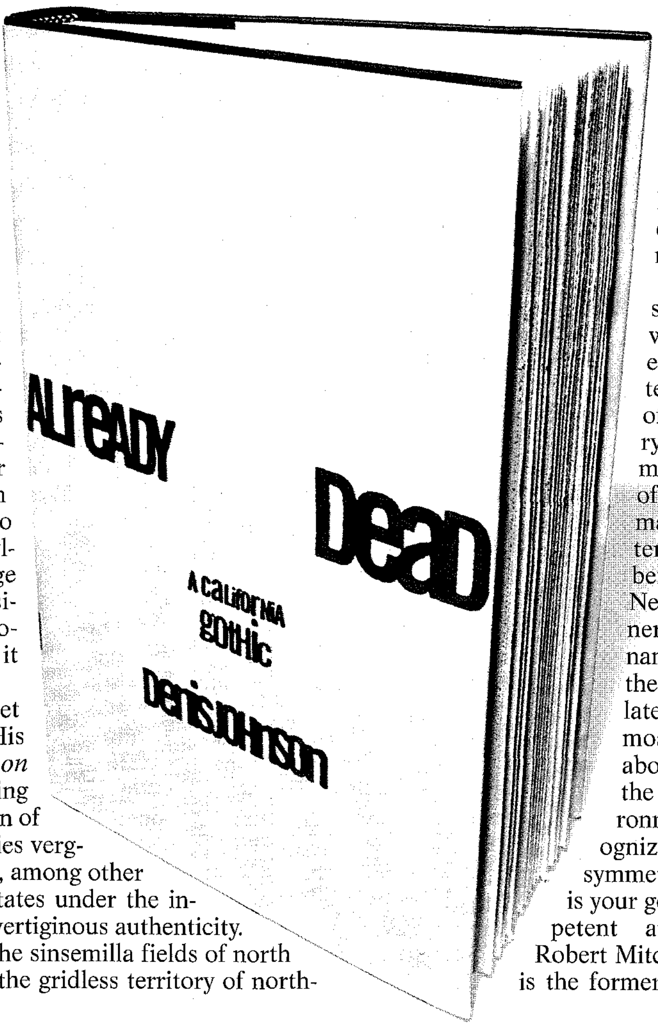
*Denis Johnson is such a splendid writer that his new neo-*noir *thriller—a tale of gothic mayhem in Mendocino—isn't quite done in by its unbearable protagonist.*

Already Dead: A California Gothic

BY DENIS JOHNSON

HarperCollins; 435 pages; $25

A*LREADY DEAD* TAKES PLACE IN A LAND OF SPIRITS, trolls, avengers, soothsayers, sorcerers, shape-shifters, curses, blood pacts, and hounds of hell. That, of course, would be California, southwestern Mendocino County specifically, where, it seems, a good part of the population lives in a permanent state of acid flashback. But even people with intact synapses are not immune to the prevailing mode of thought. The region, in this account, begins to seem like a sort of transfer station for souls in various stages of incarnation. The professional most likely to be consulted in times of trouble is the channeler; the cause of the complaint, more often than not, can be located in a previous lifetime.



But East Coast skeptics should not dismiss this book out of hand before registering its subtitle. It's a gothic, after all. If you've read your Mrs. Radcliffe, your Monk Lewis, your Charles Maturin, and your Horace Walpole, and maybe even if you haven't, you know that those English pre-Romantics conceived similar psychic landscapes without need of psychotropic chemicals or New Age doctrines. In *Already Dead,* the two currents of willful howling primitivism merge quite naturally to intensify a sophisticated neo-*noir* thriller and endow it with strange shadows.

Denis Johnson is a poet as well as a novelist. His last book, *Jesus' Son* (1992), already something of a classic, is a collection of terse, hallucinatory stories verging on prose poems that, among other things, render mental states under the influence of drugs with a vertiginous authenticity. Johnson doesn't live in the sinsemilla fields of north Cali, though, but up in the gridless territory of northern Idaho, land of the mail-order arsenal. He is an extraordinary writer, and apparently something of a psychic astronaut.

Already Dead has a great deal of plot. At the start, Nelson Fairchild Jr. stands to inherit many thousands of acres of redwoods, but his dying father, a Catholic who doesn't believe in divorce, is leaving it all to Junior's estranged wife in order to keep them married, so that our hero's only recourse is to hire someone to ice her. The perfect candidate comes along in the form of Carl Van Ness, a man bent on suicide. At this point, the book's gimmick seems clear, a refinement of the old *Strangers on a Train* trade-off: A kills B's victim, and B kills A's, in this case A himself. But Nelson Jr. is also pursued by hit men, an intermittently humorous pair of Lennies hired by the local coke dealer, whom Nelson vexed on an assignment in Sicily when last-minute jitters caused him to flush four kilos down an airport toilet. Then, too, Carl Van Ness sort of did commit suicide already, or at least his soul was vacated just long enough for squatter's rights to be established by some transient doomed entity that is not to be relied upon.

And that's merely the setup. Carl Van Ness, who at first might be taken for a principal character, is relegated for most of the story to an accessory role as shimmering mist, while long stretches of the narration are commandeered by two characters who take their time before entering the book: Nelson's pot-growing partner, a hard-boiled surfer named Carl Meadows, and the local cop, John Navarro, late of the LAPD, who finds most of his assumptions about life coming undone in the climate of his new environment. These two are recognizable crime-novel types, symmetrically poised. Meadows is your good-bad tough guy, competent and disillusioned, the Robert Mitchum character. Navarro is the former square in the midst of

***Already Dead* is a sophisticated crime novel with plot—and mutating points of view—to spare.**

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

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learning about life's complications. Both are canny, straight-talking, somewhat lovelorn, fascinated by moral ambiguity. If they had been allowed to run the book, the result would be tighter, clearer, faster—more like a regular *noir*ish thriller, camera-ready.

As it is, though, the book keeps mutating in strange ways, not unlike the mental states of its various subjects. The narrative does not describe an arc so much as some kind of fractal meander. Every time you think you've gotten a fix on it, it turns into some other kind of critter. Poetic passages are sometimes brilliant, sometimes purple. Subtle insights are succeeded by whole pages of twaddle. At times it verges on breathtaking, and at times it reads like a collaboration between Donald Westlake and Swami Bhaktivedanta.

Part of the problem is Nelson Fairchild Jr., who narrates as much as half the tale. He causes the reader various problems. He probably intends to cause these problems. His voice is insufferable, and since it dominates the better part of the first 130 pages or so, many readers may lose patience before they're a third of the way inside.

BOOKS

Fairchild is a complex character, to put it mildly. He is spoiled, callow, neurotic, self-conscious, self-serving, self-pitying, vaguely brutal, sentimental, and agonizingly literary, and he has more than his share of blown neurons. He is a rampaging drunk, an overeducated dropout, a paranoiac with real enemies, a brittle and excessively urbanized woodsman. He is the boy who cried wolf. His narration puts you on the next bar stool, listening to the endless monologue. He's brilliant, sure, but you want to kill him before you've gotten to the third round. Since his fate seems evident from the first pages, I don't think I'm giving much away in admitting that you get your wish.

But here as elsewhere the question of intent hangs heavy over the book. Is Johnson aware of just how unbearable his protagonist is? Is it a deliberate choice meant to highlight the contrast between the crime novel and the metaphysical discourse that uneasily coexist in these pages? Or is this a case of characters hijacking the story and driving it miles off-course while the author sits gagged and stupefied? It could, more prosaically, be a case of absent editor. It's common knowledge that there is a distinct shortage of Maxwell Perkinses sitting around in publishing houses these days. A lot of books get shunted into print before their mortar is dry, or without anyone to figure out the apportionment of clay and straw in their makeup. In nine books out of ten, such matters are evident to the alert reader. This one's a poser, though, because Johnson is such a splendid writer, and so tricky and idiosyncratic and non-Euclidian, that there may be something else afoot. *Maybe it's all a test.*

Author Denis Johnson: Some secret design?

If this book brings any one writer to mind, it's probably Herman Hesse, he of the impenetrable parables and psychedelic epiphanies, whom all the hippies lionized back in the day while your humble critic, way too crudely materialistic even in adolescence, sat there like a stump. But then, with Hesse you had this mighty wind blowing down from the mountaintops of Cockaigne, and if you missed it, you missed it.

This book, with its plain-spoken, no-nonsense crime-novel counterpoint, feels more like a case of multiple-personality syndrome. After all, Fairchild is only one of the protagonists. Equally present are the good-bad Meadows, who glances briefly at the metaphysical seepage all around and decides to ignore it, and the cop Navarro, who starts out straight and gets progressively more bent as the book goes on. By the end, he's plainly addled, is on the verge of resigning from the force, and, although his ultimate fate is unspecified, seems about to start polishing his third eye. Johnson may be giving the reader a choice of guides through this morass. Then, too, much of the thriller stuff appears weighted, meant to convey some message you need an exegesis to decipher. The two hit men, for example, go into their final battle naked: The explanation for that one, unsupplied by any narrative logic, must lie somewhere in Joseph Campbell or C. G. Jung. I don't know, but maybe you will. Maybe Johnson knows, but he ain't talking.

Already Dead might be a mess of cross-purposes or it might be ordered around some secret design. "Navarro tried the page at varying distances from his face," reads the next-to-last sentence, "seeking just one more word." ▬

Photograph by Cindy Johnson.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Mix Masters

Ever eclectic, this year's Lincoln Center Festival offers Britten, parodies of Mozart, Pfitzner's visionary 'Palestrina,' and Kurt "Porgy" Masur singing.

IF LAST YEAR'S **Lincoln Center Festival** WAS A GRANDLY scaled athematic urban carnival of the arts and proud of it, the current edition is shaping up into an even more frenzied eclectic revel—and my stroll down the midway takes in only classical-music events. Some patient observers still expect that this sprawling annual enterprise, if it survives, will one day find a sharper focus, but I wouldn't expect that to happen anytime soon. Summer festivals, those in Europe particularly, seem to draw their individual character from their surroundings, and a New York City drenched in heat and humidity during late July hardly encourages the intent pursuit of deeply pondered, painstakingly prepared, and cogently argued specialized agendas.

True, an occasional connecting thread could be made out here and there. But it was a stretch to relate the New York Philharmonic's "Tristan und Isolde" program to the festival's main musical event, the first performance in this country of Hans Pfitzner's visionary "musical legend," *Palestrina.* All German opera composers after Wagner, Pfitzner included, have had to deal with the implications of *Tristan und Isolde,* its troubling philosophical content as much as the revolutionary procedures of its intoxicating score. And some are still at it. Hans Werner Henze faced the challenge directly in 1973, if only in concert form: *Tristan,* a 45-minute contemplation for piano, prerecorded tape, and orchestra, which received an eloquent and lucid performance from the Philharmonic, Kurt Masur conducting, and the pianist who participated in the piece's world premiere, Homero Francesch.

Packed into this intricately structured memory book are many echoes from the past: Wagner's fascinating Tristanesque ambiguities, of course, but also a fleeting comment from the enemy camp (a quote from the Brahms First Symphony), bits of a medieval lament for Tristan and Isolde, Chopin's *Funeral March,* and the atmospheric sounds of bells, heartbeats, and various *objets concrètes* captured on tape. Everywhere, though, Henze's own voice dominates to shape the musical discourse and prevent this dazzling soundscape from becoming another bit of postmodern chic. The references are all cunningly submerged in the piece's luminous texture, tugging at the subconscious as the composer resolves the tensions in the euphonious melancholy of his epilogue. That lament for dead lovers, friends, political victims, and all "the deaths and causes of death which have impoverished mankind" finally takes us far beyond the "love death" celebrated by Wagner and becomes a chilling, heart-stopping contemporary statement. After that unsettling vision, even the Prelude and "Liebestod" from *Tristan und Isolde* and the "Wesendonk Lieder" that serve as a study for the opera sounded comforting. For that we could in part thank the glorious sounds made by Deborah Voigt, no longer a promising talent but a superior singer who radiates a newly found confidence in her whole vocal persona.

An altogether lighter affair, the following Philharmonic evening was a salute to Kurt Masur on his 70th birthday. Baritone Håkan Hågegard played emcee and obligingly agreed to sing bits of a few roles that he is unlikely to take on in the opera house: Wagner's Hans Sachs, Bizet's Escamillo, and Gershwin's Porgy. Actually, Hågegard never quite got to Porgy—just as he was about to launch into "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin,' " Masur jumped down from the podium to sing it himself, relocating Catfish Row squarely in downtown

Birthday boy: Kurt Masur conducts the New York Philharmonic.

Photograph by Chris Lee.

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Leipzig. In town to record the Brahms Violin Concerto with Masur and the Philharmonic, Anne-Sophie Mutter stepped out to play a pair of pop concert favorites: Sarasate's *Carmen* "Fantasy" and the "Méditation" from *Thaïs.* Since the Royal Opera Chorus was also on hand, I'm glad someone was clever enough to remember that the Massenet sweetmeat has a choral part, usually omitted in concert, which the London voices dispatched neatly along with choruses from *Otello, Die Meistersinger, Carmen,* and *Porgy.* Masur also led spirited performances of Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel,* a Johann Strauss polka, and a Brahms Hungarian dance, and there were the usual nonstop hugs, kisses, and tributes. Since rumblings of discontent are once again being heard from our notoriously fractious Philharmonic, it was reassuring to see the musicians having such a good time with their maestro.

A DEFINITE HIGH POINT OF THE FESTIVAL'S opening week was the rare opportunity to see Benjamin Britten's only full-length ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas,* performed by London's Royal Ballet. Since my turf is music, I'll confine my brief to the score. For Britten aficionados, this 1957 score is an important one, since it marks a major turning point in the composer's development. That arrives midway in Act Two, and a stunning musical moment it is as Belle Rose first beholds the jeweled palace of pagodas in the strange land of the Salamander-Prince. Without recourse to exotic instruments, Britten turns his orchestra into a glittering Balinese gamelan by combining the hypnotic sounds of two pianos, xylophone, vibraphone, glockenspiel, celesta, cello harmonics, low flutes, and small cymbals. The composer got the idea while visiting Bali, a trip he took when his work on the ballet had reached an impasse, and the sound world that he discovered in the South Pacific haunted his music for the rest of his life.

Elsewhere the score is full of homages to the great ballets of Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, and Stravinsky—the magisterial neo-classical string writing of Stravinsky's *Apollo* clearly was a potent model. Mostly, though, Britten remains himself, a wizard of sonority and orchestral fantasy, even when the thematic materials of the genre pieces seem a trifle humdrum. The numerous composer-sanctioned cuts generally made in live performances are understandable but regrettable. The full score, for all its gestural brilliance and self-contained divertissements, is as tightly organized as any of the operas, and the trims throw this carefully plotted structure off balance. Luckily, there is a note-complete recording, fabulously played, if not always available, with Oliver Knussen leading the London Sinfonietta (Virgin VCD 59578).

AMONG THE FESTIVAL'S MORE MARGINAL events, Christoph Homberger's frantic one-man performance of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* left me only mildly amused. But then, I'm also one of those curmudgeons who has limited patience for the musical humor of Anna Russell, Victor Borge, and P.D.Q. Bach. Homberger's impersonation of an American tenor struggling to perform Tamino, fracturing German and mauling Mozart, is wickedly done, but it's hard to believe that such an incompetent could ever be hired, even in Basel. After complimenting Homberger for his timing, energy, vocal dexterity, and sheer gall, I'm bound to report that all the in-jokes and parodies of the provincial opera world start to wear thin well before the end of Act One, even for someone who knows the *Flute* backward, understands German, and dotes on campy operative humor. What the uninitiated thought about it all I can't say, although many voted with their feet.

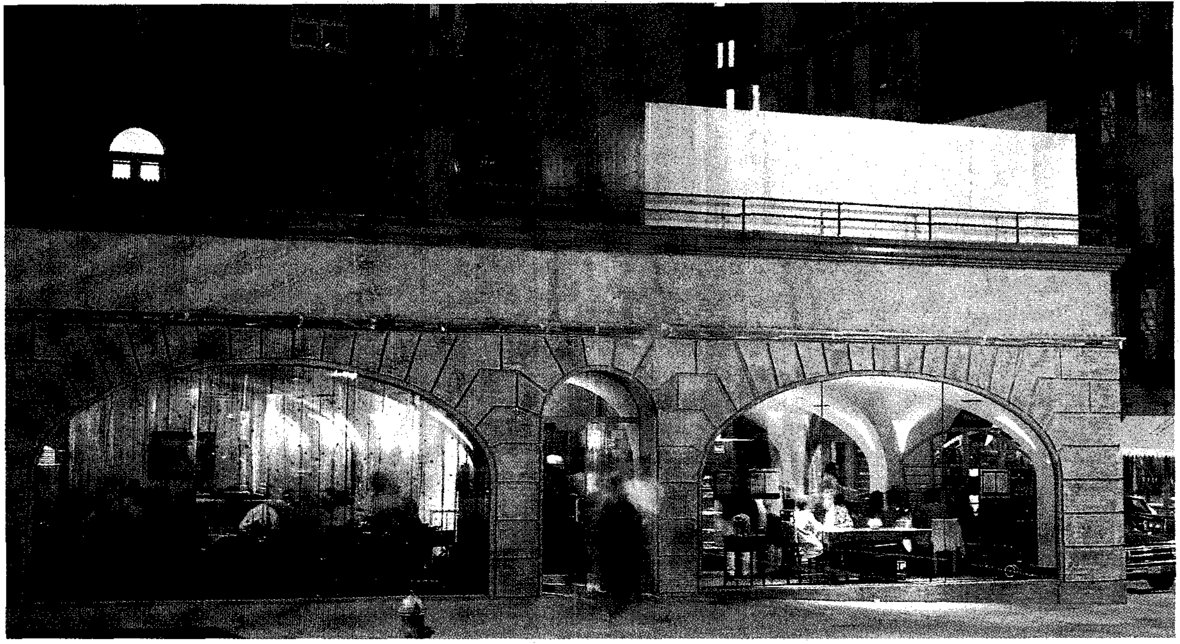
I ALSO TOOK VERY LITTLE AWAY FROM Morton Subotnick's *Intimate Immensity,* described by the composer as "a media poem about our love affair with technology." Thirty years ago, Subotnick made his name with such large-scale, high-energy tape pieces as *Silver Apples of the Moon,* mixing electronically manipulated sounds with recognizably tonal procedures. *Intimate Immensity* puts it all onstage with live musicians: two singers, He (Thomas Buckner) and She (Joan la Barbara); a Balinese dancer called the Cyber-Angel (I Nyoman Wenten); an animated filmed hand (belonging to Nanik Wenten) with long jungle-red manicured nails; two electronically controlled upright pianos; computer-generated and digitally processed sounds; and a sequence of laser-disc video images that vaguely conjure up Mother Nature.

There is a narrative thread in all this, and its general tenor seems to be that our romance with technology, if properly conducted, will lead to a better understanding of life's more poetical mysteries. That's certainly a theme worth exploring, but the basic expressive materials of *Intimate Immensity*—mechanical scales and arpeggios churned out on the pianos, crooning vocals, soft-core electronics, a spoken track of irritating platitudes ("Immensity is in the noise of silent minds"), the unimaginative visuals—just aren't very interesting. The whole apparatus is smoothly manipulated by Subotnick and his associates, but that succeeds only in making the dated sixties aesthetic of this fatigued enterprise all the more numbing. ▬

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Let Them Eat Bread

Remember how expensive dining out was in the eighties? Relive the good old days at Bouley Bakery, where people are begging to pay $29 for codfish.



Press your nose up against the glass: TriBeCa's Bouley Bakery has just ten tables.

'WHERE DOES HE COME OFF CHARGING 28 bucks for chicken? Least you could have a chandelier." Who said that? Nobody, as far as I can tell. I pick my head up from the menu and look around **Bouley Bakery** and don't see anyone bitching. In fact, quite the contrary: Since the ten-table café opened a little more than a month ago, the phone has rung so relentlessly, the can't-win-for-trying reservation woman actually offers "I can seat you at 5:30 for dinner if you promise to be out by 7" without the slightest hint of absurdity. These people are just glad they got seated. I go back to the menu and wonder if that stuff my buddy Tom made in Stony Brook's chem lab 27 years ago could still be causing flashbacks.

"Thirty-four dollars for sea scallops! Jeez, is he selling it by the pound?" That voice again. But no one is in my face. Certainly not any of the café's waiters, who move about with the same determined hesitancy they did at David Bouley's prior restaurant, aware they're supposed to be helping someone, just not sure whom or how. (At Bouley, I always felt as if all the waiters who came to my table, each with a different approach, were pinch-hitting for mine, who was on a perpetual break.) Not until my dining partner pipes up with "Well, the cod is $29. What do you expect?" do I realize that it's *me* who's talking. The me who pays Con Ed, and NYNEX, and goes to the Union Square Greenmarket for fresh produce, and isn't swayed by who picks up a restaurant critic's tab. The me who has watched with silent resignation as the soaring stock market has been joined by a rising economic indicator that hits closer to home.

Say good-bye to the reasonably priced entrées that ushered in the decade during the it's–not–really–a–depression–without–John Steinbeck recession. Once again, we're in the money—collectively, anyway—so say "Look who's here!" to the double-digit appetizer and "They're baaaack" to the $30 entrée. Bouley Bakery is hardly alone. New spaces like the Grill Room, Caviar Russe, Jean Georges, Across the Street, the reborn '21,' the new menu at Arizona 206—all feature platinum-card-melting prices.

Why no outcry at the return to exorbitance when expense accounts ain't what they used to be? Evidently, the physical downscaling of some of those restaurants has fooled people. Whereas places like Jean Georges and the Grill Room stick to the eighties tradition of signaling their high prices with commensurate architectural complexity, the downscalers have cannily arrived in the back of grocery stores, tucked away as second-story walk-ups, or with takeout counters in full view. The word *restaurant* is nowhere to be seen. Half the space at the new Bouley is actually a working bakery. Balthazar has a similar, smaller one. As Henry Higgins once said after listening to the common flower girl, "How deliciously low."

In fairness, Bouley Bakery's apple-raisin, saffron, garlic, olive, poppy-seed, lemon, pepper, hazelnut, and anise breads are wonderful. The country bread is beyond. Sample tasting is encouraged. However, there is no need if you happen to be eating in the bakery's café,

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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because after you order, a waiter comes by with a two-tier bread cart and offers you as many pieces as you want. Most people choose at least three. The waiter, forced to stand there and slice each loaf individually, usually apologizes effusively for the time spent, then gums up one choice and throws it your way. So by the time she leaves, crumbs trailing behind her, almost everyone winds up with a stack of bread as a first course. How's that for humble?

Since speed was never of the essence at Bouley, and hailing your waiter is futile—though don't worry, three will eventually converge at your table (does anyone run this floor?)—you have ample opportunity to enjoy the show-and-tell. A single-vault variation on the ceiling that made the original Bouley seem like the prettiest restaurant in Scottsdale has been constructed here. It is the handsomest element in a corporately clean room, its dominance challenged only by an iridescent, star-covered curtain one can't help hoping will part to reveal David Copperfield, or at least Steve and Eydie. However, because of the vault's acoustical properties, depending on where you sit, people at opposite ends of the room can keep nothing from you.

That's how I happened to hear a woman at a distant table raving about her cool spring-vegetable soup. As well she should have. It's like a gazpacho with marbles of fragrant diced vegetables and sweet floating shrimp, exactly the type of dish that keeps this chef's phone ringing. Bright, ephemeral, and intricately assembled—when Bouley's talent succeeds, you dine on featherweight succulence and aromas that pass in a breeze. When you get home, the scale registers nothing. Fava beans, nesting in green beans and frisée, barely splashed with pistachio dressing, tumble down on the plate like objects bewitched in *Fantasia*. A salad of organic greens and avocado embracing almost pearlescent lobster is ravishing.

But with tastes so refined, balances have to be expertly finessed, and too often, especially in a kitchen so young, careless mistakes topple everything. The combination of marjoram, cantal, Gruyère, and Parmesan should have lent dazzle to a potato tart, and it might have if the tart hadn't been baked to the texture of a knish. A tomato terrine looks amazing but laborious, when all the effort provides a sensation not much beyond a fresh slice. Cooking trout with toasted pine nuts removes all the fishiness but leaves behind slightly dry, pallid woody morsels. With crab meat and asparagus, the reverse happens: The parsley vinaigrette owns the plate; all other elements succumb.

The entrée list also trumpets knockouts, but with these tags, why don't they all rival Stanley Tucci's feast in *Big Night*? This is the best skate I've ever eaten, made memorable by an unexpected trio of pineapple, artichokes, and capers. The smoky flavors enveloped by a honey-and-thyme-glazed duck seem suited for November, but such paper-thin slices forked with kohlrabi, turnips, and Swiss chard would be delicious eaten seaside in a bathing suit. Monkfish is tender, not magical, though the accompanying bouquet of vinegared cherry tomatoes is both. As for the scallops, they are thick and delectable—dancing in a ginger sauce. All four of them.

But the chicken is no big whoop, desperate for a real hit of the garlic and rosemary that were no more than waved over it. Rack of lamb, tenderly roasted and soft as firehouse potatoes, has no discernible flavor. Neither does the baked-vegetable mélange that comes with it. Eggplant and zucchini are rendered indistinguishable. And codfish reminds us why this fish is so cheap.

Even as you entered the third hour of dining at the original Bouley, exasperation would abruptly be alleviated by dessert—gorgeous prattle-stopping chocolate-pear soufflés, green apples in puff pastry, a stunningly intense chocolate ganache, desserts as satisfying as they were unapologetic. But Bouley Bakery presents the most singularly unappealing array of sweets this side of Chinatown. A lush, velvety lemon-meringue pie is ambushed by a conflicting peach sauce and a needless, wince-inducing mint ice cream. A tower of vacherin, tinted but barely flavored by marinated fruit, might as well be Styrofoam when paired with a winner-takes-all apricot ice cream. Tahitian-vanilla crème brûlée is undercooked and soapy. Rice pudding is just too cute; even camouflaged with an acrid apricot compote, it looks straight out of a coffee shop. The fruit tart is, surprise, apricot. The ice cream it comes with is blueberry. Even the colors are wrong. Strawberry-and-passion-fruit sorbet is super, but it's sitting in strawberry purée, not soup as promised. Hot chocolate-brioche pudding, though rich and chewy, is no match for a ganache, and after polishing off your pile of wonder breads, do you really crave more?

Bouley Bakery has a $35 prix fixe at lunch. For the fava beans, the monkfish, and the strawberry soup, it's a nice price for a good meal. But can any restaurant—even one dripping in Baccarat and Limoges, with waiters bowing and scraping—justify that price for a single entrée? Probably not. If I have to eat at 5:30, I'd hope my dinner would set the standard for a memorable night to follow. Actually, not hope—*require*. A scattershot dinner with MIA service in a café bakery doesn't cut it. When we left Bouley Bakery, the host handed us each a loaf of bread. That was sweet of him. Because after paying this tab, you could be sure I wasn't buying it. ■

cue

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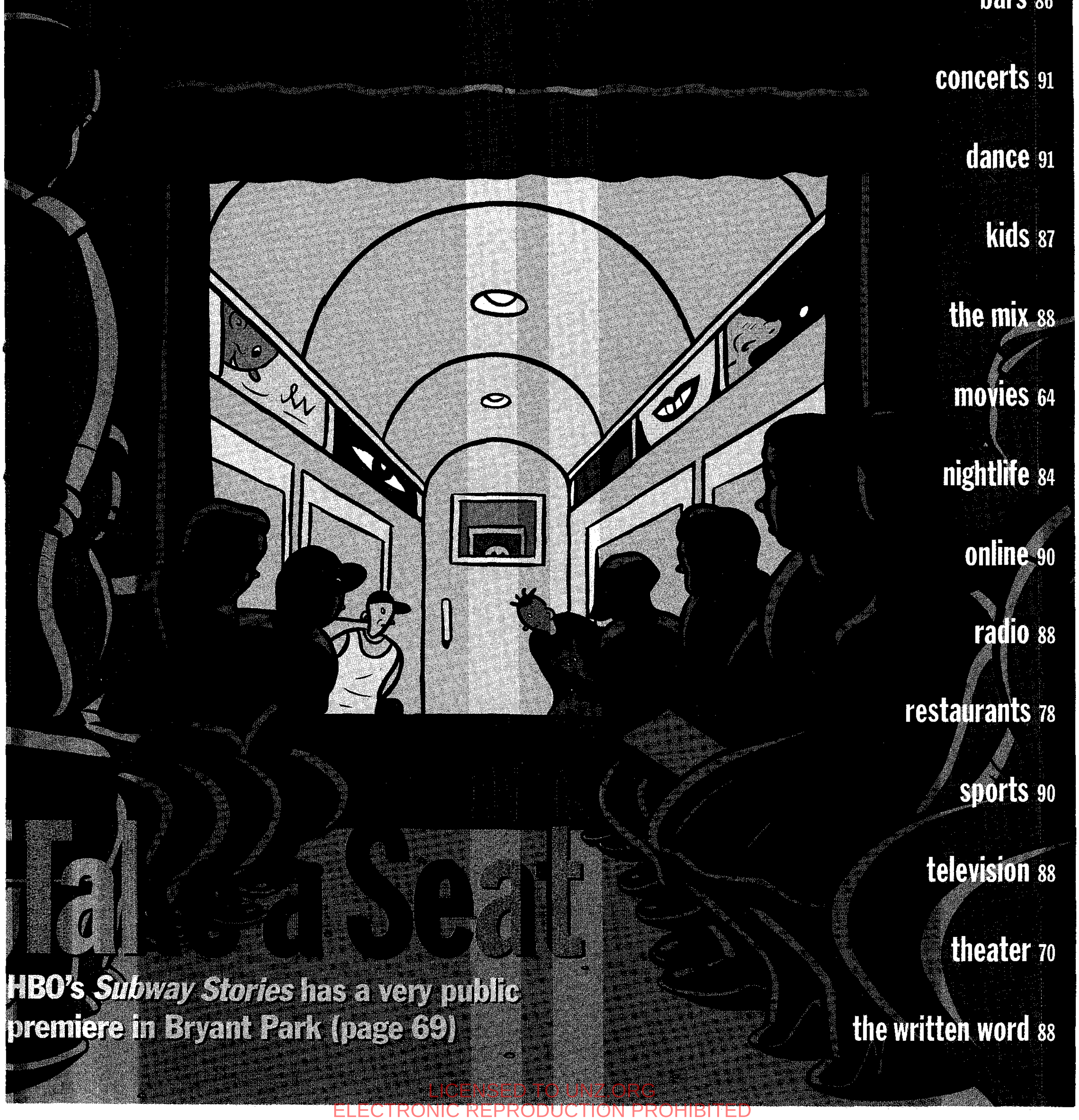

Take a Seat

HBO's *Subway Stories* has a very public premiere in Bryant Park (page 69)

movies

In the Company of Men...Love Serenade

New Films

Air Force One—(See David Denby, p. 55) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre.*

Batman & Robin—The dark-toned, elegant beauty of Tim Burton's two earlier *Batman* films—the nightmare city as dream and desire—has now disappeared altogether, replaced by styleless urban-pop grandiosity and a profusion of interiors of unparalleled gaudiness. The movie's only redeeming feature is Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy, who vamps her way amusingly through naughty-girl clichés, puckering her lips into a satirical pout. Arnold Schwarzenegger shows up as Mr. Freeze, menacing Gotham with blasts of chilling air, and Schwarzenegger, bald, purplish, fanatical, and snarling in his peculiar accent, is frightening enough. But he does the same thing over and over, and after a while, he begins to resemble some goony old wrestler freaking out on a late-night cable show. Chris O'Donnell regresses into teenage nowheresville as a combative Robin, envious of Batman and longing for independence, and he's been given an unappealing mate—Alicia Silverstone, who wants to join the same crime-fighting team. George Clooney, wagging his head as he speaks, and then setting and pointing his chin like a hunting dog, makes a sententious Batman. Give this man a role he can play! Schumacher has gone past bad taste and ineptitude. As a director he's achieved an eerie kind of boredom in the midst of frenzy, a void of meaning in the middle of violent sequences composed of shots thrown together from nowhere to nowhere without the slightest relation in space. When you have seen Schumacher's two *Batman* movies, you have seen The End. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Whitestone.*

Box of Moonlight—John Turturro plays an uptight engineer who, propelled by a midlife crisis, embarks on a journey that leads him to Kid (Sam Rockwell), a woodsman who teaches him about life. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Beekman.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex–U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. John Cusack plays the marshal as a decent fellow out of his depth in all this violence but game for it nevertheless. The director, Simon West, a Brit maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**Contact**—Robert Zemeckis's metaphysical sci-fi movie, from a novel by the late Carl Sagan, explicitly asks the big-bowwow questions: Are we alone in the universe? Does scientific reasoning threaten religious faith? At the heart of *Contact* there are patches of rapt silence and a lonely young woman, Dr. Ellie Arroway (Jodie Foster). Ellie has been obsessed since girlhood with hearing messages from outer space. There she sits in the New Mexico desert listening through headphones to whatever is picked up by an array of powerful radio telescopes. Finally, she hears something—a steady metallic pulse that is clearly a message from a major brain. When Ellie makes the discovery public, the White House becomes alarmed, the media go into a frenzy, and religious groups sense blasphemy or the end of the world. The government sets about building a space vehicle, designed according to specifications provided by the aliens. Someone's got to go out there and meet Them. The material, following Sagan's bent, has been given a feminist tilt: The big-shot White House science adviser (Tom Skerritt) who is Ellie's former mentor keeps taking the credit for her

Festival Cine-Latino

Dreamy surrealism, a bit of Karl Marx, and, of course, Gabriel García Márquez (with a surprise treatment of Sophocles), at the Walter Reade Theater's Latin American Cinema Now festival. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph courtesy of The Film Society of Lincoln Center

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

discoveries and pushing her out of the way, and Ellie has to suffer and fight. We are constantly asked to worry about Ellie's career moves and whether she's getting proper credit for her genius, all of which seems a little odd if not trivial in a movie offering to solve the eternal questions of the universe. Ellie's been given a lover, a defrocked clergyman named Palmer Joss who shows up every once in a while to argue with her about God. In the person of Matthew McConaughey, he looks like a moist-eyed sex hustler that people are unaccountably taking seriously (Palmer even sits in on White House cabinet meetings). At the end, when Ellie journeys (perhaps) into a new dimension, Zemeckis gives us a *son et lumière* show that tops Stanley Kubrick's famous trip at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey.* In its finest moments, *Contact* merges spectacle, science, and a genuine religious impulse. (Denby; 7/21/97) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Contempt**—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship. Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*.

★**Face/Off**—In this surprisingly daring and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. Sean Archer and Castor Troy are temperamental as well as moral opposites, about as far apart as two men could be. Or so we think. Early in *Face/Off,* the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who has designed a biological bomb that is armed and ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body, he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in his face and body. Realism is not at issue here. John Woo is a ballet-master action director; part magician, part schlock-movie maker. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up to shoot again. The movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Main Street Cinemas; Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

4 Little Girls—Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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INTERVIEW
"THE SUMMER'S MOST MOVING LOVE STORY!"

SISKEL & EBERT
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USA TODAY
"JUST WHAT WE NEED IN A SUMMER OF HOMOGENEOUS HOLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTERS! Judi Dench and Billy Connolly are perfect!"

NEWSWEEK
"'MRS. BROWN' SEDUCES!"

Judi Dench Billy Connolly

HER MAJESTY MRS. BROWN

MIRAMAX FILMS, BBC FILMS AND WGBH/MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE IN ASSOCIATION WITH IRISH SCREEN PRESENT AN ECOSSE FILMS PRODUCTION "MRS. BROWN" WITH ANTONY SHER GEOFFREY PALMER RICHARD PASCO DAVID WESTHEAD CASTING DIRECTOR MICHELLE GUISH PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARTIN CHILDS COMPOSER STEPHEN WARBECK EDITOR ROBIN SALES DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RICHARD GREATREX BSC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DOUGLAS RAE ANDREA CALDERWOOD REBECCA EATON NIGEL WARREN-GREEN WRITTEN BY JEREMY BROCK PRODUCED BY SARAH CURTIS DIRECTED BY JOHN MADDEN

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cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
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How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE - The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world. See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

lives of four Sunday-school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Guild 50th St.*

Gabbeh—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Good Burger—Kel Mitchell and Kenan Thompson star as two fast-food employees who help elevate their lowly establishment into a hot spot. Directed by Brian Robbins. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Guantanamera—A Cuban comedic social commentary about a former university teacher who takes a cross-island trip and finds her true self. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods is the best thing in the movie and plays Hades as a chiseling con man, using the ripe Megara to trap the young champion. Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin,* does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Centre Sunnyside; Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre.*

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theater VII, Chelsea West, Lincoln Square.*

Late Bloomers—Two women in a tiny Southern town fall in love. Written by Gretchen Dyer and directed by Julia Dyer. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

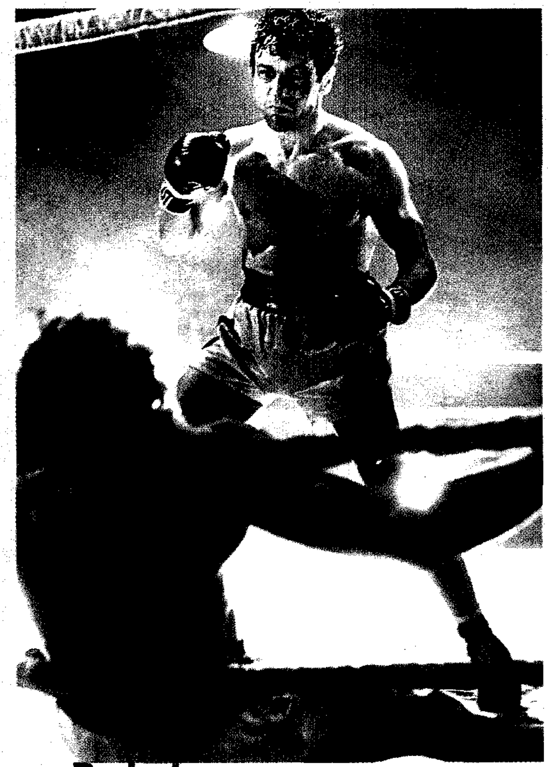
The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park,* journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the secret island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs. Spielberg and screenwriter David Koepp seem both timid and exploitative, afraid to offend the animal-rights movement even while using animals to rip humans to shreds. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film, a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the new local D.J. and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) Opens Friday.

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty,* has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality: The extraordinary is treated as routine business. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. Rick Baker, the great makeup-effects designer, works here with his usual ferocious skill but with a new spirit of gothic wit that he may have picked up from Sonnenfeld. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Mrs. Brown is not as powerful as *The Madness of King George,* but it's fascinating and bleakly funny. The theater and TV director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate raillery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." The queen obviously admires this imposing Scottish masculinity of kilts and exposed knees and vigorous, direct speech. Connolly might be a working-class lover out of D. H. Lawrence—hearty and happily dominating—yet this lover possesses no erotic drive that we can see, or, rather, his drive all flows into an ecstasy of service. In his way, he becomes the craziest of courtiers: He believes he possesses the queen. *Mrs. Brown* has its tremulous, precious side—they will touch, but will they kiss?—and the movie could easily have become insufferable. But Madden and the screenwriter, Jeremy Brock, stick to the psychological realities of the situation and don't embarrass us. *Mrs. Brown,* with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the enlivening presence of the actor and author Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who



Revival
Glove Story

A 1980 boxing classic with post-Tyson resonance: Scorsese's acclaimed 'Raging Bull,' the saga of a brutish former title-holder. Starring Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci. At Anthology Film Archives, beginning August 1.

Photograph courtesy of the Anthology Film Archives.

is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. In Jules's head, Michael has always belonged to her. She has, however, never realized how much she loves him until she's threatened with losing him forever. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago (which looks dazzling here), and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. Her rival, young Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), a junior at the University of Chicago, is a very nice girl and quite selflessly in love with Michael—so selflessly that she is willing (despite misgivings) to give up her prospective career for him. How can we root for Jules to send Kimmy packing? We can't. It's hard as well to know what to make of Michael. Here's a young sports reporter who gets all huffy about his integrity, yet he's marrying the daughter of the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Is he merely deluded? Stupid? What causes two beautiful women to knock themselves out for him? The movie has the structure of a romantic comedy, but its characters don't fit into that structure. Julia Roberts is working for something—marriage to Dermot Mulroney—that doesn't make sense for her. The movie has nowhere to go; all it can do is spin around, though some of the spinning is highly entertaining. Rupert Everett, who has played highborn louts in his English movies, makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P.J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Nothing to Lose—Martin Lawrence plays a would-be carjacker who makes the mistake of targeting disenfranchised white guy Tim Robbins. Written and directed by Steve Oedekerk. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

187—A science teacher (Samuel L. Jackson) is stabbed by a student whom he refused to pass and, one year later, returns to the profession with a vengeance. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Operation Condor—The latest in action from Jackie Chan, in which our hero kicks ass all over the world. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Centre Sunnyside; Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; 84th Street; Plaza .*

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon reteam for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; National Theatre.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 86th Street East.*

★**La Promesse**—In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The Dardenne brothers use a handheld camera, and much of the film has a hustling, caught-on-the-run quality; we see little acts of desperation and pleasure as people exchange money or rush down obscure corridors. And because the picture is so brazen and energetic, it is never depressing. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shooting Porn—A documentary about the gay-porn industry, by Ronnie Larsen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Spawn—An action-adventure thriller based on the best-selling comic book about a resurrected dark hero bent on revenge against the man who murdered him. With John Leguizamo and Martin Sheen. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *New Coliseum; Nova.*

Star Maps—The story of a young Los Angeleno named Carlos who dreams of becoming a movie star while he works for his pimp father, selling maps to the stars' homes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Winner—A thriller about a group of low-aiming

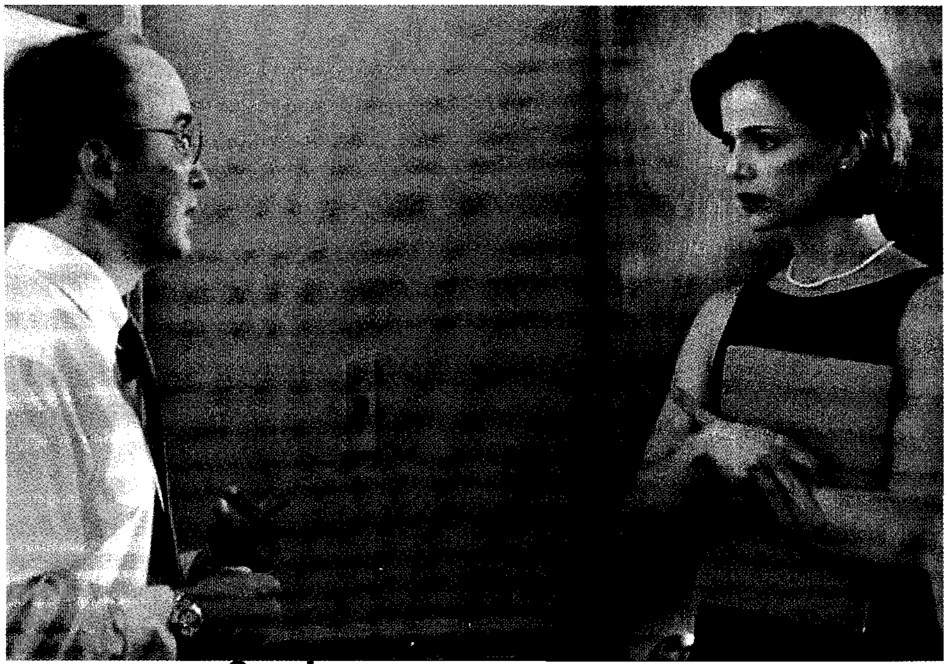
Photograph by Elise Lockwood/Miramax.

Talent

Love's Comeuppance

The Australian films we Americans are so intrigued by are generally populated by quirky characters living in towns with funny names—cinematic characteristics, according to Sydney writer and director Shirley Barrett (pictured above), that are encouraged by her country's government-funded artistic freedom. "We don't have any rigorous controls over us," she explains. "You get to make pretty much the film that you want to make, so they turn out idiosyncratic probably because of that." But, she adds, "I actually suspect that they look a lot more exotic to you than they do to us."

Especially when your film's got that old semi-autobiographical mark on it. Barrett's first feature, *Love Serenade* (opening August 1), draws on her memories of young-girl yearnings and vacations in places of "relentless bleakness." Vicki-Ann and Dimity are sisters, trapped in a place called Sunray, who fight for the attentions of the undeserving new radio D.J. in town, Ken Sherry. Their wooing consists of presenting the reptilian Sherry with love tokens like a chicken casserole and an I WUV YOU balloon. Vicki-Ann, on a love-addled morning-after high, even pulls her wedding dress out of her hope chest. Ultimately, what the sisters finally wrest from Sherry is not commitment but independence. "I was intrigued by the peculiarly feminine trait of young women to romanticize the notion of love," says Barrett, who spent seven years directing television drama before *Love Serenade's* script was picked up by producer and countrywoman Jan Chapman (of *The Piano* fame). Now married with two children, Barrett is happy that her unworthy teenage crushes created such worthy material. "In the movie, Ken says to Dimity, 'Don't go getting too fond of me'—someone actually said that to me once! I stored that away and was pleased to use it." She laughs. "It felt cathartic." **PATRICIA FALVO**



Opening Yuppie Scum

Sundance prize winner *In the Company of Men* explores a darker side of corporate life, where two mid-level executives take their frustrations out on a deaf temp. Opens August 1.

and low-achieving hustlers in Las Vegas. With Vincent D'Onofrio and Rebecca DeMornay. Directed by Alex Cox. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggy mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez *(Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise)* loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Everything is seen very clearly and plainly, without exaggeration: Ulee's work is repetitive and undramatic; a couple of young Florida hoods are just banal and stupid. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out as he tries to pull his family together. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; 86th Street; Regency.*

When the Cat's Away—A lonely, heartsick Parisian girl (Garance Clavel) is aided in the search for her lost cat by an entire network of people she never knew existed. Written and directed by Cédric Klapisch. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Mrs. Brown; The Pillow Book; Shall We Dance?; Star Maps; Ulee's Gold.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Good Burger; Temptress Moon.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Shooting Porn.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Contempt.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Alive and Kicking; Guantanamera; Late Bloomers; When the Cat's Away.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Café Society.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Contact; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; The Winner.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Kiss Me Guido; Men in Black.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Contact; Face/Off; Good Burger; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Ulee's Gold.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Face/Off; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *187; Air Force One; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Kiss Me Guido; George of the Jungle.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Air Force One; Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Follow Me Home; Kama Sutra.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Contact.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off; Chasing Amy.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Dream With the Fishes; Hercules; Out to Sea; Temptress Moon.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Contact.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *George of the Jungle.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Ulee's Gold.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Nothing to Lose.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Con Air; George of the Jungle; Good Burger.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *4 Little Girls; Hercules.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Operation Condor.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) .

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Face/Off; Operation Condor.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Nothing to Lose.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Anaconda; Breakdown; The Daytrippers; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Volcano.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Shall We Dance?.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Ulee's Gold; A Simple Wish.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; The Pillow Book.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Brassed Off.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *187; Chasing Amy; Con Air; Good Burger; The Lost World; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Men in Black; Air Force One.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Good Burger.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Star Maps.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh; Guantanamera; La Promesse; Shall We Dance?; Temptress Moon; When the Cat's Away.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Air Force One; Box of Moonlight; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Kiss Me Guido; Mrs. Brown; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Face/Off; Air Force One.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.* Opening 8/1: *Spawn.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules; Men in Black.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold.*

Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Air Force One; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Air Force One; Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Air Force One; Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *George of the Jungle; Face/Off.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Good Burger; Men in Black; Operation Condor.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Air Force One; Contact; Men in Black.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Face/Off; Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; A Simple Wish.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Air Force One; Good Burger; Nothing to Lose.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; When the Cat's Away.*
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Air Force One; Face/Off; Good Burger; Nothing to Lose.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Contact; Good Burger; Hercules; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Ulee's Gold.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Operation Condor; Out to Sea; Ulee's Gold.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Face/Off; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Air Force One; Contact; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *My Best Friend's Wedding; Contact.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Nothing to Lose.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Batman & Robin; Men in Black; A Simple Wish.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Good Burger; Operation Condor.*
Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Air Force One; Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Nothing to Lose.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Out to Sea.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Nouveau Noir." 8/2: *Taxi Driver* (1976) and *True Confessions* (1981). 8/3: *Cutter's Way* (1981) and *The Underneath* (1995). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.
Anthology Film Archives—"VI Italian Summer Festival Part 1: De Sica." 7/28-7/29: *Teresa Venerdí* (1941) and *Miracolo a Milano* (1950). 7/30-31: *L'Oro di Napoli* (1955) and *Pane Amore e Fantasia* (1953). 7/30-7/31 and 8/3: Shorts by Ed Emshwiller. "Robert Gardner." 8/1: Twelve shorts, plus *Dead Birds* (1964) and *Blunden Harbour* (1951). 8/2: *Rivers of Sand* (1974) and *Mark Tobey Abroad* (1973). Also, 8/1-8/2: Dean Bivins's *The Electric Urn* (1997). 8/1-8/3: *Raging Bull* (1980) and *Lisbon Story* (1995). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.
Brooklyn Museum of Art—"New Films from Brazil." 8/2: *Um céu de estrelas(1996).* 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $4.
Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/28: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953). 8/4: *King Kong* (1933). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.
Casa La Femme—8/3: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).
Different Light—8/3: *Airport 75* (1974). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 7/28: *Little Annie Roonie* (1925) and *The Little Princess* (1917). 8/4: *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1921) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929). "Killer B's." 7/29 and 7/30: *Revenge of Frankenstein* (1958) and *Torture Garden* (1967). 7/31: *Shockproof* (1949) and *Scandal Sheet* (1952). 8/1: *He Ran All the Way* (1951) and *Tension* (1950). 8/2 and 8/3: *They Live by Night* (1949) and *Side Street* (1949). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.
Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)— "The Sixth New York Video Festival." From 7/28-7/31: *A Life Apart: Hasidim in America* (1996) and *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (1958). "Latin American Cinema of the 90s." 8/1: *Tieta do Agreste (1996).* 8/2-8/4: *Desnudo con Naranjas* (1996), *Caballos Salvajes* (1996), and *Bajo La Piel* (1996). "Movies for Kids." *I Was a Male War Bride* (1949). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.
French Institute—7/29: *Danton* (1983). 8/5: *Montparnasse 19* (1957). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.
Museum of Modern Art— 7/28: Smiles of a Summer Night (1955). 7/28 and 7/31: Tough Guys Don't Dance (1987). 7/29: Cries and Whispers (1972) and Late Spring (1949). 7/31: Wild Strawberries (1957). "Written and Directed by . . ." 8/1 and 8/2: One, Two, Three (1961), The Conversation (1974), and Born on the Fourth of July (1989). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.
Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—The Guilt Trade." 7/31-8/10: *Wet Saturday* (1956), *The Horseplayer* (1961), and *I Saw the Whole Thing* (1962). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.
Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

One-Shot Underground Film

The first viewing of HBO's 'Subway Stories'—a film based on ten true MTA tales, starring Denis Leary, Rosie Perez, Mercedes Ruehl, and others—is fittingly reserved for the urban public. Free at Bryant Park, July 29, at sunset. (Rain date is July 30.)

Photograph by John Clifford/HBO.

theater

Mamet in Paris...*On the Town*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

1776—At a time when Broadway is finding musical potential in prostitutes and sinking ships, a show about the Declaration of Independence hardly seems a stretch. It did in 1969, when the production made its debut, but the improbable subject matter hardly stopped critics from embracing it—or industry veterans from bestowing it with both Tony and Drama Desk awards for Best Musical. Book by Peter Stone; music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 8/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/31. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize–winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. This makes Weller angrier and angrier, and Fonsia sweeter and sweeter, enraging her partner until the otherwise uneventful play ends in a tragicomic climax. (Simon: 5/5/97). $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous

Opening
Hello, Sailor

With no Shakespeare left in the cupboard, the organizers of the New York Shakespeare Festival had to find some felicitous replacement to fill the Delacorte stage. Their ultimate selection—perhaps inspired by the hordes mucking about during Fleet Week—was *On the Town,* which begins previews on July 31. In addition to its chipper rhythms (courtesy of Leonard Bernstein), the production features a four-story-high, 120-foot-long steel bridge, patterned after the styles of the famous spans in New York City.

musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

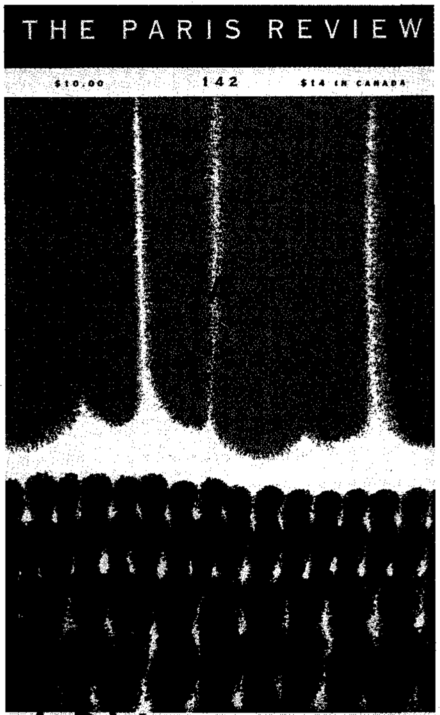
The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



In Print
Meet Mr. Mamet

David Mamet, who keeps a low public profile and rarely chats with the press, gives an engaging interview in the new theater issue of 'The Paris Review,' revealing: "I try to do as little writing as possible, as I look back on it. I like to talk on the telephone and, you know, read magazines." Other interviewees include Sam Shepard, Wendy Wasserstein, Stephen Sondheim, and (full disclosure here) our own theater critic, John Simon.

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—George Bernard Shaw's cheery discussion play, starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. In previews for an 8/7 opening. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Notions in Motion—In this modern adaptation of Pirandello's *Each in His Own Way,* no theatrical conceit is sacred: An actor bathed in the spit of an overenunciating colleague mops his face in disgust; a television screen reveals an actress offstage, reapplying her makeup. The mirthful, frame-smashing technique well serves the script's basic premise—that truth and illusion are tough to separate. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/9. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (560-7387).*

On the Town—With no Shakespeare left in the cupboard, the organizers of the New York Shakespeare Festival had to find some felicitous replacement to fill the Delacorte stage. Their ultimate selection—perhaps inspired by the hordes mucking about during Fleet Week—was this 1944 musical, which ran at the Adelphi Theater for more than a year. In addition to its chipper rhythms (courtesy of Leonard Bernstein), the production features a four-story-high, 120-foot-long steel bridge, patterned after some of the famous spans in New York City. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 7/31. *Delacorte Theater at Central Park (539-8655).*

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—In a subway station near the meatpacking district, two homeless teenagers grapple with their fates. Presented by the New American Stage Company; written by Brian Silberman. Contains strong, adult language. $25. Mon. at 8:30, Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opens 7/28. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.(239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* A whirlwind bearing

Stanley Bojarski.

Arija Bareikis.

Data Daylighting

Much to his chagrin, Stanley Bojarski has discovered that playing a pig—even an Off Broadway pig—brings home only so much bacon. Which is a shame, really: Bojarski is a first-rate sow, and an equally gifted mermaid, tree, and bosomy thespian from Wisconsin—all of which *Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly* brazenly requires. But dramatic versatility doesn't always pay the rent. "And I've been through the starving-actor thing," he says. "It gets so tired." So for the past two years, the 47-year-old has worked as a legal assistant at Dewey Ballantine, which, combined with his roles on stage, assures him financial security and an occasional elegant meal. It's not an uncommon arrangement. A number of successful, even recognizable actors toil in less glamorous settings during the day, mostly in anticipation of leaner times. Throughout the run of *Steel Pier,* Timothy Warmen, who played an Olympic athlete turned dancer, kept his job in real estate. Wisely, as it turned out—the show closed after 109 performances. Edward Hibbert, who just completed his two-month stint in a principal role in *My Night With Reg,* is a literary agent. Alexandra Foucard, an ensemble member in *Les Misérables* and the understudy for Fantine, temps in order to put her son through school, and Arija Bareikis, the wholesome cutie from *The Last Night of Ballyhoo,* works as a lifeguard at a Chelsea gym. "Actors have this terrible habit of going to the grocery store with a credit card," she explains. "I was doing that for a while." Occasionally, reports Bareikis, someone at the gym treats her rather rudely. She, in turn, has "countless egomaniacal, narcissistic fantasies" about their subsequent discovery that she's a Broadway star. Bojarski's colleagues at Dewey Ballantine, on the other hand, are a bit more solicitous; last January, a litigator wanted him to come to work in his mermaid suit. Bojarski gently declined, explaining that it would be difficult to hail a taxi in a six-foot casing of green foam and pink chiffon. "I felt bad," he confesses. "It was his birthday."

JENNIFER SENIOR

aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita.* She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Joel Colodner. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/31. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2 and 8. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Those Left Behind—While a female stranger is checking his forehead for a fever, a man slams face-forward onto the countertop of a Hoboken diner, pulverizing his glasses and spraying the customers with blood. The attempt to determine whether this was her doing or his, and what possible circumstances could lead up to this untidy moment, makes up the rest of this Ben Bettenbender play, presented by The Directors Company. $12. Mon.–Fri. at 8. Opened 7/15. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (246-5877).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Photographs: top, Gerry Goodstein; bottom, T. Charles Erickson.

Gross *continued from page 29*

lot was just hearsay," he says. "It was bad. But you know what? We weathered it." Indeed, many think it proved to be a wake-up call for Coady, who soon settled down away from the scene with a highly regarded second wife. Fairchild makes a point of stressing Coady's continuing role: "Michael is essential to the equation."

Coady proved that in the next several years. Fairchild's numbers had been dicey since 1985, when ad revenues at many of its publications dipped. Profits fell steadily through 1989, when *WWD* was often thin as a waif model. *WWD* fought back with special advertiser-friendly sections, a redesign, and reorganization. By 1991, Coady and his Cap Cities/ABC bosses had entirely reorganized the company.

At the time, another rival was rising. *M*'s longtime editor, Kevin Doyle, had moved to Paris in 1991 to launch a bold experiment—*W Fashion Life,* a tabloid-size perfect-bound fashion magazine, published simultaneously in English, French, German, and Italian. The fashion world soon started putting down bets on Doyle vs. McCarthy. But after three and a half years, *W Fashion Life* was shut down—killed by translation costs—and Doyle went to work as the head of P.R. for Giorgio Armani.

Translation costs weren't the only problem. The fashion business was shrinking, and so was fashion-ad spending. It was a scary moment. "Oh, yeah," McCarthy says. "Worse than scary. Scary I can deal with. Depression, constant." *W* had to adapt to the new reality. "There just wasn't enough interest anymore to buy a weekly fashion newspaper. And we had to have a product that the newsstand dealers in Chicago and Cincinnati recognized. What was *W*? It was this strange animal. It was all over the place—all over the floor. We had been too long in this netherworld. We had to get into [the fashion-magazine business]." Coady suggested it was time to change *W.*

In the mid-nineties, McCarthy assumed more of both Coady's and Fairchild's responsibilities, and *WWD* also started changing. There were still stumbles. In 1993, for instance, McCarthy admits, he was "desperate to invent my own star." He picked a handsome young designer from California, Mark Eisen, and gave him a *WWD* cover and two pages inside in the midst of the New York fashion shows. McCarthy was mocked. "I learned you cannot will the story if it's really not there," he says softly. "He wasn't the second coming. Very few people are."

More typically, McCarthy's judgments have been sound. "The recession was in many ways a great boon to *Women's Wear,* because it clearly delineated our future role," McCarthy says. "If we were to cover fashion, it couldn't just be Calvin, Oscar, Bill, Ralph, Yves, and Giorgio. You have to be a much more broad newspaper." And although *Women's Wear* is still Fairchild's defining publication, the engine that drives the company, "*W* has become much more important," McCarthy says. "It's a different kettle of fish."

So too the world they cover, which no longer includes in-and-out lists or slavish attentiveness to "society." *W* and *WWD* have "pretty much abandoned society," McCarthy says. "Nobody knows these people's names anymore. They don't care. They don't exist. It used to be you wanted to see Babe Paley in your clothes. The big story of our time is the entertainment-fashion complex: *Let's get Uma Thurman to wear our dress.*"

Fairchild wants into that hot new nexus as much as Disney wants a presence in magazines. They plan to cut a wide swath with *Los Angeles* (or *L.A.,* as it may be renamed in the Fairchild tradition) and Jane Pratt's *Jane,* a *Glamour*-like lifestyle magazine for young women that will debut this fall. Nobody's talking about *Jane* yet, although McCarthy and Pratt are talking to advertisers; the day after Gianni Versace's death, they had a long lunch with big spender Tommy Hilfiger. In Los Angeles, there's a wait-and-see attitude. The assumption is that McCarthy will take ex-editor Michael Caruso's *Vanity Fair* manqué and turn it into something more like *W* with movie listings. It will certainly be a softer publication. Under Disney's ownership, it's unlikely to offer no-holds-barred coverage of the movies. And McCarthy isn't opposed to printing a fib on behalf of the home team. Though he fired Michael Caruso himself, *WWD* printed that Caruso resigned.

But success in L.A. is as much about style as about substance. New editor Spencer Beck has boasted of finding an apartment that lets him walk to work. "So unhip," a staff member at the competing *Buzz* snipes. "*Sooo* New York."

The McCarthy Era *WWD* is more even-handed to designers than it's been in the past, and it no longer prints self-serving "reviews" of collections from retailers. But it still has teeth, even if its jabs are couched in code known only to the cognoscenti. "Generally speaking, when *Women's Wear* describes clothes, *Women's Wear* doesn't like the clothes but feels the need to describe them," McCarthy says dryly.

McCarthy stoutly defends his coverage of designers and favored social figures and says his relationships with some of them never affect the way they are covered. "You find out pretty quickly who your friends are, and who wants you to get their name in the paper, and who doesn't talk to you after something is in *WWD* that they don't like," he says. His friends—most of them people *WWD* covers—say he never confuses work and friendship, but neither will they tempt him. "There are probably things I wouldn't say," Ian Schrager admits, "just to not put it to the test."

But Schrager may be overstating McCarthy's menace. "He's a corporation man," one less-than-admiring type snipes. So it's possible McCarthy now needs to be a little less careful. He avoids controversy the way Fairchild once courted it. His *WWD* is more responsible but less fun than Fairchild's was. It is too often a hometown booster and less frequently as critical as it might be. House favorites like Donna Karan, Calvin Klein, and Schrager are often defended when they're attacked in other publications. McCarthy says Karan, she of the lagging stock price, should get to spend as much money as she wants in pursuit of creative excellence. Though *WWD* doesn't always break the news on Calvin, it gets the next best thing: the interview. When Calvin Klein was rumored to have AIDS, he denied it exclusively in *WWD.* And, of course, Klein never did get sick. "What I like most is that Patrick is always correct," says Gabriella Forte, now the president of Calvin Klein. "It's a tightrope," McCarthy sighs. "But you walk it."

"I'M STAYING FOR TWO MINUTES; IT'S THE enemy camp," McCarthy warns as we taxi uptown to a Condé Nast party for his friend Billy Norwich, who's just joined *House & Garden.* Entering the party at Nica's, the new restaurant in the Stanhope Hotel, he turns down a martini ("No thanks, too early," he says), whispers in the ear of Donna Karan's P.R. person, and then greets Norwich. "You came," the guest of honor says proudly. "You've broken your rule."

"I had to be here," McCarthy replies, whispering for a moment before taking a quick dip into the room. He greets a Ralph Lauren P.R. man and the writer Brad Gooch, and he shares moments with embattled climber Sandy Hill and socialite Carolyne Roehm. "I always feel like the mayor at these parties," he says. On his way out the door, he lingers for a minute with socialite Nina Griscom. She suggests McCarthy join her in a game of bridge with designer Isaac Mizrahi: "He's really hot." "Then let's not," McCarthy demurs. His guard drops for an instant. "I hate to lose." Then he's out the door, alone again in the light. ■

art

Collection of Roland Pease...Adolescents

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Emanuele de Reggi—Small figurative sculptures; through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Abraham J. Bogdanov—Paintings of views of Monhegan Island, Maine, where the Russian-born artist (1886–1946) spent his summers; through 9/27. Spahierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Victor Vasarely—A survey of paintings from the thirties through the seventies by the founder of Op-Art (1908–1997); through 8/1. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Choong-Sup Lim—An installation of display cases in which found objects have been assembled; through 9/3. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Kim MacConnel/Jeff Perrone—A project inspired by the nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock prints known as "!00 Views of Mt. Fuji From the Fujiwara Prefecture," in which large-scale groupings of photographs are arranged to mimic tourist viewpoint plaques and panoramas from several locations surrounding Mt. Fuji; through 8/23/New works that incorporate the artist's ceramic tiles as well as African and Indian textiles; through 8/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

J. Abbott Miller—An installation of 525 books that are the size and shape of bricks and arranged in a series of masonry constructions; through 8/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Chelsea

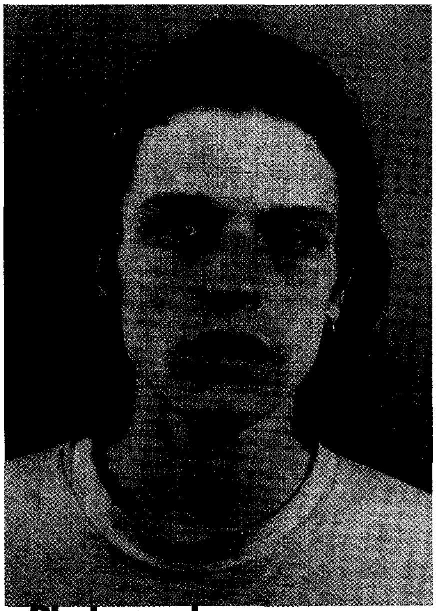
Kim Abeles—An installation titled *Some South American Women Artists: Evita Peron and Carmen Miranda*; through 8/3. Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a performance given by the artist using those objects; through 8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Photography In Your Face

For all the roiling turmoil within, teenagers often have somewhat characterless, guppy-stage faces. Which is why in "Adolescents," a group show of teen portraiture by Diane Arbus, Adam Bartos, Rineke Dijkstra, Eve Fowler (above, *Untitled*, 1996/97), Judith Joy Ross, and others, it's details like hairstyle, clothing, and posture that offer hints of personality. At Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway; through September 6 (closed August 15 through September 1).

Other

Bertrand Ivanoff—A site-specific installation of a light cascade of water on the floors of an empty warehouse adjacent to the Staten Island Ferry, hosted by the Snug Harbor Cultural Center's Newhouse Center of Contemporary Art; through 9/7. 1 Bay St., Lot #175, Staten Island (718-448-2500), Fri.–Sun. 3–7.

Frank Lloyd Wright—Lithographs of architectural designs printed in Berlin in 1910; through 8/31. Hammonds, 154 W. 10th St. (255-5935), Tues.–Sun. 2–7.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). New sculptures by Apfelbaum, Ashkin, Baron, Feher, Greco, Levine, Paine, Soriano, others; through 8/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Happily Married: American Frames (and Their Paintings) 1725–1950," with picture frames by the Foster Brothers and Herman Dudley of Boston, and Newcomb-Macklin and Albert Milch of New York, and paintings by Hassam, Marin, Maurer, Prendergast, others; through 9/19.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Freak Show: Side Show Banner Paintings," with works from the forties and fifties by P. Barnett, Fred Johnson, Johnny Meah, Al Renton, and Snap Wyatt; through 8/15.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "One-Line Drawing," for which 40 artists have created works based on a directive from the gallery limiting the finished work to one interrupted action in the medium of the artist's choice; through 7/31.

Werner—21 E. 67th St. (988-1623). Paintings by Baselitz, Kirkeby, Leroy, Lüpertz; through 9/6.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works incorporating the image of one or more hands, by Arneson, Barsness, Bedia, Neshat, Stashkevetch, others; through 8/6.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the readymade urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; through 8/8.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings from the collection of Roland Pease—many of them purchased from this gallery during the fifties—by Blaine, Freilicher, Gorchov, Hartigan, Rivers, others; through 9/13.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works by Lord, Price, and Woodman; through 8/15.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Baumgarten, Casebere, Muñoz, Penone, Richter, others; through 8/29.

Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings and photographs of aerial perspectives by Bordo, Innerst, Jacquette, Wegman, Wilson, Yarber; through 8/15.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Calder, Judd, Lichtenstein, Martin, Oldenburg/van-Brueggen, Schnabel, Smith; through 8/22.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them

Photograph courtesy of the Julie Saul Gallery.

Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944 through 1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirshfield, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Secrets," with works by Bell, Caponigro, Cook, Weber, Wilde; 8/5–8/22.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). Works by Krushenick, Stanley, Stevenson, Twardowicz, Redinger; through 8/30.

Art et Industrie—52 Thompson St. (966-6800). Recent sculpture by Avedisian, Clark, Henderson, Nicolai, Parker, Ryan, Snyder, Sunnarborg; through 8/16.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Collective Action," with works by Alexeev, Elagina, Monastyrsky, Panitkov, others; through 8/16.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Blair, Fecteau, Hawkins, Wurtz; through 8/15.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Magnetic," with works on paper by Dorner, Inness, Leonilsen, Prendergast, Sarmento, Ruscha; through 9/5.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.

Printed Matter, Inc.—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "Summer Reading," with artists' books by Ess, Guzman, Hahif, Kupferberg, Schor, Sheehan, the Tinklers, others; through 8/30.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.

Steinbaum Krauss—132 Greene St. (431-4224). "Hung Out to Dry," with works by Benes, Brandt, Chunn, C. Cramer, R. Cramer, Cruz, Edelson, Lovell, Norvell, Schapiro, Schor, Semmel, Shimomura, Wexler, others; through 8/28.

Teller—568 Broadway (941-7335). Prints from the twenties through the forties that depict people dancing, by Bacon, Benton, Biddle, Demuth, Homer, Nelson, others; through 8/28.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Feher, Halley, Herrera, Kawara, Kopstiansky, Rosen, Walker, others; through 8/8.

Chelsea

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). Works by nine artists that explore the connection between time and memory in response to specific spaces; through 8/16.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Works by gallery and invited artists, including Amer, Bellavista, Elizondo, Ocampo, Siquier, others; through 8/18.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6. Digital and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Vernon Blvd. at Broadway, Long Island City (718-956-1819), open daily, 10 A.M. to sunset. "From the Ground Up," with new sculpture by Baron, Di Suvero, Jagger, Van Alstine, others; through 9/1.

Photography

Arsenal—The Arsenal Building, in Central Park at 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (360-3410), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. "Horsing Around: A Frisky History of Equines in Parks," featuring more than 50 photographs of horses taken between 1860 and 1994 from the Parks Photo Archive; through 9/4.

Lillian Bassman—Vintage prints by this photographer whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology; through 8/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Marianne Courville—Lifochrome prints of the artist's film stills and of stills from home movies made by her father and grandfather; through 8/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

George Daniell—Photographs of New York in the thirties and forties; through 8/1. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.

Larry Fink/Jock Sturges—Images that reveal the various manifestations of power—in sports, on Wall Street, and in fashion—by this photographer whose work is currently on exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art/Recent portraits of girls. Through 8/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of the artist's friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Erich Hartmann—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7.

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935 and 1955; through 8/15. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Recent photographs by Barth, Dijkstra, Moffatt, van Lamsweerde; through 8/29.

Fred McDarrah—Vintage prints from the sixties, including images of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Robert F. Kennedy, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Lisette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York–based photographer (1901–1983); through 9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6; free.

Newseum/NY—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596), Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 10–5. "Replay! Great Photo Moments from *Sports Illustrated*," with more than 100 pictures from the fifties to the present; through 10/25.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by gallery artists, including Barber, Cody, Epstein, Gentl, McLaughlin, Phelps, Prozzo, others; through 9/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs on the theme of summer pleasures, by Cartier-Bresson, La Chapelle, Miller, Ritts, von Unwerth, others; through 9/6.

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). "L'Homme at Home: Photographs of Male Nudes From the Nineteenth Century to the Present"; through 9/6.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!," with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . . 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1970." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; through 9/14. . . . "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metropolitan area; through 9/14. . . . "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five women artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; through 9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. . . . "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/24. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that re-creates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high-school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." *A survey of* recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. . . . "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Fri. 11–3, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. . . . "Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897–1983); through 9/7. . . . "Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . . "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . . "More Than One: *Twentieth-Century* Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . . "Paris/The 1890s." Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. . . . "Projects: John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans"; through 9/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

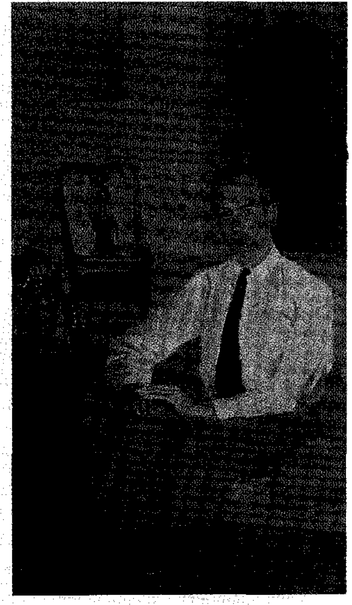
National Academy of Design—"A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley;" through 9/13. . . . "Maiden Voyages." *An exhibition of writers' first* books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . . "Taking Flight: John

Retrospective Life Studies



Collecting was the last thing on Roland Pease's mind when he wandered into an opening at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery in 1951. Pease's wife had recently died, and he had just moved from Boston to New York to work as a reporter for United Press. His home—until he could find something large enough to accommodate his two young children—was a room in a friend's townhouse on East 53rd Street, at that time across the street from the De Nagy gallery. Pease was making a clean sweep, and the art he encountered matched his mood: "When I walked into that chaos of Abstract Expressionism, I saw poetry, but I also instantly saw the pain," recalls Pease. "I was adjusting to chaos in my own life, and I saw that this group of artists, who led very different lives from me, was speaking to me." Pease became a close friend of De Nagy, a charming Hungarian who'd escaped the Nazis and moonlighted as a banker to support his gallery. He gradually acquired some works—mostly small-scale paintings—by the gallery's artists, unwittingly amassing the collection contained in "Art & Friendship: Selections From the Roland F. Pease Collection" (Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, near 56th Street; through August 8 and reopening September 2, through September 13). Pease, who once swapped his piano for a Larry Rivers painting, and who in 1958 commissioned Fairfield Porter to paint his portrait (above) when De Nagy told him the artist was short of cash, is keeping the camaraderie alive: The Frances Lehman Loeb Art Center at Vassar College will be the recipient of his entire collection—including early paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, Grace Hartigan, Ron Gorchov, Red Grooms, Robert Goodnough, Jane Wilson, and others. "They helped me," Pease says. "Bumping into all of those crazy bohemians opened my mind to life and art." **Edith Newhall**

Photograph courtesy of the Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—A comprehensive collection of sculpture, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets, and lamps by the American-Japanese sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students (on Sat. and Sun. the museum operates a $5 roundtrip shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from Park Ave. and 70th St. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour).

Queens Museum—"The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922–1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/30 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorative Arts, and Paintings." On view from 7/25.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/30 and 7/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 7/23.

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Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

FUJI RDPII
RDPII 5
RDPII 4

Opening
Night and Day

The meatpacking district's particularly nocturnal rhythms have created a daytime-hangout vacuum. Now a pair of transplanted Long Islanders—one a lawyer, the other an engineer—hope to change all that with **Coffee Grounds,** *a bright, cozy café–cum–living room with a pastry-and-sandwich menu, a live-music-and-readings schedule, and an attic's worth of board games. (9 Ninth Avenue, at Little West 12th Street.)*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio,* a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selec-

Photograph by Robert Wright.

tion of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept—Brick-walled, softly-lit Parisian-style bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr. 181 W. 10th St. (645-8023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of inexpensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtown branch satisfies all manner of macaroni cravings, with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodka, and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami su, the house dessert. *18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The *au courant* Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden ap-

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ples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées, such as crisp cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoule vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run $14-$17. *226 Third Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

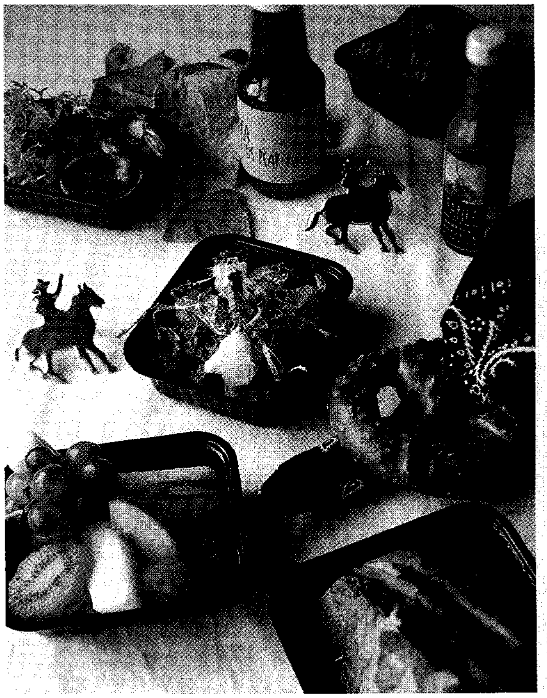
Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Stylized diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Takeout **Urban cowboys can have Tapika cater next week's Garth Brooks concert in Central Park with a boxed country-and-western picnic dinner perfectly suited to the occasion, with red-chili-sauced roasted lemon shrimp, black-bean purée with chorizo and goat cheese, homemade pretzels, banana-and-chipotle brownies, and cactus-pear punch. ($20 per person; call 397-3737 to order before August 6.)**

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

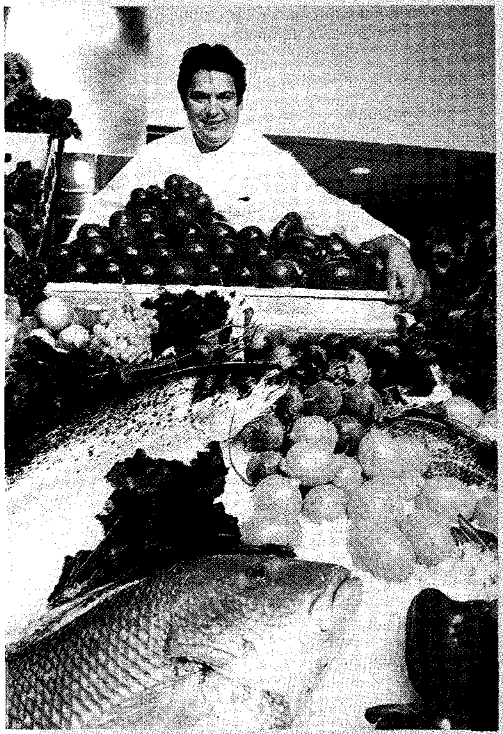
Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



Opening

Point and Eat

Fifty-fifth Street continues to look more and more like a reborn Restaurant Row. Lespinasse, La Côte Basque, La Bonne Soupe, and Michael's are some of the more established names. And now, farther west, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, Osteria del Circo and Christer's are joined by Estiatorio Milos (125 West 55th Street), the New York cousin of Montreal's famed Milos, a Greek seafood restaurant specializing in fresh charcoal-broiled fish and seasonal vegetables. As in Montreal, the ambience and the food are assertively simple. No tacky fishnets overhead, no decrepit bouzoukis blasting from overtaxed speakers. Milos's interior is a spare and elemental mix of glass, wood, cement, steel, and the same serenely white Pentelic marble that the Greeks used to build the Parthenon. The result is a space that has a Philip Johnson Glass House feel with a touch of downtown loft thrown in. Throughout this minimalist design, owner Costas Spiliadis (pictured) has placed large amphorae from the isle of Lésvos and well-worn millstones from the Greek mainland. Illumination is provided by gigantic (but not blinding) incandescent fixtures that are commonly used by commercial fishermen in Greece to attract their catch at night. The food concept is equally classic. From a display of organic fruits, vegetables, and herbs, and a similarly large panoply of fresh fish, the diner picks his or her meal, has it weighed, and then waits at table for it to be delivered after it has been charcoal-grilled with olive oil, lemon juice, and organic herbs. Fresh and simple, like the best of Greek cuisine.

Peter Kaminsky

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

August Moon—This new candlelit, serene Chinese restaurant specializes in Hunan and Cantonese cuisine. Try the homemade dumplings, steamed whole fish, or Peking duck carved tableside. *145 W. 58th St. (581-2288). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

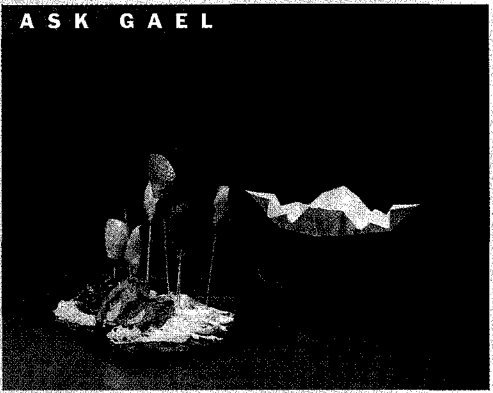
Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening.

ASK GAEL



Can Eastern aesthetics satisfy omnivorous hunger?

At Inagiku in the Waldorf, we bow to the spend-more, eat-less ethos. Eyes and taste buds feed on barbecued-eel napoleon layered with shiitake, sake-marinated black cod, and impeccable tempura. Banners of fish furled on skewers get dunked into a handsomely mounted paper cone for the ritual bath. Tuna sashimi three ways, seaweed spaghettini with squid, foie gras frappé, and sea-urchin canapés woo Western tastes. Adam Tihany's overhead surfboards and azure panels lift the energy level of this dusty space. Kimono-garbed waitresses bubble with a vigor all their own. Main courses $18 to $29, $89 for rare Wagyu steak. (111 East 49th Street.)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Opening

Russian Unorthodox

Svoboda, the new East Village restaurant, cigar bar (!), and cousin of Brighton Beach's flamboyant Rasputin, may be nominally Slavic—it means "freedom" in Russian—but the menu is flagrantly all-over-the-map. Chef (and Quilted Giraffe alum) Gregory Baumel concocts weird variants of sushi (with mashed potatoes), dumplings (stuffed with sweet potatoes and cider-poached chicken), and pizza (with filet mignon and jalapeños), plus the to-be-expected caviar and blinis. (248 East 5th Street.)

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well-appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

5th Annual Down East Clambake and Lobsterfest!

Every night
from 5 to 11 pm
through Sept. 8th

1 1/4 lb. Lobster
Steamed Clams and Mussels
With Boiled Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Corn Bread and Coleslaw
and for dessert
New York Cheesecake
All for $25.95

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(212) 332-7620

nightlife

Adam Pascal...Elliott Smith...Mose Allison

Concerts

Aerosmith—America's oldest (and most resilient) teenagers haven't lost anything that made them such titans of adolescence way back in the stone ages. Need proof? Just check out their family-friendly *Nine Lives*. Sample title: "Falling in Love (Is Hard on the Knees)"; sample lyric: "Pink. It's my favorite crayon, yeah." All of which, of course, makes the boys from Boston the perfect sugar-coated diversion for a hot August night—at least in the absence of another Kiss reunion tour. With blues-guitar *wunderkind* Jonny Lang. 8/6 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Björn Again—Dance pop that's not just ABBA-esque—it's actually ABBA! (Or at least an extremely skillful simulacrum.) 7/31 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $18.50.*

"Blues Cruise"—Every Wednesday, it's blue music on the harbor's somewhat blue water. 7/30: Johnny "Clyde" Copeland. Cruises at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines, Pier 16, South Street Seaport (1-888-DA-BLUES). $20–$25.*

BMI/New York Jazz Orchestra—7/31 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330) Free.*

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and readings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 8/1: The Dirty Dozen—still a low-down dirty brass band, but with a briefer moniker. 8/2: Duke Robillard Band; Mem Shannon; Michael Hill's Blues Mob. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). Free ($3 suggested contribution).*

Central Park SummerStage—The great New York institution, in its twelfth year. 8/1: Experimental pianist-cum-poetess Diamanda Galás. 8/2: Café Tacuba, Mexico City's greatest rock-Latino hybridists. With King Chango and guest D.J.'s Mario Caldato and Money Mark. 8/3: Chief Stephen Osita Osdebe; Dédé Saint-Prix; Regis Gizavo. Weekend shows at 3 P.M.; most weeknights at 8 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS). Free.*

"Dick and Derek's Annual Piano Party"—In addition to hosts Dick Hyman and Derek Smith, The Y's annual piano-thon features Ruth Laredo, Oliver Jones, and Jon Weber on the ivories. Byron Stripling, Dick Sudhalter, Kenny Davern, Bob Wilber, Phil Flanagan, and Daryl Sherman join the fun. 7/29 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Dick Hyman and the Swing Octet—Jazz in July's closing concert pairs Hyman with more of his uptown buddies, this time in a configuration last used for a 1996 tour of Japan. 7/31 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Maxwell—The smooth, seventies-inflected soul man returns for yet another night at Radio City, after a triumphal pair of shows earlier this month. 7/31 at 7:30 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Ave. of the Americas, at 50th St. (307-7171). $32–$52.*

Steve Miller Band—Of all the seventies guitar-rock that floats onto Jones Beach every summer, Miller's R&B-pop is some of the most enduring, despite that eerily soulless quality. 7/31 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantaugh, L.I. (212-307-7171). $35.*

"Moonlight Dancing in the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thur.–Sun., 6 P.M.–11 P.M. *Wollman Rink, Central Park near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). $12, or $20 per couple.*

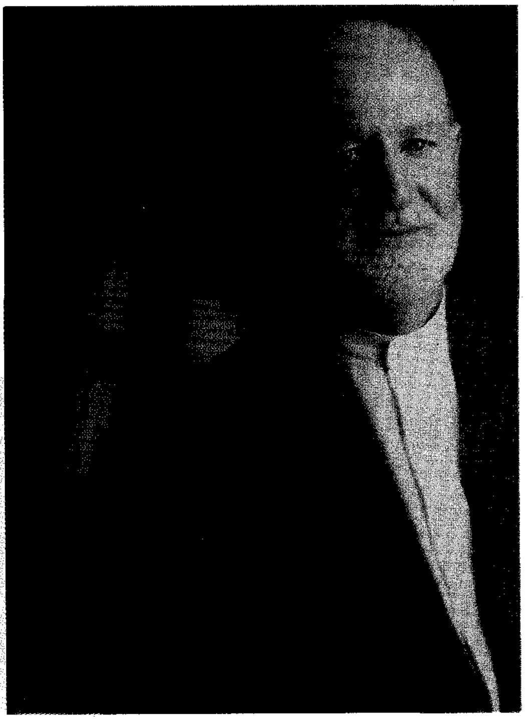
Tina Turner—Two more nights of gritty soul sounds (some might say a little *too* gritty, at this point), from Hanes's newest spokesperson. With less-than-gritty eighties-fluff star Cyndi Lauper. 8/1 and 8/2 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantaugh, L.I. (212-307-7171). $35.*

Veruca Salt—Chicago's alterna-pop hookmeisters haven't fulfilled the promise of 1995's "Seether." But who can complain about a little detail like that? 7/29 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom (307-7171). $16.50.*

"Bob Wilber's Birthday Greetings to Sidney Bechet and Johnny Hudges"—Joining Wilber's ten-piece medium band, Dick Hyman switches to organ for a night of tributes to two of jazz's earliest, greatest, and most influential figures. 7/30 at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Talent Chillin' in Town

Mose Allison's cool-toned vocal delivery and loping boogie-woogie piano lines make him something of a cross between Chet Baker and Ray Charles. See the one-man jam session at the Iridium, July 29–August 3.



Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 7/29: Lot 49. (What's next in indie-rock's cavalcade of Pynchonisms? Oedipa and the Mama's Boys?) 7/31: Mommy; Springwell. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/31: Freedy Johnston; Jennifer Jackson. 8/1: Andy Breckman; Heather Eatman; Trish Murphy; Eric Wood. 8/2: Annie Haslam; Karen Savoca. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 7/29: Ohio heavy-punkers Shiner. 7/30: Lincoln. 7/31: A Don Piper Situation's sometimes cracked, always beautiful guitar-pop. 8/1: Archer Prewitt. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/31: Soraya; Big Fat Love; the Directors. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 7/29: Toshi Reagon. 8/1: Ex-Throwing Muse Kristen Hersh; Melissa Ferrick. 8/2: Gabriel Dorman; Jennifer Kimball. 8/4: Elliott Smith solo; Quasi. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/29: Suicidal Tendencies. 7/30: The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. 7/31: California muscle-rockers Sugar Ray. 8/5: Former Stone Roses guitarist John Squire's new, upbeat, retro-ized endeavor, the Seahorses. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/29: Eugene Chadbourne's Insect and Western Party. 7/30: Aquarium Rescue Unit. 7/31: Elliott Smith, taking a break from his regular band, Heatmiser, and leading a trio through his beautiful solo work; Quasi. 8/1: James "Blood" Ulmer's Odyssey Band. 8/2: The Figgs. 8/4: Marc Ribot y los Cubanos Postisos. 8/6: dEUS; Larval. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 7/30: Hiram Bullock, with Will Lee. 7/31: Rick Derringer. 8/1: Slapmeat Johnson & the Titans. 8/2: Mason Casey. 8/6: Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 8/1: Individual Fruit Pie. 8/3: Ditchcroaker; Godrays. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 7/30: The Disciples of Agriculture. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Every Sunday, get a free dance lesson from 7 to 8 and tango the night away. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/31: Tokyo Express. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 7/29: Vaguely bratty Brits Supergrass, whose live shows can be disappointingly unenthusiastic, compared with their electrifying CDs. 7/31: Del Amitri; Jackopierce. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/29: Dion. 8/1: Son Seals. 8/2: Fishbone. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle–techno–hip-hop–"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 8/4: The Adam Pascal Band (see essay, page 86). *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 7/29–7/30: Pete Selvaggio & Ernie Krivda. 7/31–8/2: Joe Chambers All-Stars. 8/3: Torsten DeWinkel & Sasi Shalom Band. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/29–8/3: Peabo Bryson, making his Blue Note debut. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Daydream—A neighborhood bar, within spitting distance of Swing Street, that doubles as a swell little jazz club. 7/31: Etta Jones & Her Trio. *405 W. 51st St. (333-7766). $.*

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2, Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 8/3: Charlie Parker drummer Charli Persip. *Harlem Meer, Central Park, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/29–8/3: Mose Allison, whose cooler-than-cool blues is the perfect antidote for oppressive summer weather. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 7/30–8/3: Renee Rosnes and Christian McBride. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 7/29: Alex Norris Quintet. 7/31: Dwayne Burno Quintet. 8/1–8/2: Greg Tardy Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 7/31: Joe Derise Tentette. 8/1: Sol Yaged Quintet. 8/2: Stuff! With Gordon Edwards. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/29–8/3: Gifted young pianist Brad Mehldau leads his trio. 8/5–8/10: Elder statesman of the avant-garde Cecil Taylor, with a trio—which may keep some of his aleatory tendencies somewhat in check. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

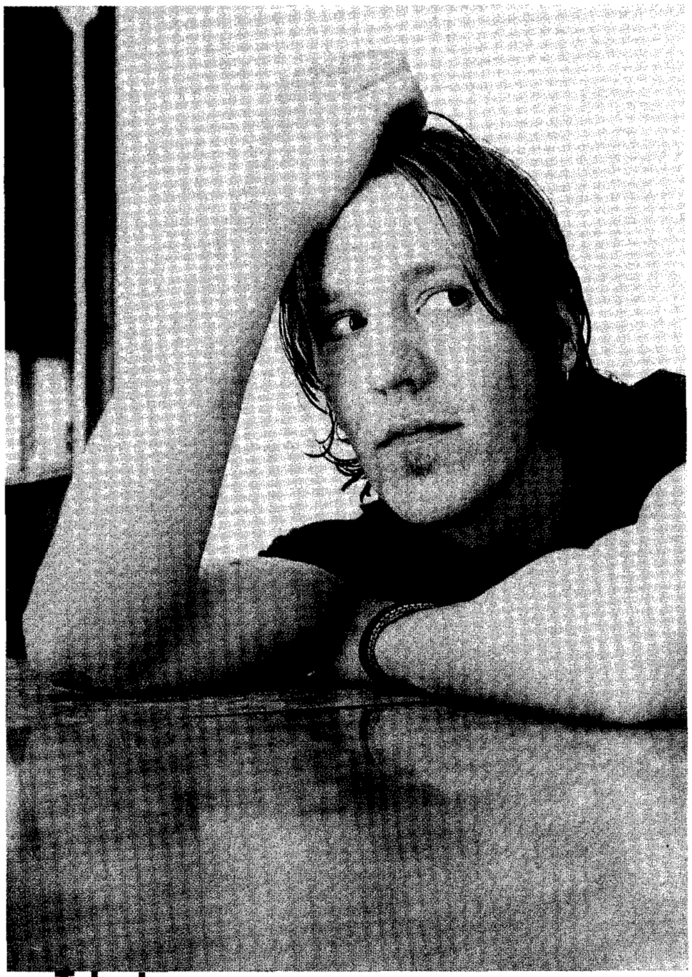
Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 7/28–7/31: Junior Mance, Joe Temperley, and Calvin Hill. Every Sunday in June, Stephanie Nakasian and Hod O'Brian. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/31–8/3: Brian Regan. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from



Talent

North by Northeast

Oregonian singer-guitarist Elliott Smith celebrates his recent move to New York with two nights of fleet-fingered, delicately melodic folk-pop inventions. At the Knitting Factory on July 29, he leads a trio that includes another northwestern rock luminary, Sleater-Kinney drummer Janet Weiss; at Fez on August 4, Smith puts on one of his breathtaking solo performances, which tend to silence even the chattiest of hipster audiences.

Photograph by Marina Chavez.

Performance

Will I Lose My Dignity?

Adam Pascal—struggling rock musician, *Rent* leading man—is finding life to be imitating art in an increasingly discomfiting way. True, when the metal-tinged Adam Pascal Band plays at Wetlands August 4, the turnout will undoubtedly be better than what most acts see on their third gig. But an aspiring rocker is an aspiring rocker, even if he does get standing ovations from 9,600 fans a week. Which gives the star more than a little in common with his character, struggling songwriter Roger Davis: "Every night when I sing, 'I'm writing one great song before I go,' I know exactly what he's feeling." Rock-world success, it seems, may be no closer now than it was when Pascal's first band, Mute, was cutting its teeth in clubs in Oyster Bay and Manhattan in the eighties. Since becoming a Broadway star, he acknowledges, he's been presented with plenty of acting opportunities. "But music, which is what I've always wanted and what I still want, isn't being made easy for me," Pascal says. "It's not being offered to me like everything else. And I don't want any of that other shit." Like his fictional alter ego Roger, Pascal plays guitar and sings. Onstage with his quintet, though, he leaves the six-string duties to bandmates: "My timing stinks. I would love to play guitar, but the other musicians won't let me." Just to make his status as a hungry—if not starving, per se—artist absolutely clear, Pascal points out the fierce competition he faces, even in his comparatively cushioned position. "The bottom line is that I still don't have a record deal. Daphne [Rubin-Vega]'s got a record deal; Idina [Menzel]'s got a record deal," he says, referring to co-stars who play Mimi and Maureen in *Rent*. "Now everyone's lookin' at me, goin', 'Where's *your* fuckin' record deal?' "

ETHAN SMITH

straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/28–8/3: Greg Rogell; Nency Redman; Brian McFadden. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

f-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, and *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem. No cover; no minimum. *28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. 8/1–8/2: Eric Kornfeld; Nancy Redman; Al Lubel; DC Benny. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "Eating It," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/1–8/2: Todd Barry; Sue Costello; Ian Edwards; Steven Scott. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. 7/29: Steven Kowalczyk. 7/30: Original Revlon spokesmodel Anne Roberts, reinvented as a cabaret diva. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 7/22–8/9: *Phantom of the Opera* star Davis Gaines. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 7/30: Herman Foster Trio. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Drinkland—The East Village's newest lounge eschews thrift-store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro-futurism reminiscent of recent Beck album art. Look for more young professionals than the place's stone's–throw–from–Avenue B location would lead you to believe. *339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).*

Jet Lounge—Models, debs, and wannabes frequent this cavelike, mirror-encrusted menagerie of snakeskin-covered tables, zebra-patterned bar stools, and crocodile sofas. A nonthreatening velvet-rope guard, dance-enthusiast crowd, and budget-friendly drinks all contribute to a bona fide Miami vibe. *286 Spring St. (675-2277).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Starting February 25, Orchard is the newest home to the cutting edge, Tuesday-night jungle-house party SoundLab. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normality. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

The View Lounge—What can you say about a rotating bar hundreds of feet above Times Square? In spite of—or because of—its utterly impersonal ambience, it's a classic, and well worth the exorbitantly high prices. One of the rare venues where motion sickness may set in before you catch a cab home. *Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., forty-eighth floor (398-1900).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freak-fest (in a good way). *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Photograph by Chris Cassidy.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

kids

Tales...Frogs...Rabbits

Children's Events

River Race—A hundred brave swimmers race from the 79th Street Boat Basin to **CHELSEA PIERS,** to be greeted by a steel band and much merriment; noon to 3, followed immediately by a live performance of *Peter Pan,* all at Pier 62. 8/3, 23rd St. and the Hudson River (free; weather permitting); 336-6800.●

Tales Tall and Short—Folk tales of the Hudson Valley, of Ireland, and of Africa are narrated by storytellers accompanied by instruments, and sometimes puppets, in a spellbinding weekend-long storytelling festival—the seventh annual of its kind. Parents who aren't threatened by this competition with their own storytelling skills may want to make a day of it: Bring food for lawn picnicking (or buy it on-site). Kids who want to take a break from listening can add words and pictures to "The Story That Never Ends" in the courtyard gallery. 8/2 and 8/3, beginning at 10:30, with a new story every half-hour (most with sign-language interpreters) until 5 P.M. **SUNNYSIDE,** West Sunnyside Lane, just off Route 9 in Tarrytown (also reachable by MetroNorth and by New York Waterway Ferry). For further information, call 914-631-8200; on the weekend of the event, call 914-591-8763. Admission is $8, $7 seniors, $4 children ages 6 to 17.●

***The Lost World* Deconstructed**—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie and astounding new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30; admission is $12, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2 to 12; includes museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

Time Travel—Go back in time at the "20th Annual New York Renaissance Faire." Well, sort of. Modernity is mixed in liberally with the armored-jousting and birds-of-prey demonstrations. Look out for Myst and King's Quest on CD-ROMs, Mattel's medieval Barbie, and Playmobil and Lego gone historic. The fair draws medievalism freaks who go to enormous lengths to wear chain mail and tights of two colors. Ogling them, along with consuming Renaissance-inspired junk food and shouting sixteenth-century encouragement at the Mud Pit Show, is part of the fun. 7/26–9/14, **STERLING FOREST,** Tuxedo, N.Y. (914-351-5171). Tickets are $15, $13 seniors, $6 children 3–12.

The Jungle Book—Theatreworks's musical version of Kipling's classic, in which Mowgli is raised entirely by animals, is recommended for children 5 and up. Performances are free, a summer tradition the professional theater, bless it, has kept up through nine consecutive Julys. Tickets are available at the box office on the day of the performance, beginning at 10 A.M., on a first-come, first-served basis. Through 7/31 at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (642-6754).●●

Frog Kissing—David Mamet's take on *The Frog Prince*—the classic story of arrogance getting its comeuppance—Sundays at 1, through 8/3. (Recommended for ages 8 and up.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB,** 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050); $8, $5 children.

Have Carpet, Will Fly—Carved wooden marionettes perform the most famous of Scheherazade's *1,001 Tales of the Arabian Nights* in a show recommended for children ages 3 and up. *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,* set to the music of Aram Khachaturian's *Gayane Ballet Suite,* includes all manner of special effects, among them a flying carpet and a vanishing castle. Sundays, 8/3 and 8/10, at 1 and 3. **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATER,** 219 Sullivan St. (718-965-3391). Admission $7, $5 children.

The Phantom Tollbooth—Norman Juster's wonderful yarn, an *Alice in Wonderland*–like journey through absurdity, is the inspiration behind the San Francisco dance company ODC's family production of *OutaWak*—part dance, part theater, part musical. 7/29–8/2, at 8, with a matinee on 8/2 at 2. **THE JOYCE THEATER,** 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800). Tickets are $28, with 20 percent off for kids.●

Airwaves—David Gonzalez and Florence Barrau host a freewheeling call-in radio program for the 8-to-12-year-old set that's a mix of discussion, kids' commentaries, reviews, and "New York factoids," with frequent adult guests. The program airs Sundays from 6 to 8 on **WNYC-FM,** 93.9.

Gravitational Pull—At the new Science Playground at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** kids 6 and older who may have grown weary of the local swings and slides can jump (all together now) on a giant seesaw or make a water tornado in what amounts to an enormous physics lab, navigate streams of water, negotiate a 3-D Spider web, and make waves (30-foot metal waves). Don't worry, adults: High-school explainers are on-site to answer questions. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Admission $6, $4 children and seniors.

Rabbit Sense—***TADA!***'s original jazzy song-and-dance musical, recommended for ages 3 to adult, mixes "Brer Rabbit" characters with sibling-rivalry issues. The show, with a book by Davidson Lloyd, music by John Kroner, and lyrics by Gary Gardner, is performed by 25 kids from all sorts of backgrounds and corners of New York City, who have worked extraordinarily hard to produce a polished production. Showing through 8/17 on Tues., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2, Sat. at 1 and 3, plus 8/17 at 1 and 3 and 7/29 at 7:30. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); tickets $12, $6 kids under 17.

Winter Sports—On a hot day in summer, ice skating at a bargain rate could be a lot more fun than sweaty inline skating outdoors. At the **CHELSEA PIERS,** a family of four can skate for $25, including skate rental, weekends through Aug. 31. Sky Rink is located at Pier 61 at 23rd St. and the Hudson River; call 336-6100 for further details.

"Island Fever"—Next week, travel to the Caribbean without a ticket: **THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN** hosts live reggae music, mondo stilt walkers, hair-braiding, straw-weaving, sugar-sculpting, and ice-cream-making. 8/10 from 10 to 3, 8/12–8/15 from 11 to 1, 8/16 from 10 to 3, and 8/17 from 10 to 5. 900 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433). Free with admission of $3, $1.50 seniors and students, 50 cents kids 6 to 16.

Performance

Bad Boys Ahoy

Terry Lee King, Michael Vazquez, and Mark Marcante (pictured, left to right) play three dastardly characters in *Pirates,* Theater for the New City's summer street production. The robust brew of high seas hijinks, live music, and leftist rantings, performed with the group's signature puppets and giant mask heads, should appeal to iconoclasts of all ages. *Pirates* tours parks, playgrounds, and even street corners throughout the city, beginning August 2 at two o'clock with a show *en plein air* on East 10th Street and First Avenue. For times and locations of subsequent performances through September 14, call 254-1109.

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Sports
Movies

Matthew Fenton
Online

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Photograph by Jonathon Slaff.

the mix

Flight of Passage...Slavenka Drakulić

John Leonard's Television Notes

Alien Nation: The Udara Legacy (7/29; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) purports to be the very last installment in the series of movies that succeeded the TV series about sponge-headed Newcomers in Los Angeles in the near future that Fox never should have canceled in the first place. All the regulars are back, as witty as ever ("No putz, no glory!"; names like "Paul Bearer" and "Len Guini"), in a complicated and thought-provoking story about Newcomer terrorists left over from the slave-ship days. You will find yourself thinking about the Middle East, even as you wonder why science fiction with a brain can't seem to survive on television while sci-fi thrives that's almost entirely hardware and mysticism.

Blacks and Jews (7/29: 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) retells four "P.O.V." stories you never saw in the tabloids about Crown Heights, the West Side of Chicago, the Million Man March, and Steven Spielberg's visit to an Oakland, California, high school after many of its black students were thrown out of a movie theater for hooting at *Schindler's List*. Delicate, even a tiny bit hopeful.

Chinatown (7/30; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is the best account of the 150-year-old San Francisco neighborhood we're likely to get unless we actually read Fae Myenne Ng's wonderful novel *Bone* (1993). Felicia Lowe is the producer-director, Charlie Chin narrates, and the remarkable poetry of Genny Lim is featured.

Radio Highlights

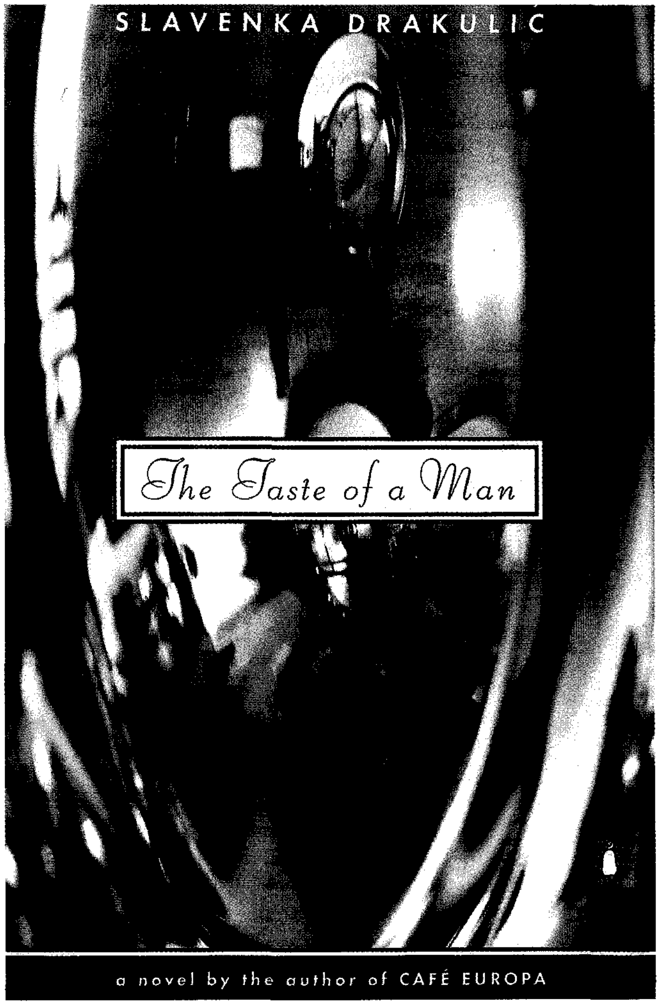
Casper Citron—8/2 at 10 P.M.: Richard Hornick, correspondent from *Time* magazine, reports on the transition from British to Chinese rule in Hong Kong; Mt. Sinai's Dr. Eric Hollander, expert on obsessive-compulsive disorders, discusses gambling among senior citizens; Peter Rudetsky, author of *Allergic to the 20th Century*, will discuss his findings; Mary Jane Dodge, director of the 68th St. Sony IMAX, on *Thrill Ride*. WOR, 710 AM.

Symphony Hall—7/29: Romberg's *New Moon: Overture;* Schubert's "Great" Symphony. 7/31: Bridge's Suite for String Orchestra; Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. 8 P.M. on WQXR, 96.3 FM.

City Folk—8/1: A celebration of the work of Jerry Garcia on his birthday. 8/5: The Newport Folk Festival, with a spotlight on historic recordings. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Classic Radio—8/3: *The Quick and the Dead*, part 1; Bob Hope hosts this docudrama about the discovery of Atomic Power. Sundays at 11 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—7/29: Alain de Botton discusses *How Proust Can Change Your Life*; Langdon Hammer on *O My Land, My Friends;* Neil La Bute talks about his film *In the Company of Men*. 7/30: Peter Trachtenberg on his memoir *7 Tattoos;* Larry Fink and Bert Sugar on *Boxing;* Billy Connolly on his command performance in *Mrs. Brown*. 7/31: Jack Romanos of Simon & Schuster, Michael Malman of Henry Holt, and Julie Grau of Riverhead Books discuss publishing today; Christina Garcia on *The Aguero Sisters;* Carlos Diegues and Richard Pena on the television series *Latin American Cinema Now*. 8/1: Peter Balakian on *Black Dogs of Fate*. 8/4: Margot Adler discusses *Heretic's Heart;* Cynthia Copeland on the New-York Historical Society's "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." 8/5: Joe Machlis on *Allegro;* Nora Rawlinson, editor-in-chief of *Publishers Weekly*, on what people are reading right now. 8/6: Caryl Phillips on *The Nature of Blood;* Dr. Alan Cooper on the English language. 8/7: Journalist John Hess on the problems of the world; Katrin Cartlidge on her role in Mike Leigh's *Career Girls*. 8/8: Al and Larry Ubell on the nuts and bolts of home repair. Noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.


SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ
The Taste of a Man
a novel by the author of CAFÉ EUROPA

In Print **Readers who admire the agile intellect on display in Slavenka Drakulić's essays for *The New Republic* and *The Nation* might be surprised by the subject (if not the taut elegance) of *The Taste of a Man*, the Croatian writer's brazenly romantic novel out in paperback from Penguin ($10.95).**

The Written Word

Erica Jong—7/29 at 6:30: The author will read from and sign copies of her new book, *Inventing Memory*. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3324); free.

Dan Barden, David Means, and Steven Rinehart—7/30 at 7: Reading from their recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Alain de Botton—7/29 at 7: Reading from *How Proust Can Change Your Life*. Lenox Hill Books, 1018 Lexington Ave., bet. 72nd and 73rd Sts. (572-2687); free.

Eugene J. McCarthy—8/5 at 7:30: The former United States senator reads from and signs copies of his new book, *Eugene J. McCarthy: Selected Poems*. At Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

Safiya Henderson-Holmes, Dean Kostos, and Barbara Lekatsas—8/6 at 6:30: The poets will give an outdoor reading of their recent work. At Union Square Park (253-0819); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Good & Cheap Ethnic Eats in New York City"—8/6 at 7: Rediscover why New York is the mecca of world cuisine with this lecture and tasting with *Village Voice* restaurant critic Robert Sietsema. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St.; free.

Tours

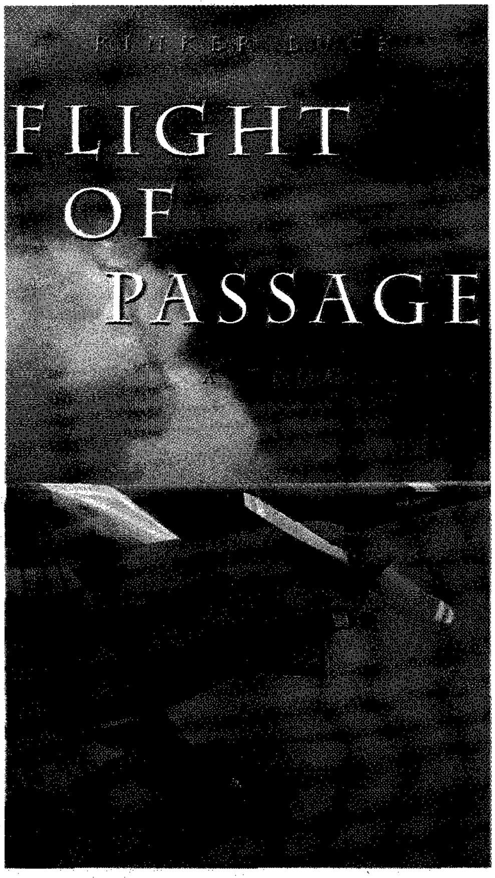
Saturday Movie Matinee Tour on Central Park West—8/2 at 1:30: Film historian Ginny Rachmani unveils sites from *Rosemary's Baby, Ghostbusters*, and other movie favorites. Call 722-1400 for further information and reservations; $10.

In Print

Wings of Desire

The book seems in every way an anachronism: Its author is one Rinker Buck. Its subtitle, solemnly unimaginative, is *A True Story.* Its dust jacket pictures a small plane valiantly making its way to destinations unknown against a backdrop of symbolically ominous storm clouds. *Flight of Passage* (Hyperion, $23.95) looks as if it belongs on a child's shelf, somewhere between *John F. Kennedy, Young Statesman* and *Amelia Earhart: Pioneer in the Sky.* Actually, though, it is a book for adults that children can share, a memoir of adventure rather than of degradation. In the summer of 1966, Rinker Buck (a former staff writer for *New York* who now lives in Cornwall, Connecticut) and his older brother, Kern, bought an old Piper Cub plane for $300. On their own they reconditioned it, and also on their own they flew it across the country, navigating without a radio because they didn't have the money for one. What they did have was the example of their father. The 1946 air crash that had claimed one of Tom Buck's legs did nothing to diminish his passion for planes, and he made sure Rinker and Kern learned to fly before they learned to drive. Of the flight from Basking Ridge, New Jersey, to San Juan Capistrano, California, Rinker Buck notes, with pardonable obviousness, "It's the kind of thing that only happens when you're young."

And only when the country was younger. So much of Buck's story is touchingly specific to America before Vietnam—his unchecked optimism, the size of his family (he had ten brothers and sisters), his father's employer (*Look,* a magazine preempted by television), even his father's success (he provided for his family, built his career, and founded a hospital for alcoholics, all without the benefit of a high-school diploma). It is a story that makes for truly escapist summer reading, a respite not so much from thought, standards, or competent writing as from that mundane oppressor, the present. **LINDA HALL**



The Ethnic Colony—8/2 at 1: Examine the city's ethnic history *before* 1800—the original American melting pot. Meet in front of the Trinity Church, intersection of Wall St. and Broadway (439-1090); $9.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing"—8/3 at 1: An eating tour of the city's varied culinary culture. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets in front of the Olympic Restaurant. Call 439-1090 for further information and reservations; $12.

Walking Tour of Radical New York—8/2 at 2:30: A tour of the history and architecture of Greenwich Village, the East Village, and NoHo, sites of activism and rebellion. Meet at the Peace Building, 339 Lafayette St., at Bleecker St. (718-264-3021); voluntary contribution.

"Marilyn Monroe Memorial Walking Tour"—8/2 and 8/3 at 12:30: A biography tour that focuses on Monroe's life as a New Yorker on the thirty-fifth anniversary of her death. Reservations required (465-3331); $12.

Brooklyn Heights—8/1 at 12:30: One subway stop past Wall Street is New York's first and (and most elegant) landmark district. Explore the tree-lined streets and brownstones of the neighborhood that was once home to Henry Ward Beecher, Arthur Miller, and Truman Capote. Architectural historian Matt Postal is your guide. Meet at the corner of Clark and Henry Streets. Call 935-3960 for more information; $10.

57th Street: Culture and Kitsch—8/2 at 11 A.M.: Learn about 57th Street's cultivated past and controversial present, and see everything from architectural landmarks to garish theme restaurants to the interiors of I. M. Pei's Four Seasons Hotel, the IBM Building, and Steinway Hall. Meet at the Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. (between Broadway and Seventh Ave.). Call 935-3960 for more information; $15.

The Flatiron District: Park Avenue South—8/7 at 12:30: See first-rate examples of Beaux-Arts and Art Deco design (as well as the statuary in Madison Square Park, New York City's greatest outdoor museum) on this walking tour led by Municipal Art Society guide Francis Marrone. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Avenue South and 23rd St. Call 935-3960 for more information; $10.

Grand Central Terminal—8/6 at 12:30: In 1978, the Municipal Art Society played a central role in the preservation of Grand Central Terminal. On this free tour (donations to the MAS are accepted), learn about the design and signature features of this urban landmark, which is currently undergoing extensive renovation. (Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements.) Call 935-3960 for more information. Meet at the information booth on the main concourse.

Events

Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show—Through 8/3: A show of the best and brightest work in horticultural and landscape design. With exhibits by Brooklyn Botanic Garden, *Garden Design* magazine, Nabel's Nursery, Waterford Gardens, Horticultural Society of New York, and many others. Between 49th and 51st Sts. and Fifth and Sixth Aves. (332-6500); free.

Exhibitions

"Contemplating Femininity"—Through 8/23: The thesis works of Laura D'Alessandro, Madeline Djerejian, Andrea Raynor, and Ilana Rein, four recent graduates of the MFA Photography & Related Media Department at the School of Visual Arts. At 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2011); free.

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American and Irish community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the Colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"21st Century Streetscape": The Doris and Alan Freedman Gallery—Through 9/12: This exhibition will feature the city's proposal to consolidate street furniture in New York City with an emphasis on urban design implications. Timed to coincide with the Request for Proposals issued by the mayor's office for the new street-furniture franchise, the exhibition is intended to provide New Yorkers with the necessary framework for understanding the changes taking place on the streets of the city. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Columbus Circle: Five Proposals for the Coliseum—Through 9/9: The public is invited to view the five proposals for Columbus Circle's most coveted site, submitted to the Metropolitan Transit Authority by some of the city's top developers. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

FALL FASHION special issue

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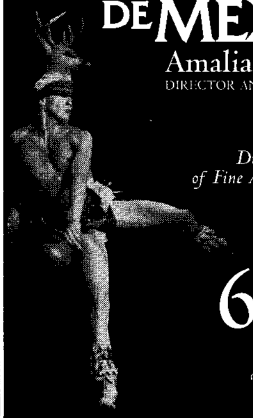

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Online

Rites of Summer—This site will be enrapturing to all those macho suburban control freaks who channel their entire identity into the ritual of the summer barbecue. It goes into excruciating detail about various types of grills, various types of fuels, and techniques for smoking different cuts of meat. *www.barbecuen.com*

McGruff On the Web—That silly cartoon spokesman, McGruff—the dog who dispenses crime-prevention tips in print advertisements and on television—is the host of this site. (Actually, with his sad eyes and trench coat in the posters that depict him lingering outside a schoolyard, McGruff has always reminded me more of a pedophile than of a peace officer, but that's beside the point.) Browse here for genuinely useful reference information on topics as varied as burglarproofing your home and fending off criminals who prey on immigrant communities. *www.ncpc.org*

The Porcelain Sandbox—Little-known fact: It is actually possible to toilet-train most cats. This site will give you step-by-step, illustrated instructions on the several-months-long process by which you can trick a cat into using the same facility that human beings use. One caveat: While almost all cats can be toilet-trained, only a small minority can learn how to flush. (Seriously.) This just may be enough to tip the balance in the age-old debate about whether cats or dogs are smarter. Because let's face it, the closest you can come to toilet-training a dog is to stop him from drinking out of the bowl. *www.rainfrog.com/mishacat/toilet.shtml*

Site of Sicilian Vespas—This site is devoted entirely to the worship of those *Über*-stylish Italian scooters that have made Hamptons traffic even worse than usual this year. If you can't afford the five-figure price tag for a motorbike, browse here while wearing sunglasses and pretend you're a character in a Fellini film. *www.vespa.org*

Orphans of Invention—The Wacky Patent of the Month site will give you an update on all the great inventions being developed as we speak, such as the "Apparatus for Facilitating the Birth of a Child by Centrifugal Force." They range from the don't-wanna-be-caught-without-one-in-a-jam category ("Annunciator for the Supposed Dead") to the pretty much inexplicble ("Elongated Football"). *http://colitz.com/site/wacky.htm*

Sports

Riverside Inline Skate—8/2; 2 P.M.: Urban Park Rangers take skaters through Riverside Park from 72nd Street to 108th Street and explain the design and national history of Frederick Law Olmstead's masterpiece. *Meet at 72nd St. and Riverside Drive. Bring safety gear; tour takes two hours. For more information, call 800-201-7275.*

Queens Bike Tour—8/3; 10 A.M.: A moderate though long (four hours) ride through Flushing Meadows–Corona Park, Kissena Park, Cunningham Park, and Alley Pond Park. Bring lunch, water, and a helmet. *Tour begins and ends at the Unisphere in Flushing Meadows–Corona Park. For more information, call 800-201-7275.*

Greenway Bike Ride—8/3; 10 A.M.: The always-popular ride along miles of waterfront trails that have been abandoned by the city. Hybrid or mountain bikes only, as the 25 miles of paths can present rocks, glass, and potholes at times. *Bring a patch kit and an extra tube. Meet at the Plaza Hotel. For more information, call the Five Borough Bike Club at 932-2300, ext. 115.*

Baseball—7/28–30: Yankees vs. Oakland Athletics at 7:35 P.M., 7:35 P.M. and 1:05 P.M.; 8/1–3: Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins at 7:35 P.M., 4:05 P.M. and 1:35 P.M.; 8/4–5: Mets vs. Seattle Mariners at 7:40 P.M.

Women's Basketball—7/30: Liberty vs. Sacramento Monarchs at 7:30 P.M. (MSGN); 8/2: Liberty vs. Phoenix Mercury at 4 P.M. (NBC); 8/5: Liberty vs. Los Angeles Sparks at 7:30 P.M.

in concert

Frederica von Stade and Carol Vaness at the Mostly Mozart Festival

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 29

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs an all-Mozart program, with Carol Vaness, soprano, Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and Peter Serkin, piano; Gerard Schwartz, conductor. *Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$42.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Bach's *Magnificat* and Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*; Gary Miller, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Wednesday, July 30

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs with Myra Choi, piano; Julius Grossman, conductor. *The Immaculate Conception Center, 7200 Douglaston Pkwy., Little Neck, Queens (718-776-5914), at 8; free.*

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 7/29.

Thursday, July 31

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs Mozart's *Flute Quartet in C major*, Beethoven's *Piano Quartet in E-flat major*, and Schubert's *Quartet in D minor*, with Marina Piccini, flute, and John Browning, piano. *Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Bargemusic—Performs Ives's *Largo*, Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale Suite*, and piano trios by Schubert and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Clara Longstreth, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Gospel Jubilee—The last night of this revue, arranged by Bishop Nathaniel Townsley. *American Theater of Actors, Chernuchin Theater, 314 W. 54th St. (765-5130), at 8; $25.*

Battery Park Young Musicians—Performances by Vladimir Lande, oboe, and Irina Lande, piano. *On the lawn in Battery Park (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

Friday, August 1

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs double concertos by Bach and Mozart, with Christian Zacharias, piano, and Alexander Markov, violin; Vladimir Spivakov, violin and conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Summergarden—Chamber ensemble performances of Ran, Long, Plush, Stravinsky, and Xiao-song. *Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—See 7/31.

Saturday, August 2

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, with Christian Zacharias, piano, and Steven Isserlis, cello; Vladimir Spivakov, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Summergarden—See 8/1.

Sunday, August 3

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Fauré's *Messe Basse* and *Tantum Ergo*. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 105 E. 50th St., at 11 A.M.; free.*

Bargemusic—See 8/2, at 4.

Monday, August 4

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Performs Mozart's *Piano Quartet in G minor*, Mendelssohn's *Trio in D minor*, and Dvorak's *Quintet in A for piano* and strings. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Metropolitan Soloists—Open-air performances by this wind ensemble, with works by Bizet, Mozart, Strauss, and Krommer. *Bennet Park, 183rd St. and Fort Washington Ave. (569-7137); free.*

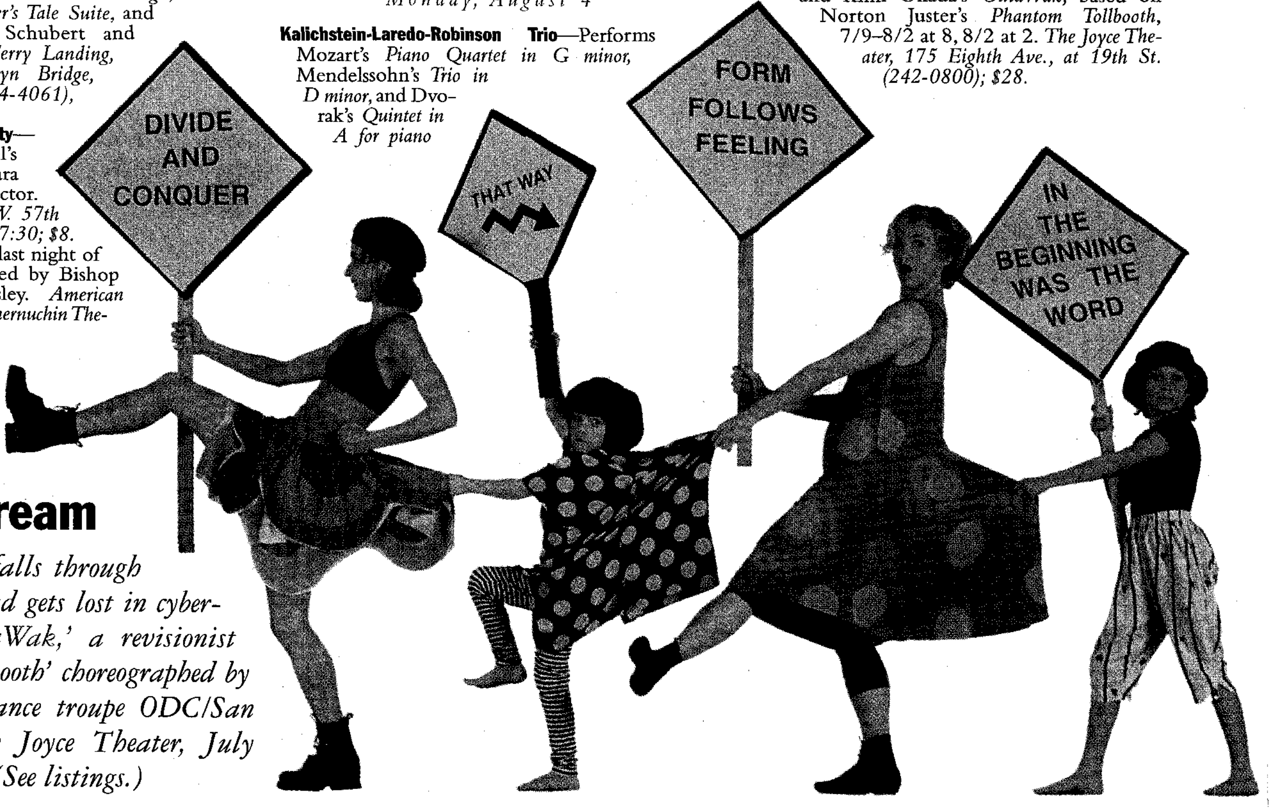
Opera

New York Grand Opera—The company, conducted by Vincent La Selva, continues its journey through all 28 Verdi operas; this week, *La Nattaglia di Legnano*, 7/30 at 7:30. *Summerstage, Central Park at 72nd St. (245-8837); free.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

ODC/San Francisco—Performs Brenda Way and Kimi Okada's *OutaWak*, based on Norton Juster's *Phantom Tollbooth*, 7/9–8/2 at 8, 8/2 at 2. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*



Preview
Teen Dream

Young Cosmo falls through his computer and gets lost in cyberspace in 'OutaWak,' a revisionist 'Phantom Tollbooth' choreographed by experimental-dance troupe ODC/San Francisco. The Joyce Theater, July 29–August 2. (See listings.)

Photograph by RJ Muna.

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Pretty, Outgoing, Intelligent—Professional black female, 34, seeks handsome, professional, emotionally and financially secure male, 30-40, to share summer evenings/weekends and possible long-term relationship. Photo/note. 7709 ✉

Very Pretty Professional Woman—5'4", 110, model figure, blond hair, blue eyes, seeking huggable gentleman who loves animals and laughter. Photo/note/phone. 7662 ✉ ☎

Female MD—27, US-born Asian, seeks US-educated, conservative Chinese or Asian MD or PhD, 27-33, for friendship. 7633 ✉

Fun, Fit—48, seeks lively player for making whoopee. Smart, feminine, passionate or any two okay. Prefers: low-fat, never deep-fried; scuba to snorkeling; small-budget films; wood floors; holiday adventure to Carnival cruise. Tall, job, good kisser, with comfortable West Side living. World traveled for work but sure wishes it was with you - on the IRT or Tahiti, the Park or Paris. Writes, laughs, listens. Tends to analyze. Doesn't read enough. Will try harder. Swap photos, okay? Good posture counts. Free juice or cocktail. 7734 ✉

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Jewish Financial Wiz—With heart of gold, seeks bright, attractive, caring professional lady (nonsmoker, under 39) who enjoys movies, tennis, Yankees, Knicks, quiet evenings at home, for friendship, laughter, marriage. Photo/note. 7706 ✉ ☎

Wanted: Only The Best Of The Best—You are a woman with a captivating smile, are a great companion, very good-looking, successful in life and business. I'm 5'10", early 50s, good-looking and know the value of love and companionship. I'm courteous and a real gentleman. I live on the beach in FL but will travel anywhere for the right person. Photo and handwritten letter a must. 7632 ✉ ☎

Former Fashion Model—Caribbean-born, world traveled, bright, warm, sensual and self-sufficient, seeks tall, cultured man of substance, 48-60, to share the pleasures of life and a romantic, committed relationship. Serious responses only. 7712 ✉ ☎

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Westchester, Divorced White Male—I work in Manhattan but live in Westchester. Ten years in the city was enough. Professional, financially secure, working in the television industry. Early 40s, look much younger. Nonsmoker, 5'9", slim, fit, work out. Long ago divorced, no children. Recent photo and letter appreciated; will reciprocate. 7707 ✉

Looking For One Exceptional Man—If you're a refined, intelligent, attractive man, 49-59, who is dynamic, down-to-earth, successful and in possession of a genuine sense of humor, please write. Christian background preferred. Cosmopolitan outlook a must. I'm an attractive redhead with much to offer. Note/photo/phone, please. 7714 ✉

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Scandinavian Lady—Beautiful inside and out, terrific cook, former model, 50, voluptuous, seeks educated, marriage-minded gentleman who appreciates gourmet cooking - wine connoisseur? You must like to travel, and entertain in your home. Love for nature, country and animals is a must. Photo and note, please. 7731 ✉

The Divine Ms. "M"—Of Park Avenue wants to meet the man who can appreciate the finer things in life, like hot dog stands, sleeping late, cuddling to videos, music, holding hands, a lot of laughter. I am a tall (5'9"), leggy, very successful blond, looking for a man to wrap my arms around. I am zany and fun and cannot cook! So, if you are 39-early 50s, tall, handsome and fun...write me a note (include a photo), and let's have some takeout! 7638 ✉

Seriously Intriguing—But not dangerous. Very pretty, slim, fit, Ivy grad, multi-faceted Jewish female attorney. Seen every Hitchcock film, not especially into the Coen brothers, seeking a new love. Preferences in a partner: bright, 40s, likes tennis, sports, theater, books...but above all, a nice, cute guy. Photo, please. 7651 ✉

Romantic NJ Attorney—37, Jewish, seeks shapely woman, 28-33, who enjoys food from around world, walks in the park, the arts. Note/photo. 7649 ✉

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Effervescent And Spirited—Professional Jewish female, early 50s, 5'3", financially secure, caring, sharing and passionate. I enjoy dining out, theater, museums and travel. Are you a divorced or widowed Jewish male, 50-60, looking to save a life with a widowed partner? Note/photo. 7631 ✉

John Is Your Favorite Beatle—But what are your favorite movies? Film buff and live-music goer, intelligent, sensitive, good sense of humor, attractive, fit, accomplished in career and creative sideline, Jewish male - agnostic. Seeks cute, brainy, 30-plus single female, for fun and possible long-term relationship. 7641 ✉

I've Been Waiting—Witty, attractive, down-to-earth, single Jewish male, MD, 41, seeks intelligent, professional, nonsmoking Jewish woman to be friend/lover/partner and start a family. Note/photo appreciated. 7700 ✉

Charming Black Male—40, 6', very handsome, educated, successful and marriage-minded, seeks accomplished female counterpart. Photo, please. 7656 ✉

Luscious And Lovable—Blond, blue-eyed, 35-year-old Jewish female in fashion industry, seeking "above average" professional Jewish man under 45, for love, laughter and life. Note/photo. 7650 ✉

Gay White Jewish Female—35, tall, athletic build, pretty. Loves tennis, skiing, music, long walks, the arts. Great sense of humor. Established career. 7654 ✉ ☎

Trial Offer—Handsome attorney, 49, part-time dad, looking for full-time relationship and best friend. Seeking physically fit, attractive, emotionally honest woman with a sense of adventure. I enjoy exploring the city, cooking quiet meals together (I can do the cooking), movies, skiing and travel. Must love children. Recent photo/phone/note. 7663 ✉

Successful Businessman—European background, semi-retired, late 50s, tall, good-looking, single, generous, nonsmoker, residing NYC/Europe. Enjoys movies, theater, dining out, world travel. Seeks caring, tall, pretty, nonsmoking woman under 50, for friendship and more. Note/phone/recent photo, please. 7645 ✉

Do You Want To Be Spoiled?—Blond, green-eyed beauty, 35, attorney, 5'5", 112 lbs, 35 - loves cooking, the gym, travel, theater/movies. Seeks handsome, soulful, honest mate to pamper and share all life has to offer. Note/photo. 7644 ✉

The Voice Of Your Eyes—Is deeper than all roses. I'm 41, a shy, sensitive and sincere financial professional. I long for a relationship hopefully leading to marriage with a white, Christian professional woman, 41 or younger. Please send me a recent photo and write to me. 7652 ✉

Successful Female Physician—37, seeks male counterpart, 33-47, for friendship/possible commitment - physician, dentist, veterinarian or successful business owner. Interests: arts, theater, travel, beach, doing new things, parties, meeting new people. Must be open-minded, hard-working yet fun-loving, love animals. Photo and phone a must. 7715 ✉

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Great-Looking, Smart, Ripe—Generous, traveled, healthy and athletic skier, 42, 6', 165 lbs, successful architect. Looking for gorgeous woman, 28-36, sensuous, secure, sincerely happy, delicious and ready. Photo and note. 7723 ✉

Handsome MD—Runner, divorced, 43, 5'8", seeks Italian woman to be my soul mate. You are under 35 and are trim, clever, playful, with a sense of adventure in the personal realm. Nonsmoker/note/photo/phone. 7681 ✉ ☎

Handsome Jewish Athlete—33, tall, Ivy, MBA, mensch, great smile. Seeks petite Jewish female, 24-32, family-minded, never married, to sweep off feet. 7635 ✉

Sensitive, Attractive Woman—32, 5'6", loves, travel, tennis, dining. Seeks fun, fit, intelligent, caring man, 30-39, serious about relationships. Photo. 7696 ✉

Please Select One Of The Following—As something you think might be the most fun. A) Paying taxes. B) Having root canal. C) Playing snuggle bunnies. D) Winning an oatmeal-eating contest. E) Paying taxes while having root canal. Thank you, your choice of "C" shows you are a thinking, feeling, romantic, chunky-yet-curvy woman who this slim, affectionate, playful, arts-loving, Jewish 50s man would love to know. Please send note, phone and chunky photo. 7637 ✉ ☎

Shy Teddy Bear—Divorced Jewish male, 45, seeking single/divorced Jewish woman, 35-48, who likes intellectual banter, good cuddling, the beauty of the Sabbath, and my 8-year-old daughter. 7703 ✉

Grrreat Legs—This vivacious lady only wears jeans when moving furniture. She dresses up for theater, fine dining, concerts and dancing. She's loyal, pragmatic, honest. Successful designer and painter, carried in Madison Avenue gallery. Avid tennis player and gourmet cook for two or ten. Lady seeks elegant, top corporate executive, 55-65, energy driven. She'll take up clubs if you'll pick up racquet!! Should be caring, loving and family-oriented. Note/phone a must. 7682 ✉ ☎

Seeking Assertive Lady—Good-looking, athletic business owner, 42, 5'11", 185 lbs, eager to please, would love to meet a fit, attractive lady who enjoys being pampered. NY/NJ. 7661 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Curvaceous—Businesswoman, 51, seeks elegant man, 65 plus. 7675 ✉

Long-Legged, Glamorous Woman—44, intelligent, sexy, wealthy, loves skiing, western riding, old world cooking and funny movies. Looking for very smart, dynamic and masculine man, 50 or older, who knows how to enjoy life. 7636 ✉

Attractive, Kind Professional Woman—Possesses good humor/intellectual vitality. Seeks male counterpart, 50s-60s. 7699 ✉

Laugh Or Ski—Let's do both. Attractive, successful, modest, white Jewish female, 34, seeking that energetic, thoughtful man who appreciates how special leisure time is when shared with the right person. Photo, please. 7574 ✉

Pretty Blond—Bright, European, sexy, fit, fun, great personality/body. Desires forever man, 36-50. 7698 ✉

Seeking Soul Mate—Very handsome, kind and intelligent, white Catholic man, 41, who is tall, fun and fit, with grad degree, seeks mature, grounded but sweet and loving, pretty professional woman, 30-40s, who is ready and able to love deeply and forever. Note/photo please. 7690 ✉

I'm 30—Jewish professional female, very pretty, petite, intelligent, athletic and sharp. Be 29-38, and ready to find the right one. Note/photo/phone. 7713 ✉

Jewish Ukrainian Beauty—5'10", former model, 26, intelligent, sensitive, artistic soul, university degree, seeks intelligent, successful mensch to live happily ever after with. 7680 ✉

Hoping To Find—One sincere, honest, caring female for me - a white male, 39, physician, with a big heart, a good sense of humor and old-fashioned values. 7695 ✉ ☎

Handsome Italian Physician—35, seeking that once-in-a-lifetime romance with a woman of exceptional substance and beauty. Note/photo/phone, please. 7689 ✉

32, Handsome White Male—5'10", 175, intelligent, athletic nonsmoker. Enjoys sports, movies and dinner. Funny, honest and sincere. Seeks female, 25-33. Photo/note. 7669 ✉

Ex-Sculptor/Artist—Attractive, 5'11, 184, sense of humor, warm personality, sensitive, perceptive, honest, passionate, compassionate, gourmand, traveled Jakarta to Johannesburg, physician, 40. Looking for attractive, sensitive woman, to mid 30s. Photo and direct phone. 7693 ✉

Very Pretty, Warm Professional—Slim, sophisticated, down-to-earth, engaging. Seeks intelligent man, 45 plus. Photo/note. 7684 ✉

Attractive Russian Lady—36, professional, seeks a refined man, 37-48. 7655 ✉

Cooking - No, No!—Sculpting, relating, golfing, bridging, Boca wintering, yes, yes! Professional in Westchester, 57, educated, witty, energetic, pretty, goer-doer. Seeks Jewish gentleman, nonsmoker, 60-67, financial stability a plus. Sense of humor a must. Note/photo optional. 7673 ✉

Looking For Love—Attractive, educated, athletic, adventurous 40-year-old woman seeks sensitive, fun-loving, honorable man who enjoys the outdoors, for friendship, laughter, love. 7664 ✉

Blond/Blue - Brains Too—Well-bred, pretty, slender, active, gregarious, Jewish, 36 (MS/JD), divorced, one kid, one dog, Westchester horse country. Seeks successful, educated, passionate, compassionate, marriage-minded man willing to pamper, have kids and be loved. 7666 ✉

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Strictly Personals

Looking For A Guy Who Is—Interesting and accomplished, honest and warm, smart and good-looking, a "good guy" type, for a girl who is 37, pretty, slender, 5'7", Jewish, professional, living in downtown Manhattan, with an easygoing, warm, stable personality. Loves the arts, cooking, is athletic, with season tickets to the Mets. Note/photo/phone. 7658 ✉

Attractive Japanese Woman—42, 5'5", 125, sweet, warm, dedicated, considerate, seeks man, 40s-50s. Photo/note. 7719✉☎

Handsome Wasp Gentleman—Executive, 50, 5'10", Southerner, enjoys big-band music, traveling, tennis, fine dining. Maintains three residences in the Southeast. Seeks intelligent, attractive lady, 5'8" plus, 35-55, who is looking for a serious relationship possibly leading to more. You should be comfortable in a social, formal setting as well as the boardroom. Nonsmoker. Upper East Side a plus. Photo/note. 7672 ✉

Israeli-American PhD—Investor, tall, slim, accomplished, handsome, seeking very pretty, intelligent woman under 52, for friendship. Recent photo. 7705 ✉

Seeking True Gentleman—Alluring, slim blond, 5'6", 118 lbs, classy and elegant professional, seeks a handsome, 45-50-year-old man who is financially and emotionally secure, looking for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 7683 ✉ ☎

Adventurous Traveler—38, attractive male who loves folk music, public radio, Woody Allen movies, seeks slightly neurotic female for relationship. Limited emotional baggage okay. Photo/phone. 7728 ✉ ☎

Single White Female—5'3", 110, pretty, professional, seeks single/divorced white male, 34-45, honest, easygoing, educated, who likes to talk/laugh, for possible relationship. Photo appreciated. 7667 ✉

Beautiful, Long-Legged Brunette—Smart, professional, successful, varied interests, can dress up or dress down. Looking for handsome, successful gentleman, 6' plus, 40-52, for long-term, committed relationship. You'll never be more pleasantly surprised than when you meet me. Note/phone/photo. 7701 ✉ ☎

NJ Female Physician, Entrepreneur—With no children at home, would like to meet an expressive, playful, passionate male (48-60) to share simple pleasures. Note/photo. 7660 ✉

Contact—Down-to-earth, secure, adventurous, attractive, professional, 50ish Jewish female to share joint ventures, if you have the right stuff. 7678 ✉

Blue-Eyed, Attractive—Slim, Jewish and intelligent, 38-year-old white female, 5'3", would like to meet professional Jewish male, 35-41, who is tall, intelligent, stable and secure. Photo for response. 7730 ✉ ☎

Handsome Executive—50, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman... seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo, please. 7634 ✉

So What—If I'm a gorgeous, bright and exciting 36-year-old woman? I still don't have you - a handsome, successful, charismatic man who is ready for the real thing! Photo necessary. 7720 ✉

Stunning, Petite Asian—Single, 30s, romantic, warm, loyal and sincere. Creative, loves to read and write. Enjoys quiet evenings. Seeks handsome, single male, 30-45, available for committed relationship. I am intrigued by a man who is loyal, honest, compassionate, fit, financially secure. Eager to share lasting companionship and passion. Recent photo and note. 7679 ✉

Intelligent Gay Woman—Attractive, caring MD seeks educated professional woman, 28-36, with a sense of humor and a warm heart. Note/photo. 7648 ✉

Man Of Integrity—Divorced Jewish psychologist, 54, (212), with decency and good looks, seeks sunny, accomplished, pretty woman. 7727 ✉

Decent Jewish Guy—39, 6', nonsmoker, handsome, easygoing, seeking slender, pretty Jewish female, 25-35, to share future. Note/photo. 7670 ✉

One Of A Kind—Shy yet adventurous, worldly woman, young 40s, interests from alchemy to Zydeco, especially arts. By night I follow my Muse, by day I hold down demanding professional job. Seeking unattached, affectionate man of like mind and spirit. 7688 ✉

Pretty, Petite And Classy—Lady, Jewish (nonreligious), who is financially secure, seeks male counterpart (49-60), (212)/(516), who is down-to-earth, athletic and financially secure, for a sincere relationship and golf partner. Photo a must/note. 7646 ✉

Handsome Gentleman—50s, many interests, seeks a woman for a relationship. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 7702 ✉

Yearning For My Permanent Girl—You've an extraordinary, good-looking face with little use for makeup; your good nature and character show; witty, accomplished and socially adept; thin, 40-50. Like you, I'm very good-looking, etc., though somewhat superficial. Single after long marriage. Entrepreneur, athletic, pianist. 7643 ✉

Effervescent, Fit—Curly-headed woman, 44, with book-filled apartment and black jeans, seeks lovable, literate 40something guy with quirky sense of humor and denim shirt, to share compelling conversation, yummy foods, foreign flicks, and more. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 7718 ✉

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained—Tall, fit, articulate male, Wasp, attorney, 38, lives/works (212), with a passion for blading, seeks female Wasp counterpart. Note/photo. 7687 ✉

Gay White Male—Latin looks, 42, don't do drugs, HIV-negative, affectionate and discreet. Seek a kind, romantic white man of any age over 45. Chubby or homebody is welcomed. 7639 ✉

Almost Perfect—Successful Irish-American female, 32, blue-eyed blond, 5'5", in-shape and shapely too, very attractive. I enjoy NYC, great conversation, dining, long walks and life's adventures. Seek charming, good-looking, successful, upbeat (prefer Irish-American) male, 36-46. Note/photo. 7717 ✉

True Asian Beauty—28, petite, long hair, sophisticated, with artistic sense and traditional values. If you are 30-40, gentle, handsome, successful, have same values and enjoy the classics, photo/note. 7704 ✉

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

Hot Fun In The Summer time

CELEBRATION

Wednesday, August 13, 5:30pm-12am

AT THE FABULOUS

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617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines), 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Aug. 7th to:

New York Magazine Party,
2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, INCLUDING DISCOUNT PARKING, CALL:

212-545-3662

Trial Lawyer—50, accomplished, sharing, emotionally and financially secure, into tennis, the outdoors and nature. Seeks a sophisticated, attractive, fit, giving nonsmoker between 35-45, to share all that life has to offer. A recent photo and handwritten letter a must. 7721 ✉ ☎

Woman In Little Black Dress—Passionate about life, loves her work, enjoys dancing, tennis, theater, reading, beach. Seeks truly nice, warm Jewish man, 40s, to fall in love with. 7686 ✉ ☎

Strikingly Attractive—40s female (really youthful), great shape inside and out, 5'6", auburn hair, smart, successful, aware, creative, seeks male, 6' plus, very attractive (40s-50s), in great shape emotionally and physically, health-conscious, secure, etc., who never reads these ads. No smokers. Photo essential/note. 7659 ✉

A Romantic Byelorussian Lady—25, 5'6", 115, green eyes, blond, model looks, caring, faithful, traditional, nonmaterialistic, desires intelligent man who believes in family values and love. 7647 ✉

Shapely, Attractive Manhattanite—40s, brunette, 5'5", refined and well-educated, nonsmoker, in health-care field, seeks principled, well-educated professional male with ability to commit. 7642 ✉

Would You—Serve hot dogs and Dom at a party? I would! Would you like to share an easygoing life style with a semi-retired mensch, 5'7", 175 lbs, nonsmoker, who savors good food and wine, tennis, sailing, scuba, skiing, travel, theater and music? Note and photo a must. 7697 ✉ ☎

Seeking LI Female—30-40, for friendship, romance and eventual partnership in life. I'm 49, 5'10", financially secure, with stability, brains, good looks and a secure future. I'm seeking an honest, monogamous, nonsmoking female who still respects old-fashioned values and fidelity. Respond with note/phone/photo a must. 7671 ✉

All The Good Ones Aren't Taken—Handsome, intelligent, outgoing, in-shape, LI single Jewish male, 40, professional. Enjoys fine restaurants, theater, romantic sunsets, tennis/golf, Sunday brunch and more. Seeks pretty, intelligent, fun-loving, single Jewish female, 30-38, for now and forever. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 7674 ✉

Kind, Warm, Easygoing, Successful—Single, Jewish, never-married businessman. Traditional Jewish values, highly intelligent, loves life, country living, sports, music, physical fitness and much more. Handsome, 5'9", slim, muscular, athletic, late 40s. Seeking kind, intelligent, single Jewish female under 40, who is slim, physically fit and attractive, for love, friendship, marriage and family. Recent photo a must. 7722 ✉

Speech Therapist—Attractive, quiet, seeks successful, attractive Jewish man, 38-48, marriage-minded, family-oriented. Photo. 7630 ✉ ☎

Well-Traveled—Daughter of North African diplomats, 22, in NY to study at Columbia and model, seeks highly successful Manhattanite male who enjoys playing creative, imaginative games. 7710 ✉

Well-Rounded And Fit—Semi-retired attorney, divorced, seeks slim, attractive, intelligent female, nonsmoker, with good sense of humor, 55-63. LI resident preferred. Note/phone/photo. 7677 ✉

MARY ANN MADDEN #887
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

CAL VINTRILLIN—Spago's singing sommelier.

"JAM" ESCOBU, R.N.—recently promoted candy striper at Bucharest Lying In Hospital.

STE. PHANIE ZIM (B.A. LIST)—African nun formerly a candidate for beatification (Blessed Art), now declared holy.

Above, punctuation, the sole of kings. Competitors are invited to supply a brief description for the disheveled version of a familiar name.

Results of Competition 884, in which you were asked to supply outgoing messages.

Report: Famous among outgoing recorders: MacLaine or Sybil. Quayle. Roadrunner (beep beep). Kreskin (no need to leave message). Prince (leave former number). Stanwyck (sorry, wrong number). 911 (please hold). Trebek (form of a question). Houdini and De Sade (tied up). Sammy the Bull (no longer at this number). Edison and Watson. Kathie Lee and Frank. J. D. Salinger and watch-this-space. At the tone, please consider yourself one of the furniture. And not a moment too soon. Beep.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Oops. This is Bill Gates and I guess I'm recording now . . ."
John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

"You have done a really, really excellent job of reaching the Sycophant Hotline. We mean that . . ."
Mike Samonek, N.Y.C.

"This is Martha Stewart. While you are on hold, why not spray-paint your phone? First, put masking tape . . ."
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Hi, this is Farrah, uh, um, what was I going to say? . . ."
Liat Zabludovsky, Springfield, N.J.
also prize to: Mark Suozzo, N.Y.C.

"Hello, this is Jerry Seinfeld. Did you ever wonder why everyone has to say 'hello'? I mean, who decided we had to exchange nonsense syllables every time we see someone we know? When you think about it, 'hello' doesn't mean anything . . ."
M. Harris, N.Y.C.

"Hi. This is O.J. I'm out chipping golf balls. Or choose from the following menu."
Joe Troiano, Grahamsville, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

"Hi, this is Gary Kasparov. I *could* have taken your call, but the machine beat me to it."
Jordana Baden, N.Y.C.

"This is Susan Lucci. Don't bother leaving a message—I won't get it anyway."
Liz Usuriello, Clifton, N.J.

"Paul McCartney here. .daed ton m'I"
Madelaine L. Dale, N.Y.C.

"This is the residence of young George Washington. I'm really home and just don't feel like answering the phone."
Richard Cheu, Fair Haven, N.J.

"Hi there, this is Nathan Lane. I'm not available right now. To reach Jason Alexander . . ."
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

"Michael Eisner can't come to the phone right now because he is enjoying a Pepsi. In fact, he enjoys a Pepsi while riding in his Jeep Cherokee and listening to his Bose audio system. So at the beep, please leave your message on the Panasonic Digital . . ."
Arnie Danoff, West Palm Beach, Fla.

"Hi, this is Marv Albert. I'm out having a bite . . ."
similarly: Frank McCann, Somerset, N.J.
Oscar Goldman, Nutley, N.J.

"Hi. If you're Ed McMahon, your call is important to me . . ."
Kitty G. Brown, Akron, Ohio

"This is Al Gore. Have a nice day."
Steven Scher, Riverdale, N.Y.

"Foreman residence. For George, press 1. For George, press 2. To speak to George, press 3 . . .
Ruth Machover, N.Y.C.

"This is Colin Powell. I am unavailable."
Roz Riddle, N.Y.C.

"This is Mae West. Is that call forwarding, or are you just glad to hear me?"
John Falxa, N.Y.C.

"Hello. This is Bob Dole. Bob Dole is not here right now . . ."
Gabriel Levinson, St. Louis, Mo.

"Thank you for calling the Department of Defense Sexual Harassment Hotline.You must be 18 or over with a major credit card . . ."
Theodore Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

"Thank you for calling Hebrew National Delicatessen. You are number 78."
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

"Hey there, it's Raquel. Julie's not in this evening, but I'd be happy to assist you."
Steven Perlman, West Toluca Lake, Calif.

"This is Julie Andrews. At the Tony, please leave a message."
Matthew Grob, N.Y.C.

"This is Kimberley. You can reach Drew at Nobu, or after 4 P.M. try the Amagansett number."
Susan Keoeian, Laguna Beach, Calif.

"Hi, you've reached the home of John Bobbitt. I can't . . ."
Jeffrey Horowitz, N.Y.C.

"Hi, this is Chevy Chase . . . and you're not."
David Zabludovsky, Springfield, N.J.

"Hello, you have reached Heaven's Gate. We're home right now, but you're not. To join us . . ."
Liz O'Donnell, N.Y.C.

"Hi, you've reached the home of Erwin Schrödinger. I'm both in and not in at the moment . . ."
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

"Hi, this is Joan Rivers. Can you talk?"
Stephen Stein, Highland Park, N.J.

"Hello, boys and girls, this is Mr. Rogers. Can you say *voice mail*? . . ."
Nurit Zabludovsky, Springfield, N.J.

"Hi, you have reached America Online. All lines are currently busy . . ."
Honey Zabludovsky, Springfield, N.J.

"You have reached Tourette's Syndrome Anonymous. Please leave a [beep] message after the tone."
Lindsay Jewett, West Hollywood, Calif.

"This is Tamagotchi. At the sound of the beep, feed me, play with me, clean up after me, or give me medicine, or I might die. Have a nice day."
Brian Polhill, Forest Hills, N.Y.

"You have reached Dr. Jekyll's office. Thank you for your patience during our transition."
C. M. Cady, North Hollywood, Calif.

"You have reached Weight Watchers. If this is an emergency, press the pound sign now."
Robert Blair, York, Pa.;
sp. ment.: Dave Ferry, Leesburg, Va.

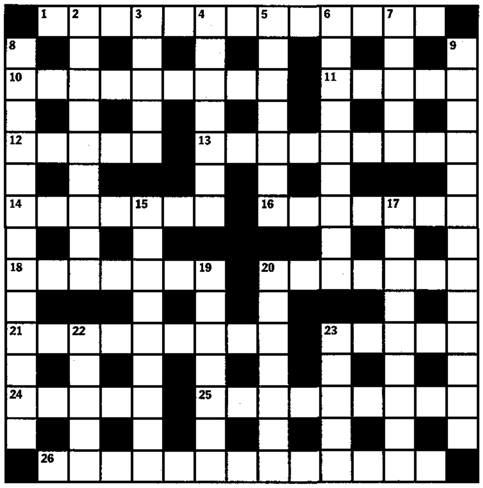
"Hello, this is Woody Allen. I can't come to the phone right now, but it doesn't mean I'm not here."
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 887, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 8. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the September 8 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Cup diner smashed where he dined, acting on impulse. (14)
10 Swing to left, Alice's doing. (9)
11 What a Friend and the Earth do? (5)
12 Sort of eyes on a string? (5)
13 Long way back home for social worker is cathartic. (9)
14 Green not all that close? (7)
16 Setter subject to frontal. (7)
18 No earner, he could be interred not having died. (7)
20 Cricket manager's manner reversed, about ancient Split? (7)
21 Tiny part for cricketer, spiny fish for child. (9)
23 Miserable of old in the shadow of Ulster. (5)
24 Order him to leave the fruit. (5)
25 Legendary skill shown by Ben Hur's father's first article. (9)
26 Latvian communist turned sea dry on special occasions. (3-6, 4)



DOWN

2 Connivance with wrong on Titanic (9)
3 Meeting of the faithful, generally without transmission. (5)
4 Hangings go through in the back yard. (7)
5 White metal: use mica if worried. (7)
6 Ends off guilty—QC at a perverse verdict. (9)
7 A shopping area turns up: I'll carry your bags. (5)
8 Comment on belatedness of better one—I'm sorry. (3,6,4)
9 Slip road to market. (9,4)
15 Revolutionary process proved hollow—R.I.P. (9)
17 Fliers and swimmer put in money tainted with oil. (9)
19,20,23 Polish sailor at home with child: he tightened the spring to make things worse. (3,4,4,3,5)
22 Tightened, which may be perfect. (5)
23 See 19.

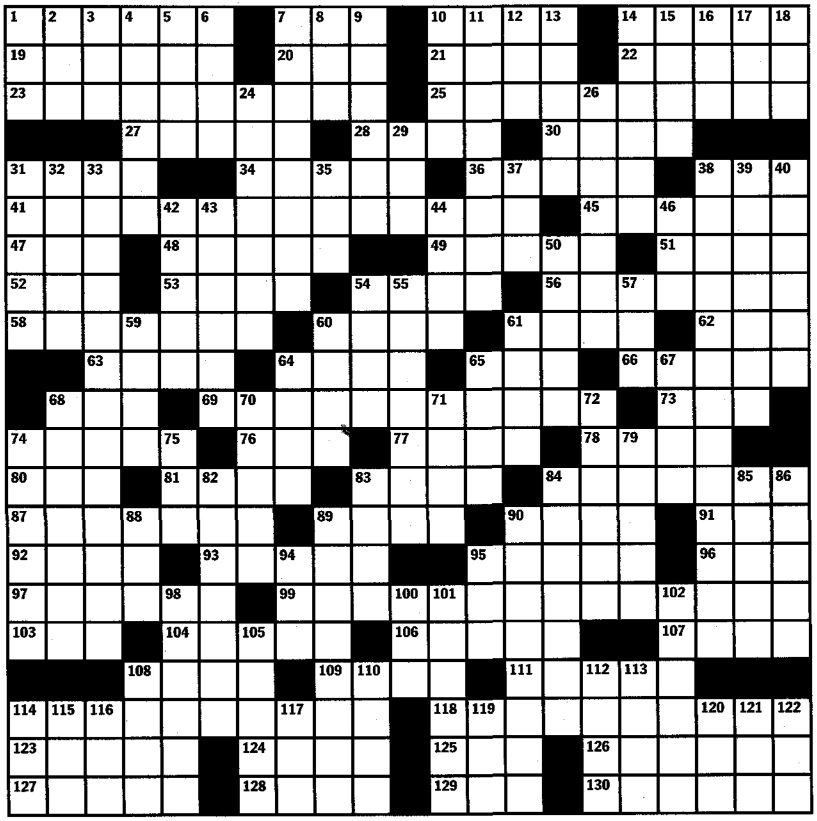
'Shakespeare's Jewelry Store': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Glass wine server
7 Mineral spring
10 Give off
14 Similar
19 Nearly half of South America
20 —— de cologne
21 Lower-wall paneling
22 What the Last Supper was
23 Jewelry-store item: "Richard II," Act III, Scene 3
25 Less expensive item: "Romeo and Juliet," I, 4
27 Dappled horses
28 "—— Like It Hot"
30 Leave the stage
31 Elder statesman
34 Neither your nor our
36 Hurricane and gooseneck
38 Ocean abbr.
41 Clerk's information: "The Tempest," I,2
45 Ne'er-ending
47 Elongated fish
48 Walled city of Spain
49 Kind of bucket
51 Disaccustom gradually
52 Cotton ball
53 Virginia dance
54 Utah National Park
56 Facets
58 Typewriter bars
60 Partner of peck
61 To —— (exactly)
62 Debtor's chit
63 Silent okays
64 Chinese secret society
65 Card in the hole
66 Objects of adoration
68 E.R. workers
69 Store's side service: "Othello," III, 3
73 Regret
74 Ziti, e.g.
76 Baseball's "Preacher"
77 Dweeb
78 Pindar's works
80 Paul's "Exodus" part
81 Fish inducement
83 Sugar shape
84 Conrad novel
87 Trays
89 Courtroom bargain
90 The scarlet letter
91 Greenspan's sci.
92 Capital of Fiji
93 Raison ——
95 African country, formerly Dahomey
96 Tolstoy subject
97 Channel-swimmer Gertrude
99 Store attraction: "Richard III," I,4
103 Ukr. was one
104 Upfront bets
106 Previn or Watts
107 "Waiting for the Robert ——"
108 Create aquatints
109 Wrong way for Greeley
111 Negatively charged atom
114 Clerk's remark: "As You Like It," V, 3
118 Clerk's suggestion: "Richard II," III, 2
123 Area of expertise
124 Whale of a movie
125 Scottish John
126 Ann Landers specialty
127 Five-cent smoke, once
128 Oktoberfest drink
129 Certain phonograph records: abbr.
130 In a chair

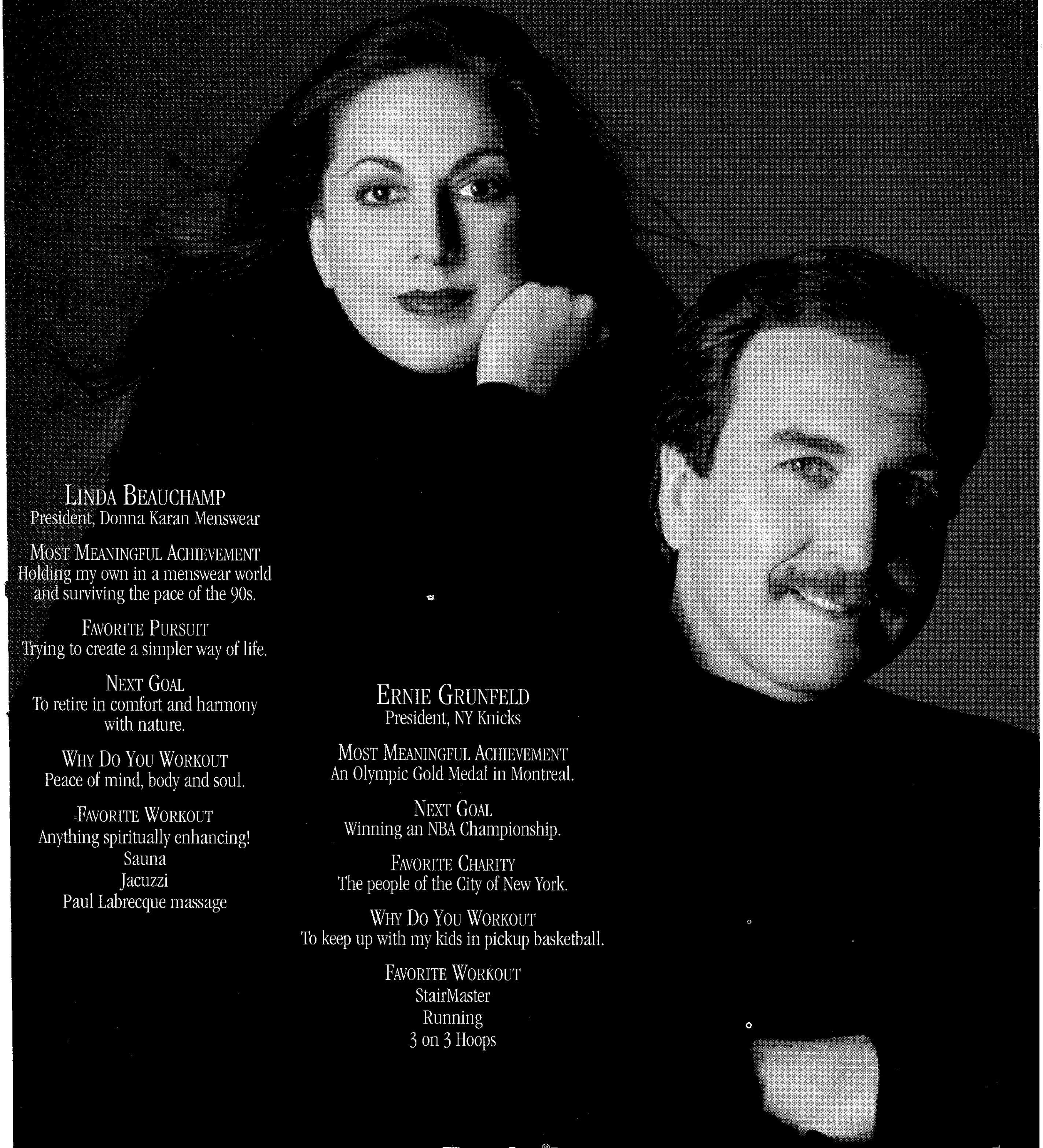
DOWN

1 "60 Minutes" network
2 "We —— the World"
3 Squealer
4 Portuguese island group
5 Between fe and fum
6 Exile island
7 Beach find
8 Writing tablet
9 "Crocodile" Dundee, for one
10 Dutch cheese
11 Early global navigator
12 Actress Lupino
13 Reservation pole
14 Basketball credit
15 Latvian
16 Swearing-in reply
17 Mattel male doll
18 Before: poetic
24 Contest forms
26 Budget problem
29 Mother in "The Yearling"
31 Flight attendants, for short
32 "It takes —— o' livin'": Guest
33 Store stock: "King John," III, 3
35 Antipollution org.
37 Interrogate
38 Pricey item in the showcase: "As You Like It," II, I
39 Director Litvak
40 Ten-year head count
42 Having a handle, as a pitcher
43 Disinclined
44 Cheer for the team
46 Palindromic sheep
50 Gone from the plate
54 Pueblo Indian
55 Young actress's role, often
57 Louvre-annex architect
59 Amount to be paid
60 Famed diamond
61 LSD
64 Hambletonian gait
65 Land measure
67 Slave Scott
68 Goes after plunder
70 Get up
71 McEntire of song
72 ". . . so much —— the worst of us"
74 Declines to bid
75 Nancy Hanks's boy
79 Sturm's go-with
82 Fervor
83 Sheet-music sign
84 Not strict
85 Start of Caesar's boast
86 Code name
88 Alternate spelling: abbr.
89 Hereness
90 Prepares for a different job
94 Uno plus due
95 Consonant sequence
98 ——day Saint (Mormon)
100 Two of these follow ooh
101 Involve
102 Swiss city on the Rhone
105 Pulsate
108 Kett of old comics
110 Algae extract
112 Take —— it comes
113 Word with shoppe
114 One-chevron G.I.
115 King: Fr.
116 Physics unit
117 Wrath
119 Race segment
120 Orchestra's place
121 Summer tea additive
122 A Beatty



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



LINDA BEAUCHAMP
President, Donna Karan Menswear

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NEXT GOAL
To retire in comfort and harmony
with nature.

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FAVORITE WORKOUT
Anything spiritually enhancing!
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Jacuzzi
Paul Labrecque massage

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President, NY Knicks

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
An Olympic Gold Medal in Montreal.

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Winning an NBA Championship.

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The people of the City of New York.

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To keep up with my kids in pickup basketball.

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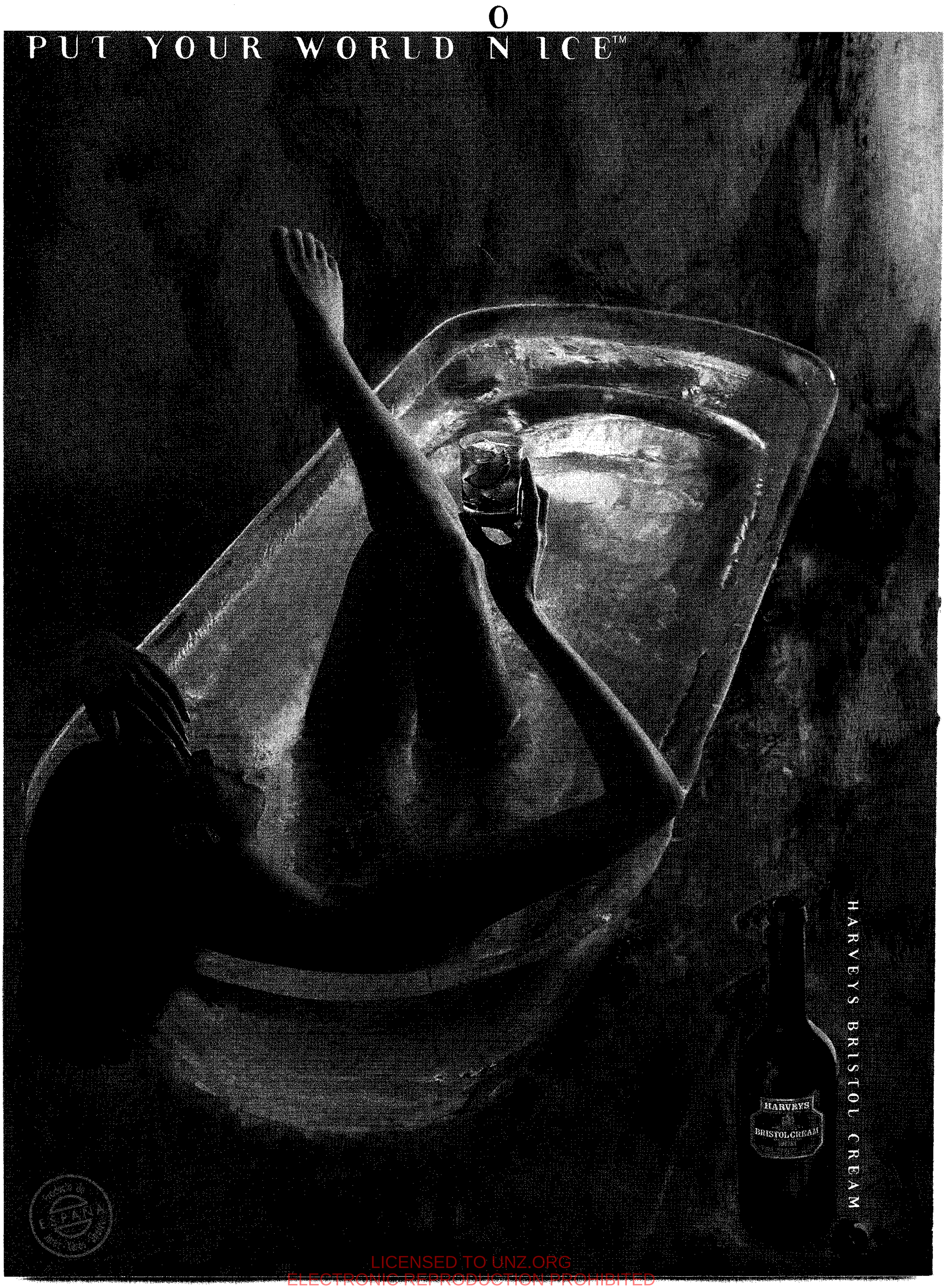
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